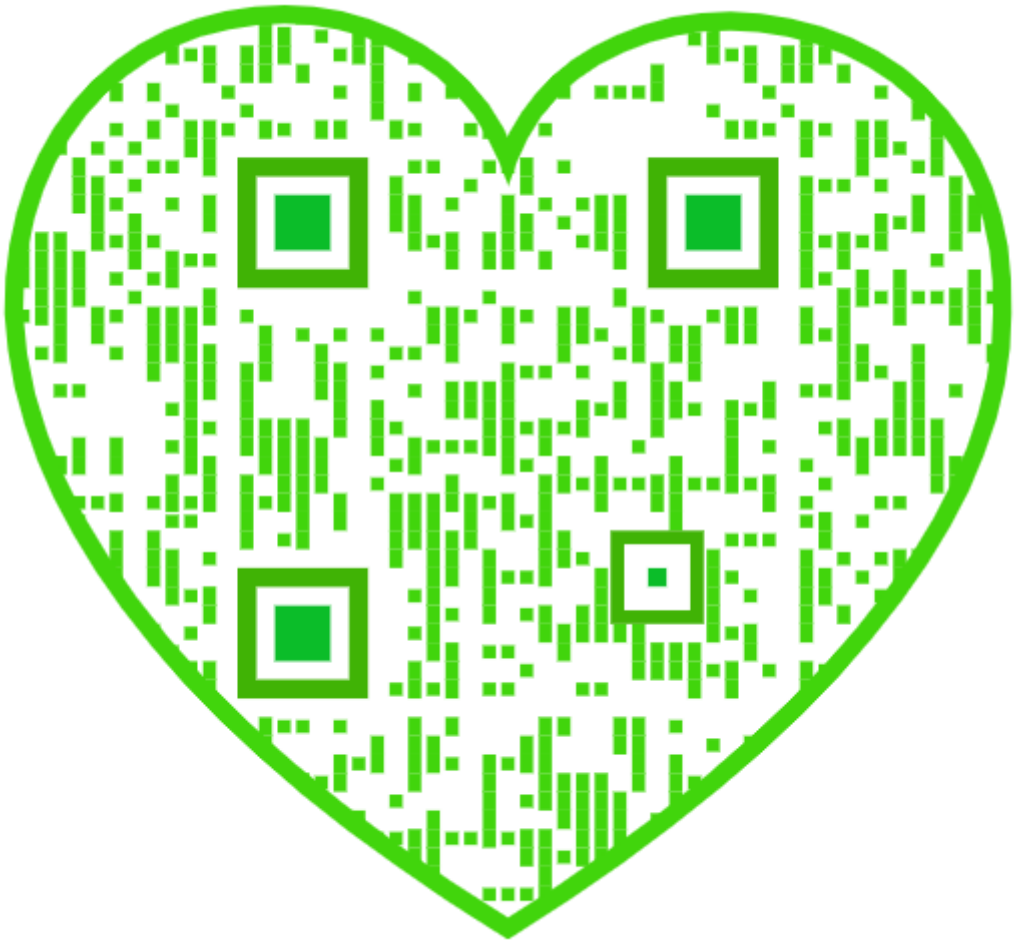

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OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

VOL. XII.

BY THE
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THE

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OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

EDITED BY

ALFRED E. T. WATSON

Volume XII.

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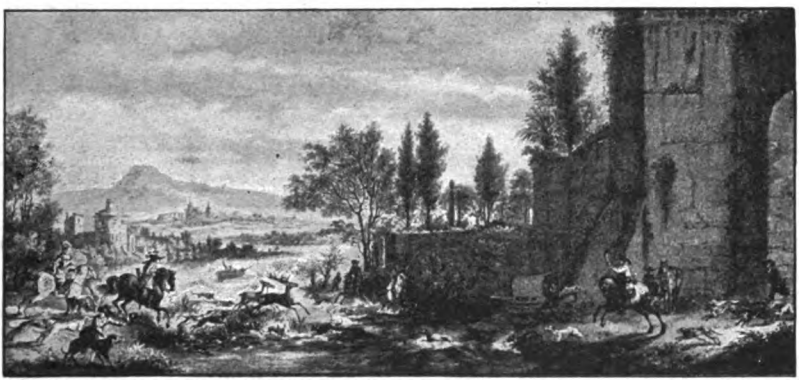


The Badminton Magazine

OFF THE COURSE

BY DOROTHEA CONYERS

'Is that a new horse, Bellew? Haven't seen you on him before, have I? I seem to know him too,' and the speaker examined the good-looking bay.

'He's brand-new,' was the reply. 'A level-shaped one, I fancy. I picked him up here from a farmer chap called Cassidy.'

'Cassidy's colt. Oh Lord!' and a broad grin of enlightenment followed. Jim Bellew looked up angrily, pausing in the act of tightening a girth; Dick Fitzgerald, he supposed, thought himself such a very sharp chap that he thought it was impossible for any one to pick up a bargain in the same county. He moved away, leaving Fitzgerald still smiling pleasantly.

'Hoick into covert my lassies, Hoick into covert!' went the cheery master's voice, as the lady pack crashed into the thick gorse, one of the very best in the county. A whimper on the far side, another and another swelling into a bloodthirsty chorus, and the beauties made the gorse crackle close to where Bellew stood; the scent was evidently breast high. 'Gone away!' A blast of the master's horn from the upper end. Bellew gave his hat that significant jam down on his head without which a start is quite incomplete, then set his big horse

going, the colt stealing along with a lengthy even stride. As he took a familiar turn, and slipped through an open gate, Jim knew that he had got away really well, and that they were in for a burster; the ladies were already tearing up the field in a compact dappled body, old Harmony leading.

A little to the left of hounds Jim chose his place; at the first bank the bay came down to it at a smart canter, then suddenly stopped, throwing his fore legs out with a sudden jerk. Jim never believed in a horse refusing unless the rider funked; he dug his spurs in viciously, but the horse only responded with a sullen kick.

'You brute, go on, oh d—n you, go on!' he shouted as horse after horse swept by him; he whipped, spurred, coaxed, lost his temper and tried to throw the horse into the ditch; all was useless; the very last 'sportsman,' a farmer's boy on a donkey, passed him at last.

His arms and legs absolutely tired out, Jim Bellew sat still, stonily contemplating the small green fence; the bay's flanks were dripping blood and he was covered with weals, but he was quite unconquered.

'Can I give you a lead?' said a voice behind him, and turning, he saw a girl on a smart black horse.

'Lead!' growled Jim, 'lead! hang it, I've been led by the whole field—I beg your pardon'—raising his hat—'but upon my word my temper's clean gone.'

The girl began to wave her hand to a countryman who appeared at the top of the meadow.

'Come down here, Pat,' she called. 'Where did you get that horse?' she asked suddenly. 'I'm sure I know him.'

'From a farmer named Cassidy,' answered Bellew with great distinctness. Why the dickens didn't the girl go on?

'Cassidy's colt!' she said, raising her eyebrows. 'Oh, no wonder, then.'

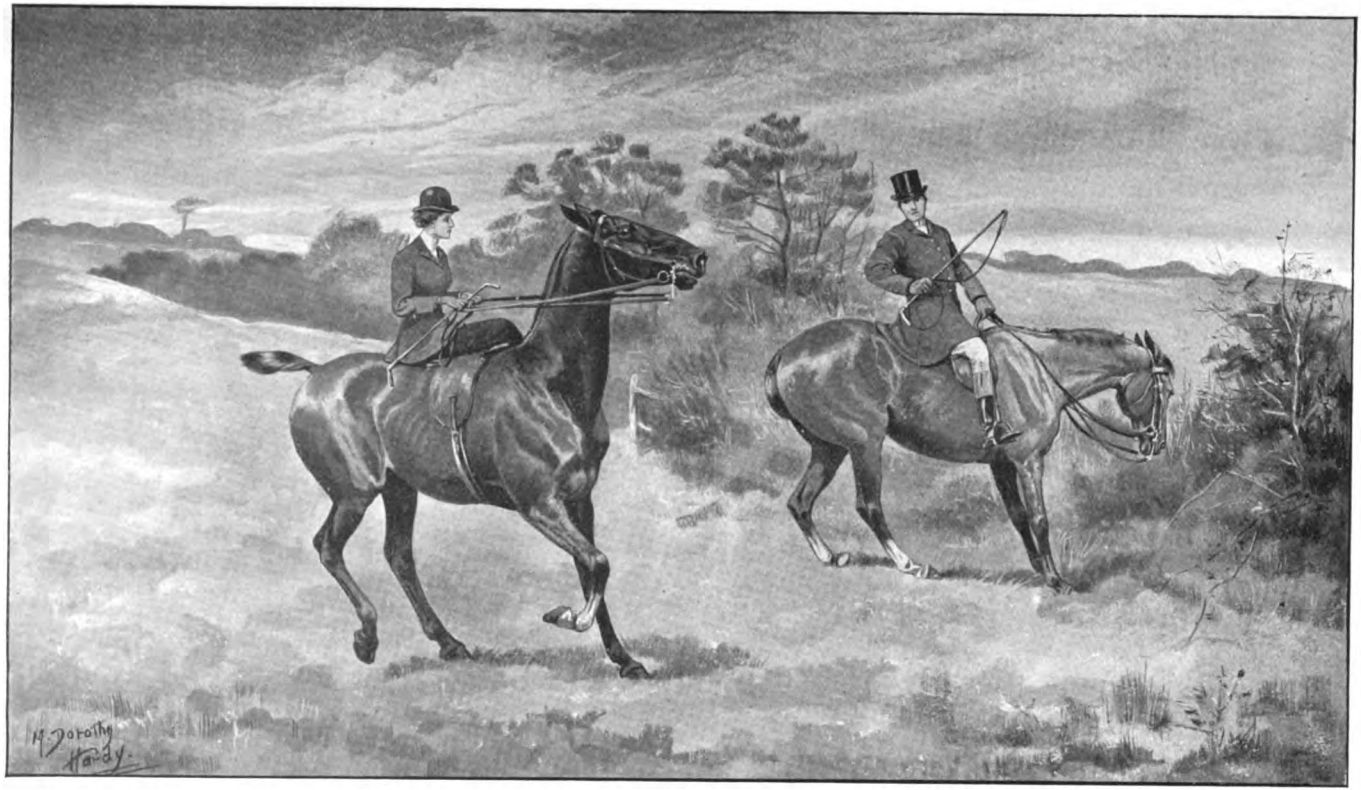
'Pray go on,' exclaimed Jim with savage politeness; every one seemed to know his new purchase. 'You can really do no good by remaining.'

A ripple of laughter crossed the girl's face; she meant to see the fun out.

'Here, Pat Meaghan,' she said as the man came, 'shout at the gentleman's horse, will you? He can't get him over.'

Pat Meaghan eyed the sullen bay knowingly. 'An shure is it Cassidy's colt yer honer is on?' he exclaimed contemptuously.

It was the last straw.



CAN I GIVE YOU A LEAD?

UNIV. OF N.C.H.

'What the DEUCE is wrong with Cassidy's colt?' Jim roared furiously. 'If ever I buy a horse in this cursed country again—' He brought his whip down savagely on the horse's ears. The bay gave a surprised rear, then dropped down again into his old position.

Pat grinned broadly. 'Shure,' he said, 'sorra a thing's wrong, except that he won't jump a fence at all at all. Wasn't Cassidy's heart broke thryin' to sell him, and the best thing your honour can do is to get off an' drag him over, or else go back.'

'He jumped all right yesterday,' muttered the chagrined hussar, sliding to the ground.

'They do say that Cassidy found a way to make him lep for a start by givin' him a couple of glasses of whiskey. Get over now, ye white-hearted baste.'

The 'white hearted baste,' apparently seeing the game was up, jumped the fence perfectly, thereby adding to Jim's aggravation.

'Follow Miss O'Brien now,' called the man, picking up the half-crown which Jim flung him. 'She's goin' a line of gates to the road.' Jim put his horse into a smart canter, rapidly overhauling the slight figure on the black; she rode stiffly on, without looking back.

'I've come up to beg your pardon,' Jim said a little confusedly. 'My language was shocking, but you don't know how savage I was. Won't you forgive me?'

She turned her bright face towards him. 'Of course,' she said gaily; 'indeed I can understand that it was a little annoying to be offered a solitary lead when the whole field had passed you.'

Jim sighed despondently.

'I think that country chap called you Miss O'Brien,' he said. 'Excuse my asking, but are you Miss O'Brien of Cahirmoyle? We called on your father yesterday. I,' lifting his hat, 'am Mr. Bellew, —th Hussars.'

'Oh, we were so sorry to miss you,' she said. 'However, I hope you will come again soon. Our respective fathers were dear friends, I believe. Shall you sell that horse now? He isn't much use to you.'

'Er—— if I can,' he said doubtfully; 'but, to tell you the truth, it's a bit of a facer for me. I've lost a lot of money lately; I don't know what I shall do about him.'

'Yes,' she said after a pause, 'what I was thinking of is that if you do want another horse, I know of one—indeed, we pass

the house to-day. He is a little plain, but a perfect jumper. I know he is sound, for I got our vet to examine him a few days ago ; the owner, poor fellow, is *very* poor. He wants £60 for him.'

'I could rise to that,' said Jim ; 'could we see him ?'

'There's the house,' pointing to a thatched cottage, 'and there, I believe, is Tracy exercising little Paddy. You can certainly see him.'

They pulled up outside the low stone fence to watch the horse come round. He moved with a long springy step, and as he came up Jim's heart warmed to him ; a small compact animal, with long sloping shoulders, a tremendous girth and clean flat limbs. The rider, a young sandy-haired fellow, with a worn thin face, came to open the gate, and Jim noticed how handily the horse did his part.

'I've brought this gentleman to see little Pat, Tracy,' said the girl.

'If his honour would give him a turn himself, when he's ready an' all.' Jim was nothing loath, and in a moment was in the ill-made country saddle. Trot, canter or gallop, the little horse pleased him equally well. He was one of those horses which feel big under one, a feeling which a great brute over sixteen hands often fails to give.

'Any of those fences are safe,' called out Nellie O'Brien, 'he won't say no.' The jumping finished Jim—the way the little horse trotted up to a big bank and went right up off his hind legs, the clever way he kicked a razor top, his easy fly over a wall. Jim came back glowing, while Nellie had moved away to speak to some children at the cottage door.

He caught sight of Tracy's face watching him hungrily, eagerly. The horse was a gift in his English eyes at £60.

'I'll give you £70 for him,' he said as he swung himself off. Tracy looked surprised ; he had told Miss Nell £60. A great relief began to creep over his face.

'Thank yer honer,' he said simply, 'and I'll not be forgettin' the dacent way you thrated me.'

'That was soon over,' exclaimed Jim. 'He's a ripper. I wonder why nobody has bought him.'

'They thought him too small for the price here,' said Nell. 'He's only a small horse, and less than £60 was useless to poor Tracy. He's heavily in debt.'

'Oh ! ' Jim stroked his moustache thoughtfully. 'He looked hungry,' he said irrelevantly.

'He often is,' said Nell. 'Poor Tracy, he is very unlucky! We say good-bye here,' pointing to the road. 'My father, I know, would be delighted if you would come to lunch on Thursday, you and Mr. Saunders? Good afternoon.'

Jim Bellew rode home that morning feeling strangely contented. He had missed a run, been let in over a horse, bought another (which he could not afford); but what a pretty girl Nellie O'Brien was! He even patted the offending neck of Cassidy's colt as he cantered up a strip of grass.

II

Captain George Clement was lying comfortably back in his long leather chair, a big fire blazing at his feet, which feet, or rather the boots which encased them, were giving out a strong smell of burning leather. A slight dark man, leaning against the mantel-shelf, was looking down at him, smiling a little at the utterly puzzled expression on Clement's face.

'Thought it out, Clem?' he queried at length, removing a cigar from his lips.

Clement came back from the land of dreams with a start.

'No, by jove, no,' he exclaimed, 'and I never shall. Unless I can pick up about a thou' in the next month I'm done for.'

'A thou' ain't much,' said his companion; 'you must be in a deeper hole than that, old chap.'

'Oh well, I suppose I am, but that would straighten me until next year, when, as you know, we hope to bring off a big thing with San Josef. If I had a decent nag now, I might get up a match with one of these youngsters. One can do anything with 'em after mess,' he added contemptuously.

Frank Dickson stroked his small moustache thoughtfully. He had few friends in the world; they had all for some reason deserted him; he was about with a queer lot on the turf, it was said. His cousin George had alone remained faithful to him, and he was always sure of a welcome wherever the —th Hussars were quartered. Dickson was grateful, and set his fertile wits to work.

'Why,' he said softly after a while—'why not rechristen San Josef for the time being; he is smart enough; we can easily school him over banks? You might make rather a good thing of it.'

San Josef was a fairly smart youngster who had strained his fetlock badly in his first race. Dickson had scented a

possible good thing, had bought him lame on the spot, and now having cured him, looked forward to winning a race or two and selling him well. The horse was a clever fencer, not quite fast enough for the flat.

Clement started as if he had been struck.

'Frank, dear chap, why, it would be downright swindling. You don't mean it really, eh?'

Dickson smiled thoughtfully. 'Oh well, of course, if you look at it in *that* way,' he said airily. '*I* put it *this* way. It is absolutely necessary for you to get some money. San Josef is your opportunity. You are absolutely safe from detection, for the horse was bought in my name, and has almost been forgotten. That is all.'

'But afterwards?' Clement was thinking it over; he must have money. 'Afterwards as to selling him, getting him back?'

Dickson watched him yield with covert amusement. 'Trust me for that,' he said tersely.

Clement gave in slowly. Among his brother-officers there were often strange whispers of shady transactions; of bets large and small made on certainties with drunken subs; of card-parties in his room, where the wine went round more than once too often, and after which the boys walked about with glum faces; but they were only whispers. Clement knew that one or two of the seniors were only longing to pounce on him; still the chance could not be missed. He strolled to the window just as Jim Bellew, smiling to himself, rode Cassidy's colt across the square.

'The very chap,' he muttered; 'plenty of coin, and absolutely no head!'

'What's he got now? A couple of old crocks, and that new brute, which I've heard won't jump a potato furrow.' Clement smiled. 'This is Monday; let's see—Tuesday. You'll wire to-day to your chap, Frank,' he said. 'Keep the drink going if you're near young Bellew on Wednesday night. You understand.'

Dickson nodded his sleek black head; he understood perfectly.

. . . . .

'I hear you've had a great stick lately, Bellew,' said Captain Clement suavely, towards eleven on Wednesday night. 'They say your new crock won't jump anything. You've hardly a horse now? You young chaps are always getting stuck; however, one grows wise in time.'

'I've got a better lot of horses than you, anyhow,' growled Jim—he had drunk a good deal that night. 'You haven't got a

decent one,' he went on, gulping down a strong brandy-and-soda and ordering another.

'Oh, do you think so?' Clement answered, smiling. 'Really?'

'Clem thinks all his geese are swans,' muttered Dickson close to Bellew's ear.

'Well, I'm sure,' broke in young Saunders, Jim's staunchest friend, 'Bellew has a better lot than you have.'

Clement turned to the speaker. 'Didn't know they taught much about horses in a soap factory,' he sneered.

Young Saunders turned scarlet. He was most unnecessarily ashamed of his plebeian progenitors, who were the owners of a well-known brand of soap. He turned round, putting another item down to his long score against Clement.

'Yes, I do think mine as good as yours,' stormed Jim. He was at the pugnacious-heedless stage of the interruption.

'I'll match one of mine against one of yours for a fiver,' said the Captain carelessly. 'Or shall we say two-ten? You're hard up just now, I expect.'

Jim's face was flushed to a dull red; he was past thinking coolly. 'Fiver be hanged! I'll match one of mine against any crock you have for anything you please.'

'A thousand, p'r'aps!' Clement rejoined, laughing incredulously.

'A thousand certainly,' defiantly; 'two if you like! You can put it down.'

Clement pulled out a note-book. 'Am I to understand you,' he said distinctly, 'you wish to match any horse?'

'Hunter,' gulped Jim, 'you may have a string of racers—' Clement made a large blot—'Hunter. You may select of those you have at present against any hunter of mine for one thousand pounds. Course, shall we say, three miles over a country to be chosen?'

Some of the elders gathered round, frowning angrily. 'Shut up, Bellew, and go to bed,' exclaimed one of the captains, 'you don't know what you're doing. The bet's absurd.'

'We don't want such heavy wagering here, Clement,' said the senior major pointedly.

'It was he insisted, major,' yawned Clement. 'Of course, if he wishes to declare off——'

'I mean to stick to it,' said Jim obstinately. 'I suppose you know, Clement, that I bought a new horse on Monday.'

Clement's face changed a little; he had not known. 'Really?' he said. 'Well, one came over for me yesterday—so we're quits

—and, of course, Bellew, if it's too big a sum for you—if you funk.'

'Funk be dashed,' flashed out Jim, staggering to his feet and fixing his shaken signature to the bet. 'I'm off to bed; good-night, you fellows!'

'It's time he went,' muttered the major angrily; 'it's a disgrace, betting with a drunken young fool like that—a disgrace; and there's a plant in it somewhere too, I feel convinced,' he added, as Clement and Dickson followed Bellew's example.

III

Jim Bellew awoke next morning with a distinct impression of having done something foolish; as his cold tub cleared his brain he remembered what it was. He had backed one of his horses against one of Clement's for a thousand pounds. He shivered. What would his old dad say? He knew too well that already he had caused some pinching at home. How could he pay up if he lost? His face was white and drawn as he snatched a moment after breakfast to see his horses, the pitying, half-contemptuous looks which had been cast on him in the mess-room having added little to his comfort.

Clement's stables were next his. Jim gave an uneasy glance at the horses, wondering which was his opponent. Paddy, his own new purchase, was standing knee-deep in straw.

'You've heard of the match I've made, perhaps, Jones?' asked Jim, feeling very foolish.

'Yes, sir,' answered Jones slowly. 'I've heard a whisper, sir. I suppose you'll race this little 'oss; indeed it's all we have, I'm afraid, sir,' lowering his voice, 'that Captain Clement's got a crack; he was out this morning in clothes, but he moves like a racer.'

Pleasant news this!

'We can only do our best,' said Jim despondently. 'Ugh! you brute!' to Cassidy's colt, who stuck his nose over the partition, 'I shall go on hunting him, Jones. Did you happen to hear the name of Captain Clement's horse?'

'Blazer, sir. They seem very close about him. He came from England yesterday morning, and the man who brought him went straight back.'

Jim felt that Clement was playing a deep game somehow; but this was Thursday, and they were due at Cahirmoyle. It was a raw cold evening when he and Saunders drove out—

not to lunch ; they were too late for that. About a mile out they tore past Clement, who drove any screw he could get cheap. Jim smiled. 'A good omen!' he said.

'Clem's going hard for the heiress,' answered Saunders.

'What heiress?'

'Why, Miss O'Brien! She's an only child—thousands a year —some day.'

'Oh!' The lash made the pony spin forward. Jim felt vaguely annoyed ; he wished Saunders hadn't told him.

Nellie looked, if possible, prettier in ordinary dress ; that was Jim's verdict ; she was dressed in blue, knowing well, the little witch, how it suited the red tints in her hair and her pretty complexion. Nellie saw quite plainly that Jim admired her. Not that she resented it ; she felt strangely interested in this bronzed Hussar. He looked sad too, she thought, and wondered why.

Captain Clement was soon announced, taking up his position close to Nellie as an assured old friend. But to-day she felt as if he bored her. She wanted to go on talking to Jim about little Paddy, and Jim had sunk into sulky silence. Clement began to turn sulky too when all his wittiest remarks fell flat. His eyes fell on Jim, who was staring moodily at the fire ; he would put him out of the running anyhow.

'Hullo, Bellew,' he said, 'you look sad. Got a head on? How about our match? Still feel on, or have you forgotten all about it?'

Jim flushed ; he felt that it was cruel of Clement to remind him of his state last night, before a strange girl too.

'What match?' Nellie grew curious instantly.

'Oh, only a match between Bellew and myself,' he said airily, wishing to be impressive. 'He backed his crocks against mine for a thousand pounds—after mess,' with emphasis.

Jim looked so unhappy that Nellie took his part instantly.

'If you mean to imply that Mr. Bellew did not know what he was doing,' she flashed impulsively, 'you had no business to bet with him at all.'

'Come and see the flowers,' she said, turning suddenly to Jim. 'I know you like flowers.' Jim rose, joy in his heart.

'Anyhow,' he said, 'I feel more on for the match than ever. My new one's a real clinker. Miss O'Brien bought him for me.' And having implied his friendship with Nellie and the superiority of his steed, Jim followed the girl proudly.

'Little spitfire!' muttered Clement savagely! 'If ever I have

your training!' The way in which his white teeth came down on his lower lip augured ill for Nellie's weal if he had. His dark eyes followed Jim. 'Clinker indeed — against a racehorse! Drunken fool!'

Saunders, bending over some photographs, caught the last words, and they set him thinking deeply.

Meanwhile Nellie and Jim were in the land of flowers, treading their way through the banked masses of bright colours and soft scents.

Nellie turned round suddenly under the shadow of a big palm.

'Mr. Bellew,' she said, 'did you make a bet for all that money? And you told me yesterday,' she continued severely, 'that you were hard up.'

'I did indeed,' said Jim, 'but you heard how I made it. Heaven knows,' bitterly, 'where my old dad will find this money for me.'

'Mr. Bellew,' said the girl gently, 'I—I hardly know you—but would you promise me something?'

'Anything,' he said eagerly.

'That—that—you will never make bets—you don't understand—again—never be—oh you know!' incoherently.

Jim was silent for a space; her pretty fingers were twining nervously round the palm stem, her soft grey eyes were looking into his. He saw nothing strange in her asking; only, had he strength to keep his word?

'I promise,' he said, suddenly taking her hand, and as their eyes met again he saw something so sweet in hers that the very heavens seemed open to him.

'Come, let us go back,' she said nervously. 'You must think me strange, but I couldn't help asking you.'

Captain Clement drove home that night in the very worst of tempers.

IV

Nellie had not exaggerated little Paddy's powers. He was a treasure; not very fast, but his long even stride seemed untireable, and you couldn't put him down. No one saw much of Captain Clement's horse; he was always exercised in clothes; there were also mysterious expeditions into the country to school him over banks. Only Saunders, still pondering over that muttered word 'racehorse,' had a habit of slipping into the stable at cleaning time on his way to see Jim's horse. He

had also taken to going to bed unusually early and to watching eagerly for the post.

Jim's pony knew its own way now when he drove it out the barrack gates. Jim was stupidly happy. Nellie, being no flirt, showed her preference for him openly. He had not dared to ask her the fateful question yet, but he meant to. So too did Captain Clement, whose self-conceit was too thick to perceive that he had not a chance against his subaltern.

One thoroughly miserable day Jim had spent, when he got his father's answer to his penitent letter. Jim had spared no blame to himself, and had asked his father to sell some land, reducing his allowance by £50 yearly.

The answer hurt him far more than an angry one could have.

'DEAR BOY' (*it ran*),—'I enclose cheque for £1000, as you seem so hopeless about the matter. As everything is entailed I cannot do as you ask me. We shall have to put off Cissy's wedding for a year or more, and give up our usual winter trip, and keep a horse or two less. I tell you of these things, because I know they will be a lesson to you.

'Your affectionate Father,

'JAMES BELLEW.

'P.S.—Why do you seem so certain of failure? I shall come over to see you ride.'

The old Adam peeping out in the postscript brought a flickering smile to Jim's face, though the ache at his heart was too deep for much merriment. His dear old dad's trip and Cissy's wedding too! What an egregious ass he had been! Of what use were vows of amendment when the piper had to be paid so heavily?

Nellie alone had hopes of his winning. She could not understand the suspicions about the big chestnut. After all, he was only a hunter! Jim used to shake his head hopelessly. Clement was too keen about getting bets against Jim's chance at any price. Only a few of the youngsters closed with him, for the seniors shook their heads sternly at any mention of the match, and Clement felt the cold feeling growing against him daily. No one could say anything definite, for outwardly the match looked square enough. One new hunter against another—there was no visible peg to hang doubts on.

It was the evening before the match. Jim was loudly crabbing

Paddy's pace, merely to prevent his partisans from making bets with Clement.

Saunders strolled over to the fire, close to Clement.

'I've got a chap coming to stay for the match,' he remarked.

'How interesting!' murmured Clement. 'Any more startling pieces of news, Soapey?' Clement had caught the youngster poking about his stables and strongly resented his curiosity.

'Racing chap,' prattled on the unabashed Saunders; 'knows every horse that has ever run, I hear,' and he leaned his arm on the mantelshelf, looking down at Clement.

Clement caught the curious look in the boy's eyes; he fidgeted in his chair.

'Do get away from the fire, Soapey,' he growled. 'You don't melt as your father's stuff would.'

Saunders moved away smiling; he had a comfortable inkling that he had not improved his enemy's dreams.

The day of the match was fairly fine. A wet Irish wind moaned over the country, but towards mid-day gleams of watery sunshine came peeping out to see the fun. The field where they finished was crowded with spectators.

Saunders was the last of the regiment to arrive. He was driving a little sandy-haired man, with racing absolutely stamped on his clean-shaven face and marvellous breeches and gaiters.

Jim was leading Paddy along, talking to Nellie, who, of course, was there to see her favourite win.

'It's just time,' she said. 'Where is the enemy?'

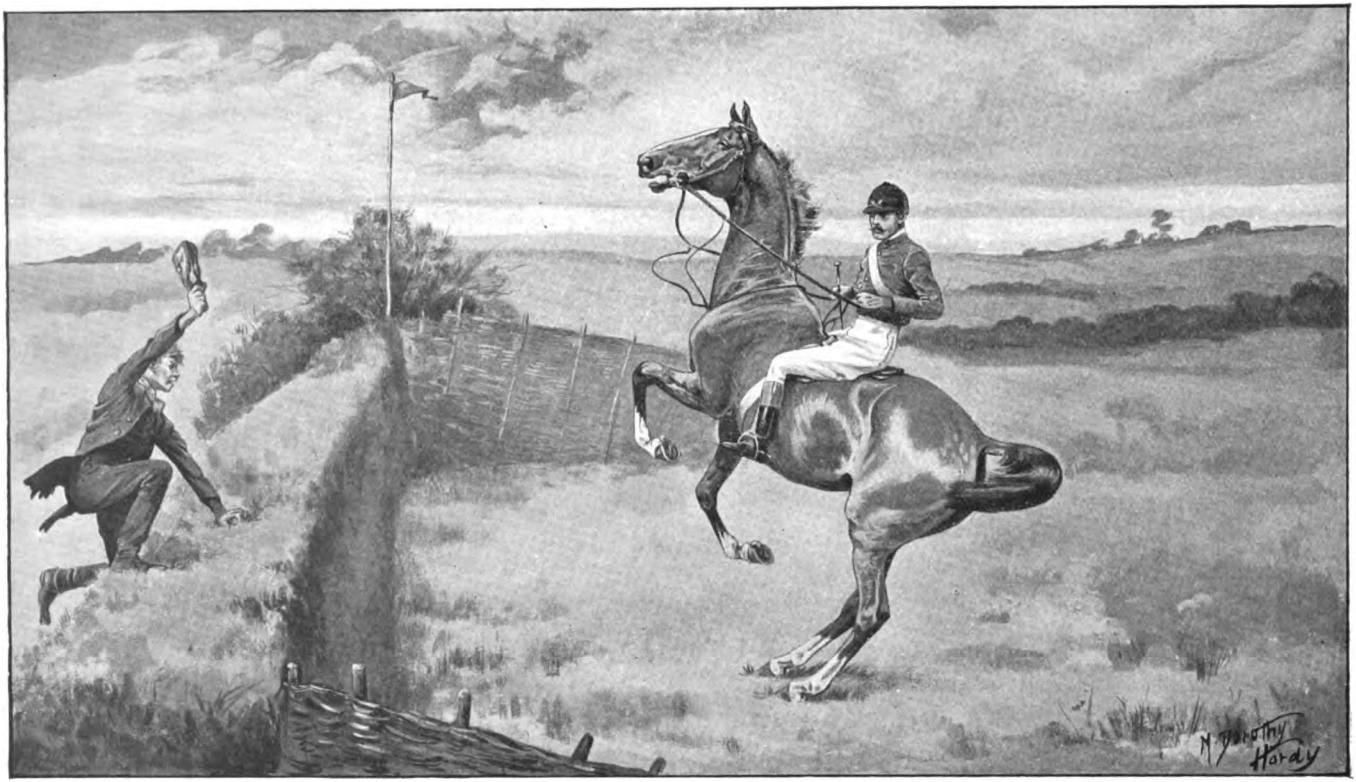
'He's coming now,' answered Jim. 'Blazer is nervous, I believe.'

He vaulted on to Paddy's back, then bent down suddenly. 'Nellie,' he said, 'Nellie, if I win, will you marry me? I can't ask you if I lose.'

The girl's honest eyes looked into his. 'Whether you win or lose, Jim,' she said quietly. 'Don't—don't get hurt now!'

Jim rode away with a strange feeling that the whole universe had been made for him, with Nellie as its sun, and all his fellow men mere stars—fortunately for our said fellow men we don't feel often like that—while James Bellew, senior, watching the pair from a distance, murmured contentedly, 'My boy and O'Brien's girl—I think there'll be another match presently!'

The flag fell, and they were off. San Josef, alias Blazer, made a rush to the front, and Clement, as he vainly tried to



A WILD FIGURE SPRANG UPON THE BANK

UNIV. OF MICH.

steady him over the first fence, which he flew from field to field, felt it was no joke riding a thoroughbred who had been raced across an Irish country. He took a pull as soon as he could, for he didn't want to win by a street. His cherished idea was to canter past the winning post hands down, with Jim riding furiously a length or so behind.

Paddy's original owner watched the start eagerly, his warm heart still remembering Jim's 'dacent tratement' of him.

'Shure, 'tis a 'chaser the captain's on,' he muttered dolefully—'divil a chance the little horse has—an' a pullin' fretful thief too; the Captain can scarce turn him. Maybe he'll fall or lave the course! See that now,' as the chestnut flew the bank. A sudden light flashed across his brain. He started off running hard across the grass. 'If this b'y can do it, 'tis little Paddy will be first,' he gasped as he ran.

Meanwhile Jim was simply enjoying his ride. He could see plainly that Clement could go double his pace. But then who was Clement? What did the match matter? Nellie loved him! Paddy strode on gaily and jumped to perfection, but Jim saw that Clement had to hold hard to keep the chestnut near him at all.

The course was almost a half moon, three miles. They were close now to a small bank where the flags marked a sharp turn for home, a corner fence which Clement had grumbled at greatly. Clement was gradually swinging his hot mount round for the jump, when a wild figure sprang out higher upon the bank, uttering loud howls of joy, and apparently cheering the captain on to victory. The chestnut's nerves were tried too sorely. A wild Irish yell was too much for him. He tore his head from his rider's hands and was over the fence straight in front and away up the next field like an arrow, an absolute chorus of curses being borne back on the breeze as he went. Paddy came on undisturbed at the fence. Jim tried to see the man's face, but could only see him tearing back towards the winning-post at top speed, apparently appalled at the result of his cheers.

Jim saw his chance, and caught hold of Paddy, driving him along as fast as he knew how. As he entered the straight he caught a gleam of colour coming behind him.

The onlookers, cheering wildly for the brown horse, had a somewhat singular view of one man coming in quite alone, yet hard at work on his horse, as if he had a rival at his girths. Shouts of laughter mingled with the cheers. Then they saw the cause, and both cheers and laughter died in their excitement.

Half-way home Jim, turning, saw Blazer coming like a veritable flash.

Blazer was simply travelling twice as fast as Paddy was. Could he get past the judge in time? He made one last call on Paddy. The air was rent with shouts again. A horse rushed madly past him. Had he won?

'Paddy by a head,' was the verdict. Jim heard it joyfully; but Clement came up white with passion, as Jim was weighed all right.

'I object to this!' he stormed, 'it's nothing but a swindle; you hired some man to frighten my horse. Of course we either run again or all bets are off,' went on Clement loftily. 'I simply refuse to pay the stake.'

'I don't think so,' drawled Saunders' voice at his elbow, before Jim could reply. 'I wish to make an introduction. My friend Mr. Dawson, Captain Clement.'

'What have you to say?' asked Clement insolently.

'Oh nothing,' said the little man suavely, 'except that I recognise your horse as San Josef, a hurdle-racer, which you bought in Mr. Dickson's name from Sir J. Wilmot last year. You can hardly call him a hunter. You see, I've known him well ever since he was foaled.'

Clement turned white as death. 'How did you worm it out?' he said, glaring at Saunders.

'Found where the horse was boxed from first,' he answered coolly, 'then took a snapshot, sending it with description to Dawson here. He did the rest. We shall now, of course, expect you to leave the regiment,' showing his revenge joyfully, 'taking your name off all clubs, &c.'

Clement laughed. 'All right, Soapey!' he said, 'you've won all round.'

Something in his cool pluck touched Jim. He must leave the regiment, of course, but the latter step would brand him openly, and he might never err again.

'I think,' said Jim gently, 'I have an idea that Captain Clement is not the principal mover in this. We can agree, I hope, to keep this matter entirely among our three selves, and as for clubs, we will not ask Captain Clement to take so grave a step.'

'I'd like to shake hands with you, Bellew, only I'm not fit to,' said Clement with a queer strain in his voice. 'You know how to win. It's the soapsuddy chaps that walk on a man when he's down.'

This parting shot he left Saunders to digest as he turned away, leaving Jim to his congratulations. No one could have guessed from his smiling face as he made his way to his dog-cart that the hag Ruin had her claws upon his heart.

James Bellew thinks now that his son did rather a clever thing in getting up that match, especially as the old gentleman won ten pounds backing Paddy.

There will be another match very soon in the little church near Cahirmoyle, and though doubtless Mike Tracy will again make the air melodious with his Irish cheers, I do not think that he will succeed in frightening either of the competitors off the course.

ADVICE ON FOX-HUNTING

BY LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE

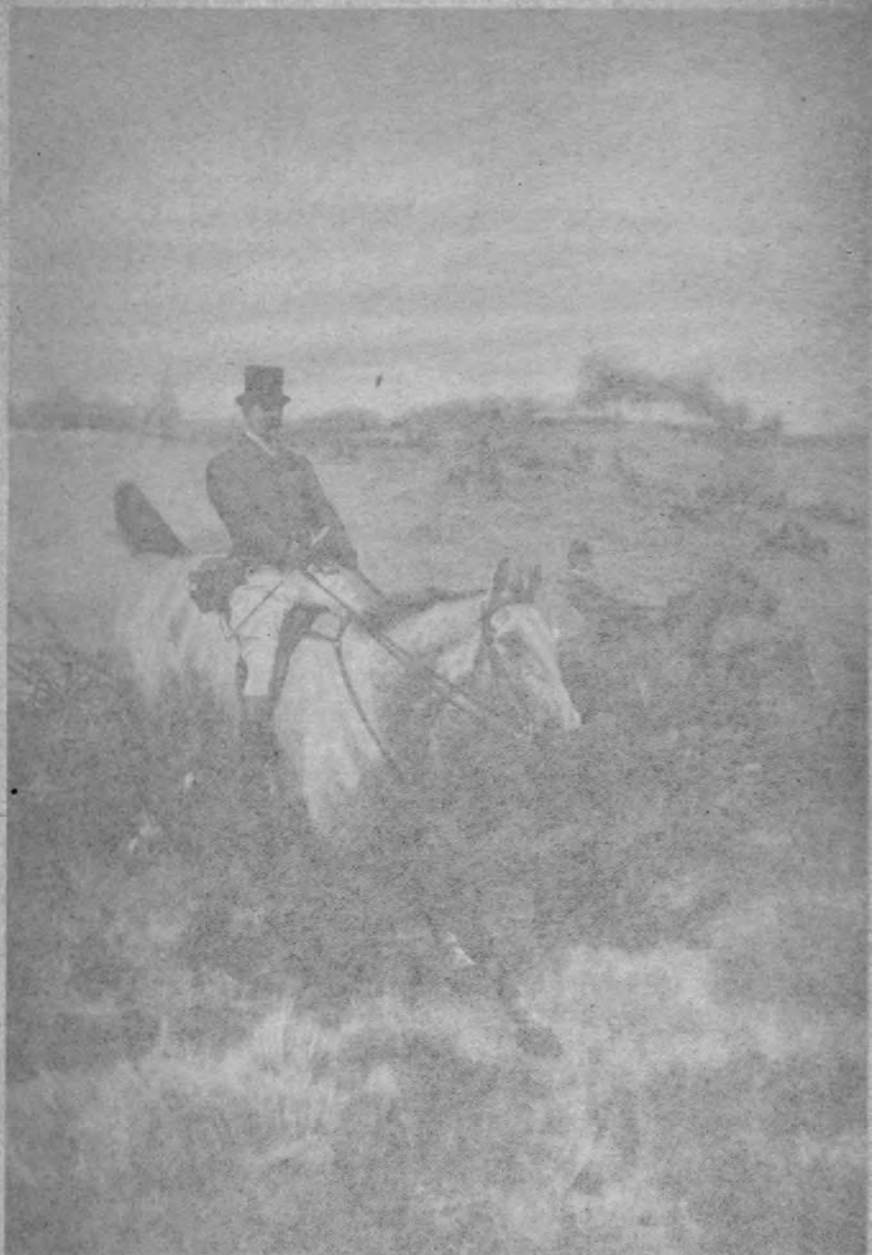
II. To Huntsmen

Stay at home and look after your hounds. Remember Garge Ridler—

> Let fools go travel far and nigh,
> We bides at home, my dog and I.

So stay at home and look after your dogs summer and winter, and do not go gadding about to all the puppy shows in the kingdom. At your own puppy show, if your master is foolish enough to allow your health to be drunk, simply acknowledge the compliment, and do not follow the present practice of huntsmen in making what you doubtless think is a clever and facetious speech.

When the hunting season is over, and your young hounds will go pretty quietly without couples, get on the hacks and have the old hounds also out. I do not mean to fast exercise, but long walking exercise, keeping under the trees and in the shade as much as possible. Anything is better for hounds than lying all day on the hot flags. Give some boiled vegetables in the old hounds' food this time of year. Young nettles gathered before they get tough and stingy are as good as anything. The young hounds will do very well on navy ship biscuits soaked and mixed with some good broth.



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"WELL OVER!"

UNIV. OF MICH.

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"WELL OVER!"

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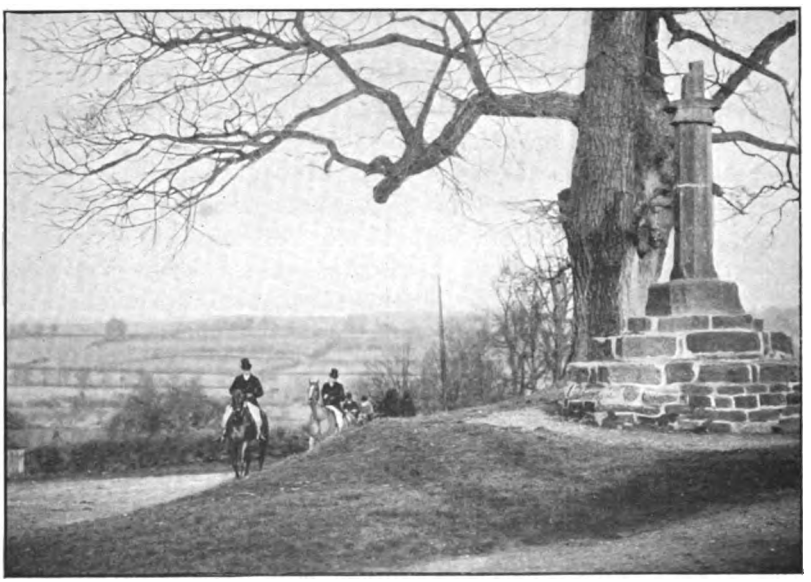
Towards the latter part of July, say about the time of the Peterborough Show, you will begin to trot the old and young hounds along, and will find as many hares, deer, &c., as you can. Keep your hounds moving right up to cub-hunting, and have them on the *light side* to begin with, or if the weather is hot they will tire before the foxes, get disgusted, do themselves no end of harm, and will very likely leave the foxes instead of breaking them up properly. It is a grand thing for hounds if you can show them some riot just before throwing them into a covert where you are sure to find a litter of cubs. Allow plenty of time to get to the meet; five to six miles an hour is quite fast enough to travel, but when cub-hunting you can move a bit faster than in regular hunting. In cub-hunting always let the hounds find their own fox, and do not have him holloaed over a ride *at first*. Do not have him headed back, or held up *till he is beat*, and then do so for fear of changing. The more foxes you kill cub-hunting *after good work for hounds*, the steadier and keener your pack will be, but do not go and surround small places and pick up two or three foxes at once. This does not benefit the hounds more than killing one, and in a good country is wanton waste. Always dig your fox cub-hunting if he goes to ground in a practicable place. In regular hunting it is better to go and find another than to keep the field starving in the cold; but always remember that you cannot have steady hounds without plenty of blood, and that in a country where foxes are numerous, if the pack are riotous it is always the fault of the huntsman. So begin November with your hounds 'blooded up to the eyes,' as Lord Henry Bentinck wrote. Never mind what people say about giving foxes a chance and letting them go. In a small covert let the best foxes who break covert first go, and stay and kill the worst one, but never be tempted by what anybody says to try and have a run in the open.

It is all very well for those who come out. Their horses are fresh, as they have been standing about, while you and your whips have been working yours hard. The field can jump or not as they like, and if they lose the hounds they can go back to breakfast, while you and the whips must stick to the hounds at all costs. Besides, the young hounds do not understand it at first, and simply follow the old ones, and do themselves no end of harm by getting lost, stopping in ponds, &c.

Always remember you are the servant of your master, not of the field, and his orders should always be not to get away in the open in the cub-hunting season.

In going to a halloo over a ride stop about fifty yards before you get to the place the fox has crossed, turn your horse's head across the ride in the direction the fox has gone, and throw the hounds on to the covert. This will prevent their taking the scent up heel way.

In regular hunting the whole system is reversed. Then you try and get away with the first fox that leaves, presumably the best one. If you cannot get all the hounds, at all events enough to go on with, because the pack are running another, do not stand blowing, still less move a field or two away and



blow, but gallop back as quickly as possible, get *up wind* of your hounds, and blow them away. If by good luck they happen to throw up for a moment, out they will come to your horn, and you can lay both ends on the line together. Unless the fox goes straight away up wind, it is almost always better to blow your hounds out at a place where the fox has *not* gone, and lay them on all together. Always have one way of blowing when the fox is away—one that neither the field nor the hounds can mistake—and unless the latter are running very hard, you will see how they will come tumbling out to it. All hounds hate struggling in thick covert, and are more or less anxious to get away. But never be tempted to use this note for any other purpose. If you do, its charm is gone. You

cannot, to quote Lord Henry Bentinck again, lie to your hounds with impunity. Indeed, in hunting a fox in the open you should hardly use your horn at all. I am no advocate for much horn : as Mr. Vyner says, in season it is like a word, 'How good it is' ; but when it is blown I like it to give forth no uncertain sound, so that every one may know what is meant by it, hounds and all. If you are always blowing your horn, whether you want hounds or not, you might as well be playing the concertina for all they will care for it.

When you come to the first check it is almost a certainty that the fox has turned right or left. Of course, if a good one, he may turn again and make his original point, so do you sit still. Try and keep the field off the hounds, and encourage them to try, up wind at first if possible : the fox has most likely turned down wind, but the hounds will almost swing their own cast unaided up wind ; and if the fox *has* turned in this direction and they hit him off, he is yours ; nothing but an open drain can save him. Meanwhile, cast your eye well forward and down wind, and see if you can see the fox or anything suggestive, such as a man running, sheep running, or having run together, to show where he is gone. When the pack have finished their cast, then, and not till then, *go to them :* don't stand and blow ; whisper a word of encouragement in their ears, and cast them, on the best scenting ground you can see, in a body *in front* of you You will be able to keep the field off their backs much better in this way than if you started off jumping with the pack at your horse's tail and all the hard-riding fools of the field mixed up with them. If the assisted up-wind cast and the down-wind cast both end in silence, it looks bad ; but always remember that if your down-wind cast is a wide one the fox *may* have gone to ground short of it, or you may have cast over his line owing to a bit of bad scenting ground. All you can do then is to use your discretion. I remember a season or two ago, after having come a considerable way, the hounds threw up among a perfect sea of greasy wheat-fields, in which there seemed to be positively no scent at all. The orthodox casts having produced no result, I noticed there was one grass field about a mile and a half ahead—an oasis in the desert. I thought, 'Well, the fox is lost anyhow, but if by good luck he has crossed that field, the hounds will show a line.' I cantered on, and they did show a line, with the result that we were able to keep on after the fox and eventually kill him in a neighbouring country.

When you come to a covert let your hounds hunt the

line through it. I do not like the plan of having them whipped off the line and casting beyond it. Never take the hounds off their noses if you can help it. Similarly, when your fox is beat, and you see him before hounds, hold your tongue, and by no means take them off their noses unless you are *perfectly certain* you can give them a view. If the fox pops through a hedge and they do not see him, you will have lost a lot of time, as the hounds will not hunt for a few minutes, but will stand staring about, expecting to see the fox. The only time it is allowable to lift them after a beaten fox is when they are running for a head of open earth or a covert full of fresh foxes. But never, under any circumstances, go and ride the fox, leaving your hounds. I have seen many huntsmen do this, but I never yet saw one catch a fox by himself, though I have seen some very nearly do it.

Your fox is dead and the day over. Travel home quietly, and do not have the hounds hurried. Stop somewhere if the day has been very hard, and give your horses some chilled water or gruel if you can get it ; but do not stop long, and never go inside a house, no matter whose it is. When you get home feed your hounds *yourself*, with judgment. The man who hunts the hounds should always feed them ; not because feeding them makes them any fonder of him, but because the huntsman knows, or ought to know, how much each hound requires. Never let them eat to repletion ; if you do, what is the result ? In every pack there are some slow, shy feeders : while these are playing with their food the greedy ones are fairly gorging themselves. The next day's hunting will find the light feeders some two or three fields ahead of the gorgers, to the detriment of the looks and sport of the pack. Years ago hounds were always washed after hunting. I do not think this a good plan—they will soon clean themselves in the straw ; but if it is pouring with rain when you return to kennel, so that whatever you do you can make the hounds no wetter, I can see no harm in throwing some nice warm broth over them, and it certainly makes them look well the next day. Always have two lodging rooms for your hunting pack : put them in one directly after feeding, and shift them into another for the rest of the night in about an hour and a half's time. This will prevent a lot of kennel lameness, which is really rheumatism.

In breeding I see no reason why pregnant bitches should not run with the pack if you are at all short : of course they must be stopped in good time. They should then be turned out of the kennel and given their liberty all day. I know this

causes some complaint if the kennels are near a village, as these old ladies are sad thieves ; but having kennels near a village is such a manifest advantage to the latter that complaint really ought not to be made. Five puppies are quite enough for any mother to bring up. After the middle of May four are plenty. Do all you can to induce farmers and others to walk puppies ; without good walks every pack *must* deteriorate. Show an interest in your puppies by looking them up at summer exercise. When they come in from quarters, and distemper and yellows break out, you will have your hands full, and must not mind

having to get up in the night and attend to the sick ones. There are all sorts of recipes, homœopathic as well as allopathic, but the best medicines are warmth, care, and attention. It is not sufficient to drop the food down before the puppy ; you must stay and see that he eats it. Yellows is a much more dangerous disease than distemper, and coming with it, as it often does, is almost always fatal. Calomel in some form or other seems to be the only remedy, and that a very uncertain one. Never let the old and young hounds lodge or feed together till cub-hunting. If rabies breaks out, it almost always comes from some hound having been bitten at quarters. If you have once had rabies in your kennel you will never forget it.

Ride your horses fairly, and do not try and gain the praise of ignorant onlookers by jumping unnecessary fences ;

and do not be always quarrelling with your horse and jagging at his mouth—the best riders are those who are on good terms with their horses. Don't grumble ; don't quarrel with the stud-groom. Remember you are one of the luckiest men in the world, paid for doing what is or what ought to be your greatest pleasure. Do not be downhearted if you get into a run of bad luck and are tempted to think you will never catch a fox again, and when you hear things said which would try the patience of Job. Luck will change, and you will

begin to think you can never lose a fox again. Talk to your hounds and make much of them ; never speak angrily or uncivilly to them. Whatever you do, always try and get them to think they are doing it all themselves. If you *have* to stop them at dark, or off a vixen, try and do it when they come to a check ; but if you are obliged to stop them roughly, get off your horse and make friends with them again. Show them they have done no wrong by persevering on. Always ask to have the mute hounds, skirters, and noisy ones drafted at once. They are faults that always get worse, and as Jorrocks says, a skirting hound, like a skirting rider, is sure to have a lot of followers. I don't call a hound a skirter that cuts corners going to the cry. This is what every good hound ought to do.

Be kind to your whips ; do not try and slip them. When you

turn back drawing a covert always let them know by a good loud 'Yooi, try back!' They will work all the better for you if you help them in their little ways. When you have made up your mind to go to a holloa, take your hounds off their noses and travel along. Do not, if you can help it, let them hunt again till you have found out from the man who holloaed exactly which way the fox really went. He very likely turned him, and the hounds may take it heel way: it is poor consolation to be told by a grinning rustic, after the hounds have settled with a good cry, 'They be a running back scent.' It is easier to strike the line heel way than people think. Casting you may get on the heel line of another fox which has left the covert since you did. I have often been laughed at for doing it and told to trust my hounds; but even if they are running hard, and I come across a man who has seen the fox, I do not think a few seconds are thrown away in finding out which way the fox's head was. As my father used to say, take every advantage you can of your fox. He will take every one he possibly can of you.

Look out along a road. It is a curious thing, but hounds hardly ever turn out of one exactly where the fox has gone. They either go too far or more commonly not far enough. If you can manage to get half the pack in the road and the other half in two lots on each side of it, you are in a capital position; and when those in the road throw up you can press on without fear of overrunning the scent. Do not hurry the hounds in a road, and beware how you encourage one that is always making a hit under these circumstances. If you make too much of him you will turn him into a rogue. Always acknowledge to your master when you have lost the fox, and do not go dragging on, and slip the hounds into a covert and count the fresh fox you find as the one you have been hunting. Your master may wish the covert drawn in a different way. Be cheery in drawing woods; make plenty of noise, so that the hounds may know where you are. If they are very fond of you, they will be listening about for you if you go on the silent system. Hounds that habitually hang back in covert should be drafted, but after you have drawn one blank you will only make these offenders worse by standing and blowing. Move on, and they will catch you up. Once more, but it cannot be too often repeated, never interfere with your hounds at checks till they have made their own casts first. Again to quote Lord Henry Bentinck, hounds that are repeatedly messed about and cast will in a short time become demoralised so that they will do nothing to help themselves.

A WINTER CRUISE

BY ARTHUR WARNFORD

IN the early spring of 1900 it was my misfortune to be under doctor's orders to seek a warmer climate and more sunshine than England can give at this time of the year. Fortunately a steam-yacht belonging to a friend was lying at Marseilles awaiting orders, and the owner kindly invited me to join him for a cruise, so telegraphing to have all stores and coal on board as soon as possible, we packed up our belongings and having visited the Turkish Consul to get our passports viséd, were soon on board. The disagreeable task of 'coaling' over, and the numerous little things that always crop up at the last moment being attended to, we put to sea, and the weather being fine and the glass steady, decided to pass through the Straits of Bonifacio on our way to Naples, although the gain in time over the usual course past Elba is not very considerable.

In spite of light breezes and a clear sky, a nasty 'lop,' caused no doubt by a recent blow, made the yacht pitch and roll in a far from comfortable manner. A 'liner' with plenty of freight would take no notice of a sea which made us dance to a lively tune. However, daylight next morning saw us entering the Straits, and before long we had a view of both coasts—rugged and inhospitable, but still possessing a certain wild beauty of their own, the coast of Corsica being higher and a few houses giving it a more pleasing and homely appearance.

On clearing the Straits, the sea calmed down, and the following morning found us nearing Naples, to pick up letters and telegrams as well as a friend who had decided to join us there. The Bay looked lovely in the sunlight, with the fishing-boats hunting in couples in the foreground, and Mount Vesuvius and the hills behind Castellamare as background.

Slowly Naples and the Castle del Ovo came into sight and soon we were moored along the big 'wall' of the harbour, in company with several warships, including a British gunboat. Having done some shopping in the Galaria Umberto, and paid a visit to that always delightful but small aquarium in the gardens where so many strange specimens are collected, we once more sought the yacht. Naples is always dirty, yet no city in the world, that I can recall, is able to show such miles of washing hung out to dry. Glad to stretch our legs, we walked most of the way back to the harbour, followed for miles by a cabman, who cracked his whip and shouted, 'Voiture,' ''Arf a franc,' and 'Take you to Coo-ooks!'

The two ladies of our party having gone for a drive to Posilipo, we did not sail until after dark. An American cruiser occupied our attention by coming in and saluting the port, discharging her quick-firers and nearly knocking us down with the concussion at such close quarters. Vesuvius, whose top in daylight was covered in snow, now showed up at regular intervals with a red glow, as the volcano 'breathed.' The next day saw us nearing Stromboli, and at the risk of wearying the reader with descriptions of well-known sights, I will add our small experience. Stromboli being an island composed of the summit of a volcano, the water runs deep all round, and we were able to steam quite close to the north-east face without danger of taking the ground. It is here that the small, but ever active, crater can be seen from the sea, and it was interesting to watch the unceasing explosions—the burst of flame, then the scattered mass of molten rock and *débris*, as it was thrown up above the sky-line, followed by the roar of the discharge, and then the rattle of the falling rocks and stones. Directly beneath the crater the side of the volcano runs almost sheer down into the sea and is composed of loose rock and lava, mostly the latter. Passing on to the south side of the island, where a small promontory juts out, is the 'beach' of fine but jet-black lava, affording a landing-place for a few fishing-boats. Nestling under the side of the hill are a few flat-roofed houses. From the water's edge up to the summit almost, are vines carefully trained on sticks placed parallel with the ground.

At a distance the lines of sticks looked exactly like fishing-nets spread out to dry, for the vines had not yet come into leaf. The rest of the island is wild and rugged with deep clefts and ravines down which the cooling streams of lava make their way, showing their presence in daylight by small puffs of steam. Soon the little island with its smoking cone is left behind, and Sicily comes into view.

The weather being calm and bright, we decided to pass through the Straits of Messina, and soon after midday approached the northern end of the channel. At first no entrance was visible, and as we steamed up the bay an apparently unbroken line of coast stretched before us, only dotted here and there with a wreck, or a mast upstanding from the water, results of a sudden north-easter. At last the channel appeared, and we rounded the spit of land that bounds the Sicilian side of the narrow opening. A few yards further and we passed between Scylla and Charybdis, once the terror of ancient navigators. Certainly it did not seem very terrifying, but no doubt the tides run forcibly here, with a nasty cross-current, and tacking up against a strong wind and foul tide, with a boat that was probably slow in stays, doubtless made our friends the ancients rather nervous until the narrows were left behind. Some of the cross-currents run very strongly for no apparent reason, and, in spite of our size and the pace we were steaming, our bow was swept round first one way and then the other. The views all down the straits were lovely, but the Sicilian shore was far prettier than the Italian. The large number of watercourses, or '*barrancos*,' as they call them in Spain, although dry when we examined them carefully with glasses, show that a good deal of rain must fall in the hills at times. The beautiful blue and purple tints of the mountains, lighted up here and there with fitful gleams of sunshine, with the dark shadows of the ravines as a contrast, and the little clusters of flat-roofed houses peeping from among the trees that grew right down to the shore, where the sea stretched blue and sparkling, made a lovely picture. The Italian shore is bare and rocky, and, although in places the lower slopes are covered with olive-trees and vineyards, yet it cannot compare in beauty with the opposite coast. The high and rugged line of cliffs round Taormina, running back into a range of lofty mountains, were long the refuge of brigands, but few remain to disturb the peace of mind of dwellers in that lovely spot.

At last, without a cloud to mar the view, Mount Etna comes in sight. The last few thousand feet, covered with snow of dazzling

whiteness, reveals its great height as compared with that of the surrounding peaks, and, starting from the very water's edge, it towers up, its whole majestic length displayed at once, and no intervening ground to dwarf its stature. But by now we are once more feeling the heave of the open sea, and, changing our course, we make for Cape Spartivento and Greece. In spite of dropping to about eight knots during the night, the mountains of Greece were plainly visible next morning, one peak in particular showing up and keeping in sight all day. From the chart

CRETAN HILLS

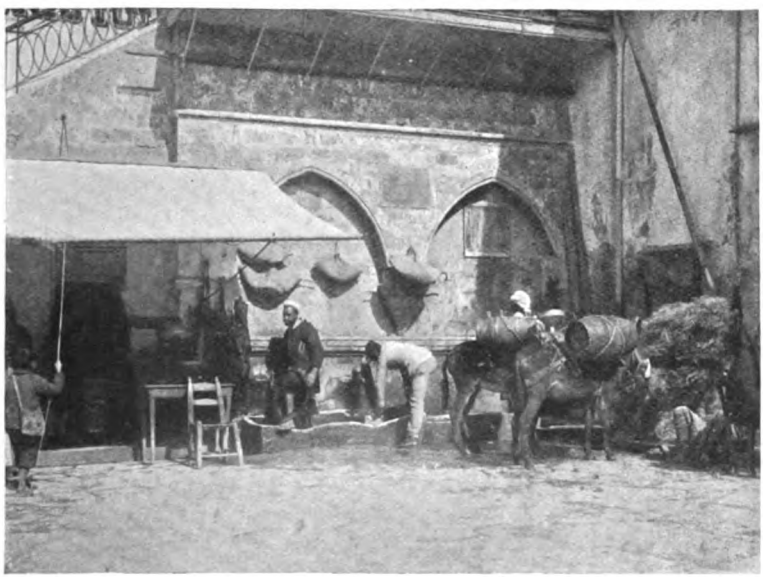
it appeared to be Mount Elias. Reading, smoking, and chatting, with frequent peeps at the coast and consultations as to where we shall 'make for' during our cruise, helped to pass a quiet and uneventful day. There seemed very little shipping hereabouts, as regards steamers, but we passed a good many sailing vessels, mostly barque-rigged, but of small size, with their hulls painted in bright colours—some red, some green, some white. They were probably 'coasters' coming from the Piræus or from some other Grecian port. The coast, as we drew near, appeared bare and mountainous and almost treeless, reminding one strongly of South Africa and its brown and stony koppies.

Before the shades of night closed round us it was possible to make out Cape Matapan, but, as we rounded the south of Greece and emerged from the shelter of the land, the wind and sea got up and compelled us to alter our plans. Our intention had been to have a look at Canea, in Crete, but the mouth of the harbour is very narrow, and, with anything of a sea running, it would be foolish to try and enter. As there was every indication of more wind, we decided to make for Suda Bay, which lies a few miles farther along the coast, but, being protected by a promontory, afforded a safe anchorage. After a rather hasty dinner, we donned our 'oilies' and went on the bridge to give what assistance we could to our skipper in picking up the lights. It was rather an anxious time, as the weather was thick, with a smother of rain, but after passing Canea it lifted a bit, and enabled us without much difficulty to round the promontory and steam into the bay, where we dropped anchor, close to several other vessels, whose riding lights were brightly reflected on the calm water. On turning out next morning we were surprised to find that the Concert of Europe was still represented in Crete, with a gunboat from each nation. The white ensign was flying from H.M.S. *Dryad*, whose officers kindly gave us the latest news concerning the war in South Africa.

Getting out the launch, we explored the bay, which is almost land-locked, and so like some of the sea-lochs on the west coast of Scotland that we could hardly realise it was Crete. Glad to stretch our legs, we took a stroll through the village of Suda Bay, and noted the flags of several nations, including our own, on some small houses where the consuls had residences. Some fine-looking men, armed with rifles and wearing sashes containing pistols and daggers, kept guard over the entrance to a large block of buildings, presumably barracks. Their dress was most picturesque—a rough sheepskin cap, a species of blue zouave jacket, a red vest, loose blue breeches, and brown leather top-boots, of which the toes came to a point and turned up. The men were swarthy, black-bearded fellows, who moved with a careless grace and swagger that became them well. Strolling through the town, we noticed the bullet-marks on the houses, and the effects still visible of the *Camperdown's* shells; for here it was that the street fighting took place in which so many of our men were killed. High up on the hill was the block-house, where some of our 'Tommies' made such a gallant stand until overpowered by superior numbers. A little

farther down was a clump of cypress trees, marking the graveyard where their bodies lie.

Finding that an excellent road led to Canea, and that horses and carriages could be procured, we were not long in striking a bargain, for former experiences had taught us that a bargain beforehand is the only way in the East of checking extortionate demands. Rather to my surprise the money asked for is English 'bobs.' French francs were accepted rather grudgingly; Italian lire were refused with vehemence. Whilst the ladies and two of our party were taking their seats in the rather ramshackle

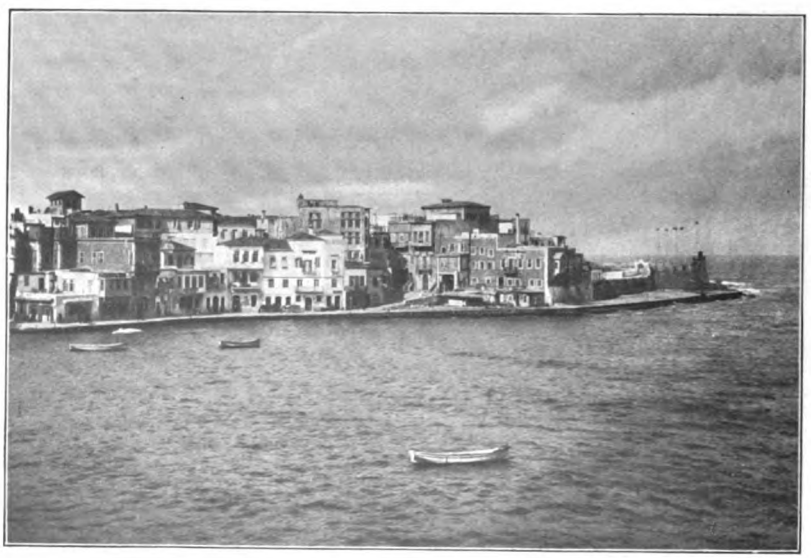


A STREET FOUNTAIN IN CANEA

landau, a friend and myself were mounting steeds which a coal-black negro had brought for our inspection. The horses were small and thin but wiry little beasts which improved on acquaintance. Their manes were carefully plaited, and my horse was further adorned with a string of large blue beads. The saddles were of English manufacture, but rather the worse for wear.

Leaving Suda Bay behind us, we followed the main road which skirts the shore for some way and then turns inland, passing through some pretty scenery. A good deal of land is under cultivation, the fields being divided by banks as in Devonshire. Parts again are well wooded, and here the cork-trees formed a novel feature. In some places under the trees were patches of

wild lavender, and in the more open spaces and on the hillsides were numerous wild flowers of unknown name and species. Urging our horses into a canter, we quickly covered the remaining distance and soon found ourselves entering Canea. On the outskirts of the town were two barracks belonging to the Italian and French troops engaged in 'pacifying' the Cretans. The town itself is very interesting and well worth a visit. The streets are narrow, but very picturesque, and rendered still more so by the motley throng that fills them—negroes, Arabs, Turks, Albanians, Cretans, Greeks, and many others, most of them



CANEA—CRETE

wearing distinctive national costume. The shops are nearly all open to the street, the various objects displayed for sale being piled upon the ground in heaps, or enclosed in baskets, hampers, and boxes. With the exception of a mosque with a minaret of exquisite design, none of the buildings call for much notice, but the general aspect of the town is distinctly pleasing, and the views up some of the streets are delightfully quaint and Eastern in appearance. The harbour is very small and we were sincerely thankful, on seeing the narrow entrance, that we had not made the attempt to come in the night before. The accompanying photograph shows part of the harbour with the row of flags representing the 'Powers' and their combined occupation of the fort. The streets being very roughly paved with cobble-

stones, made walking anything but a pleasure, so once more mounting our horses we made our way back to Suda Bay and the yacht.

The next day we climbed up the hills overlooking the harbour and obtained a splendid view of Mount Ida, the highest mountain in Crete, whose summit is covered with perpetual snow. We were warned not to venture too far from the town, as brigands are by no means unknown; in fact, several had been caught and shot a few days before our arrival. On leaving Suda Bay we shaped our course for Thera, which lies to the north of Crete. This little island, sometimes called Santorin, is

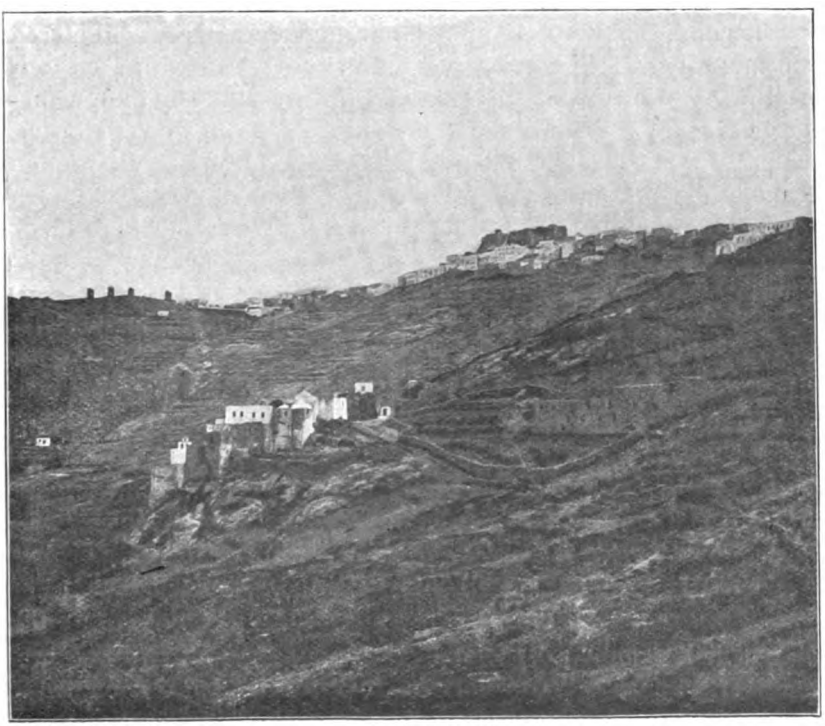
SANTORIN

composed of the rim of a large crater, of which the main portion is simply a high and narrow cliff running round about three parts of a circle. Steaming into the crater, we made our way round the inside of the circle. Soundings have, I believe, been taken here, but the water runs to a great depth, and except for small boats in some of the 'coves,' no anchorage is obtainable. This island had the reputation of being a pirates' stronghold until quite recently, and certainly its appearance lends colour to the view, for it seems almost made for such a purpose. High up on the narrow cliff-top lies the town of small, white, flat-roofed houses. Here and there is a tiny mosque with a miniature minaret, and standing back on the skyline are several curious windmills. A path zigzags up the side of the precipitous cliff, the only road to the town. As the tide runs very strongly

through here, and we cannot drop anchor owing to the depth of water, in consequence of which the yacht must be kept 'dodging about' for us, we decided to give up landing. There is considerable risk as well of knocking a hole in the bottom of the launch, as the landing-place is quite unknown to any of us, and local aid, if obtainable, is not always to be depended on. So we steam on, passing between the cliff and a small island which must have formed part of the original mountain, before it sank, or perhaps was thrown up by the volcano. It was almost bare rock, but earth had been industriously brought and the ground cultivated. The earth was so precious that to prevent its being washed away a series of small terraces had been made, with a bank at the foot of each terrace. Once out of the shelter of Thera, we encountered a strong cutting wind from the north-east, and no amount of clothing would turn the icy blast. We were glad to keep ourselves warm by a 'follow my leader' round the deck, but it needed some luck to scramble along to windward without a ducking of cold spray. Changing our course more in an easterly direction, we threaded our way amongst a number of islands towards Patmos. Steaming slowly and cautiously through the night, we arrived within sight of the island next morning, and coasting along the south side for some hours dropped anchor in the little bay where Patmos itself is situated. The colour of the water in this bay was an exquisite tint of deep blue, and against the yacht's side it assumed an even deeper hue. It would be impossible, with a brush, to represent the depth of colour, and yet to give that transparent appearance which added so much to its marvellous beauty. To show how little known is Patmos, and how seldom visited, we learnt that the bay was not 'charted,' and consequently felt some apprehension as to submerged rocks, as we went ashore in the launch. However, we reached the landing-place safely and found to our astonishment an excellent stage had been recently erected, of concrete and stone. We had been led to expect a rough wooden staging in shallow water, so it came as a welcome surprise to find a convenient landing-stage with plenty of water alongside.

A small urchin, *the* small urchin who is always to be found fishing from a landing-stage whether it be in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, volunteered to act as guide; so passing through some houses clustered round a mosque of mean appearance, we followed a narrow path that led up the mountain side. The sharp flints and cobble stones of which the path was composed were excruciating to walk on, and the ladies of our party

were glad to mount some donkeys which we managed to procure through the medium of the urchin. Following the rough path we made our way to a house situated about half-way up the hill. This house built on a large rock appears in the centre of the accompanying photograph. The urchin, who had preceded us, reappeared at the door with a Greek priest, who, advancing towards us, and bowing to the ladies, asked



PATMOS

in excellent English, if we would like to see the cave where St. John wrote the Apocalypse. Following the priest, we passed through the house, and down some steep steps that led to a wide-mouthed cave. The interior of this cave was rather dark, but the priest soon remedied the defect by lighting some candles. Pointing to a large crack or crevice in the roof of the cave, he told us it was from thence that the mysterious voice came, bidding St. John to begin his task. He also showed us a hollow in the rock where St. John was supposed to have laid down to rest during his long sojourn in the cave. At the

back, and quite out of keeping with the dark cave was a tawdry little Greek altar with the usual tinsel-covered hangings and cheap ornaments. Having chatted with the priest for some time, we proceeded on our way up to the village and monastery. The village, as will be seen in the photograph, consisted of a few fair-sized houses placed on the top of the hill and surrounding the monastery. The peasants leaned out of the windows, evincing much curiosity at our arrival. Some of the girls, with their dark eyes and olive complexions, were decidedly handsome.

Turning off the path, and mounting some steps, we entered the monastery. Picture to yourself a courtyard, with a curious well in the centre, and surrounded on three sides by high white-washed walls. On the remaining side a colonnade or cloister, supported by wooden pillars, and enclosed by a low wooden partition or barrier. Behind the barrier stood six tall Greek priests, clothed in long black cassocks, and wearing high black 'top' hats without a brim. Their jet-black hair hung almost down to their shoulders, and all wore untrimmed beards of considerable length. After a few minutes one of them invited the ladies to sit down on a wooden bench inside the barrier, an offer which was gratefully accepted. The barrier I afterwards found out was used as a sort of 'counter' over which the soup, bread and other eatables were given to the poor in times of distress. It also prevented unauthorised persons from entering the chapel. One of the venerable monks, speaking in English, a fact of which he seemed very proud, asked us if we would care to see their church. We gladly followed him through the cloister and entered a most strange little chapel. The walls were entirely of wood, nearly black with age and richly carved. The roof or dome was skilfully painted with scriptural designs, St. John being the central figure in each. The altar, before which several lamps were burning, was heavily screened, with a curious little aperture in the centre, where the priest officiated at High Mass. The screen, which was very handsome, had been presented to the monastery by Queen Catherine of Russia. A glass chandelier, together with a number of imitation silver ornaments, gave a rather cheap and tawdry appearance to an otherwise beautiful little chapel. One of the monks brought for our inspection two valuable heirlooms, presented to the monastery, consisting of an exquisite cross formed of precious stones, part of a necklet once belonging to Catherine of Russia, and a pastoral staff belonging to a 'patriarch' or bishop of Jerusalem, and dating back to Apostolic times. Taking us

upstairs to their library, which contained many valuable books in Greek, Latin and modern languages, they showed us a priceless treasure, consisting of the gospel of St. Mark in the original Greek and dated 400 A.D. It was written in silver letters on dark purple vellum. This manuscript was consulted by the translators when the 'revised' edition of the Bible was brought out. The good monks compelled the translators to come to Patmos for this purpose, as they absolutely refused to allow the book to be taken away from the monastery. They carefully locked it up in a leather case directly we had finished inspecting it.

A QUIET BAY ON THE COAST OF SYRIA

Hearing that the roof of the monastery commanded an extensive view, we made our way up narrow stairs and winding passages to the top of the building, and were rewarded with a magnificent panorama embracing the whole of Patmos, with the sea on every side. The high cliffs of Kos were plainly visible on the horizon. At our feet was the little bay with our white yacht floating like a toy on its calm surface. After partaking of some light refreshment which our kind hosts had prepared for us, we bade them farewell and, escorted by the urchin down the rough and precipitous path, were soon on board our floating home. For some days we cruised about, among the many

islands that dot the sea so thickly in these waters. Those lying nearest to the mainland of Asia are perhaps the prettiest, but it is hard to draw comparisons where each island seems to have a beauty of its own, some wild and rugged with stern grandeur, others soft and pleasing with gentle green slopes and well-wooded bays. It was with many feelings of regret, we turned from 'pastures new,' to visit the beaten tracks of Palestine and Egypt.

PAGES FROM A COUNTRY DIARY

December 5.—I have been out hunting to-day on Peter, our ancient carriage-horse ; a form of exercise admirably calculated to stimulate a sluggish liver, but less adapted to satisfy the ardour of an ambitious rider to hounds, an imputation, however, from which I have happily been free all my life. Still it enables me to keep in touch with my friends ; it affords an admirable opportunity of participating in that flow of anecdote and *badinage* nowhere more in evidence than at the covert side, and it further necessitates ample display of that long-sufferance of which, *pace* Belinda, I am proud to consider myself the possessor. For it is now nearly a decade since Peter, denuded of the flowing tail which for four happy years he had flaunted on his breeder's farm, was first introduced into the shafts of our waggonette, and the ' wild freshness of morning ' no longer displays itself in either his paces or his appearance, while had I any curiosity as to his lineage I should seek it in the registers of the Shire Horse Society before applying to Messrs. Weatherby. Consequently, though without reproach in his natural sphere of life, that of uncomplainingly drawing a carriage at his own pace, he fails lamentably when asked to take part in an amusement for which he has neither inclination nor aptitude. Having, I presume, some latent sense of humour, he will endeavour to persuade you to the contrary by indulging in elephantine gambols on leaving his stable and at the meet, and by galloping —such a gallop !—with much simulated fury over the first two or three fields after hounds have found ; but he then subsides into a very bone-shaking trot—the canter is an unknown

quantity to Peter—and indicates in more ways than one his perfect willingness to return to the comforts of his loose box. Of his jumping powers I am unable to express an opinion, for neither Peter nor I have ever been bold enough to attempt a display of them, though he will pick his way through a *very* well-defined gap with a caution that is as ludicrous as it is commendable.

Thus on the rare occasions on which I take the field on his back, I have to fall back on my knowledge of the country, and the exercise of such 'ret-ketching' woodcraft as I possess, to see anything of the sport at all: a combination which usually shows me how lamentably deficient I am in the latter quality. However, to-day we had a slow, dragging, hunting-run, admirably adapted to Peter's capabilities, and, having made a lucky guess at our fox's point, I was fortunate enough to be an eye-witness of an interesting instance of vulpine cunning. Trotting quietly along a deep lane, in the direction of a wood for which our quarry was evidently making, I presently became aware of a small dark fox—an unmistakeable vixen—travelling slowly across an adjacent field, and pulled up behind a hay-stack to watch it. Poor thing! it was very weary; its tongue was out, its coat was black and staring, and its brush was trailing heavy with mud, while it had the unmistakeable 'hunted' look of a beaten animal. None the less it still had its wits about it, for it went out of its way to run through a flock of sheep, which at once wheeled over and foiled its line. But the fox was not *au bout de ses ressources* yet. In a corner of the same field was a rough bullock-shippen, and at its much trampled entrance a puddle of filthy, black, liquid manure, in which it rolled, and then without even waiting to shake itself, slipped through the fence and disappeared from view. The hounds brought its line into this very field, and almost up to the shed itself, but beyond this they could make nothing of it, and as I discreetly held my tongue, the clever little vixen lives to fight another day, or better still to bring up a healthy litter next spring.

I had often heard before of hunted foxes rolling in sheep-folds and manure heaps to destroy their own scent, but had never been an eye-witness of it before and probably never shall be again.

December 9.—Called on the A.s just home again from spending the autumn on their Irish property. *Inter alia* A. told me the following anecdote, a parallel to which could, I fear,

be found a great deal nearer home than Galway. In his dual capacity of landlord and sportsman A. was asked to act as starter at a country race-meeting, and, never one to hide his light under a bushel, confidently accepted the invitation. Although he had never acted in such capacity before he got on pretty well, until the third race, a five furlong scurry, for which there was a large field of two-year-olds. One of them, however, would not join the others, but kept persistently about a hundred yards behind them, till A., who suspected this disinclination lay with the rider and not the animal, beckoned to the former, and, wishing to give him a friendly hint, said, 'If you don't come up and join the other horses at once I'll send them away without you.' A look of indescribable relief at once came over the jockey's face, and, bending from his saddle, he whispered with a portentous wink, 'Begob, and that's what I'm waiting on yer honour to do, this tin minutes or more!'

December 15.—It has been bitterly cold to-day; a foretaste of the hard winter the weatherwise have promised us. A hard black frost has held the patient earth in its iron grip; a piercing wind has blown from the north, and at intervals thin showers of frozen snow have fallen from the lowering sky. It is the 'hard grey weather' of which Kingsley sang in one of the finest epic poems in our language—had it been written nowadays it would have been dubbed Imperialist—but which, none the less true to its savage nature, relentlessly killed him at last. I hate and fear the 'black north easter' myself, but, like a great many other things that are feared and disliked, I respect it, and never so much as when it 'fills the marsh with wild fowl' or, in other words, brings a stray wild duck into our little beck. For wild fowl are, indeed, *rarœ aves* in our part of the world, only visiting us under stress of such weather as this, and even then staying as short a time as possible, so that it is a matter of pure luck whether one chances on them or not. I wonder how many times I have sneaked and crawled about the beck in search of wild duck and returned home empty handed. Yet it is a sport that has a rare fascination for me, and such an afternoon as I spent to-day gives me far more pleasure than an ordinary day's covert shooting. In the first place I was entirely alone, a fact in itself that always enhances my enjoyment of any sport; not that I am of an unsociable disposition, but because, like most men, I delight in the feeling of being alone with Nature, and of trying to circumvent wild creatures by my own unaided woodcraft; while, moreover, the 'Viking blood'

within me is stirred to a certain grim pleasure of battling with the elements in this bitter weather.

The cold was piercing in those lonely fields by the brook this afternoon: the fallows lay black and grim under their sprinkling of snow, and the pastures were withered and brown in the grip of the cruel frost; the landscape was veiled in a thin white mist which chilled the very marrow in one's bones, and all the ordinary sounds of the country, the lowing of cattle, the barking of dogs, the call of birds, were hushed in that mysterious silence which great cold invariably brings in its train. I hardly saw a sign of life the whole afternoon; such cattle as were in the fields huddled together under the hedgerows; a few rooks sat with ruffled feathers in the leafless branches of the ash trees and, too benumbed with cold and hunger to fear man, eyed me listlessly as I passed below; once a hare started unwillingly from its form, and slipped and scrambled painfully across an ironbound fallow. Still it was the perfection of weather for bringing wild fowl into the beck, and Sam the retriever and I had a red-letter afternoon, getting three wild duck, a teal, three full, and two jack, snipe, four golden plover, and to top up with a right and left of rocketing wood pigeons in the fir plantation when nearing home, and, as I laid my bag out on the coach-house floor, I would not have changed it for all the pheasants of Croxteth or Holkham.

December 18.—Last night we dined with the B.s when our host told us an anecdote illustrative of the awkwardness which can be caused by a mistaken excess of zeal. When in the army he had a soldier-servant, a typical Irishman from county Clare, absolutely devoted to his master, but unfortunately afflicted with the curse of garrulity. B. married while still in the service, and not without misgivings as to the wisdom of such a course, allowed Tim to accompany him on his honeymoon, in the capacity of valet. Like most people similarly situated B. and his wife complacently imagined they could pass themselves off as an old married couple, but fearing that his servant's loquacity might lead him to reveal the real state of affairs B. solemnly warned him against doing so. Tim readily promised to be discreet, but the B.s had hardly been twenty-four hours at the seaside hotel, where they were spending their honeymoon, ere a marked, but distant, curiosity on the part of their fellow guests, left no doubt in their minds that their domestic's fatal passion for gossip had led him to disclose what they innocently supposed to be a profound secret only

[illegible] is stirred to a certain grim pleasure of battling with [illegible] at this bitter weather.

The cold was piercing in those lonely fields by the brook [illegible] afternoon; the fallows lay black and grim under their sprinkling of snow, and the pastures were withered and brown in the grip of the cruel frost; the landscape was veiled in a [illegible] which chilled the very marrow in one's bones, and all the ordinary sounds of the country, the lowing of cattle, the barking of dogs, the call of birds, were hushed in that [illegible] silence which great cold invariably brings in its train. I hardly saw a sign of life the whole afternoon; [illegible] were in the fields huddled together under the [illegible]; a few rooks sat with ruffled feathers in the leafless branches of the ash trees and, too benumbed with cold and hunger to fear man, eyed me listlessly as I passed below; once a hare started unwillingly from its form, and slipped and scrambled painfully across an ironbound fallow. Still it was the perfection of weather for bringing wild fowl into the beck, and Sam the retriever and I had a red-letter afternoon, getting three wild duck, a teal, three full, and two jack, snipe, four golden plover, and to top up with a right and left of rocketing wood pigeons in the fir plantation when nearing home, and, as I laid my bag out on the coach-house floor, I would not have changed it for all the pheasants of Croxteth or Holkham.

December 18.—Last night we dined with the B.s when our host told us an anecdote illustrative of the awkwardness which can be caused by a mistaken excess of zeal. When in the army he had a soldier-servant, a typical Irishman from county Clare, absolutely devoted to his master, but unfortunately afflicted with the curse of garrulity. B. married while still in the service, and not without misgivings as to the wisdom of such a course, allowed Tim to accompany him on his honeymoon, in the capacity of valet. Like most people similarly situated B. and his wife complacently imagined they could pass themselves off as an old married couple, but fearing that his servant's loquacity might lead him to reveal the real state of affairs B. solemnly warned him against doing so. Tim readily promised to be discreet, but the B.s had hardly been twenty-four hours at the seaside hotel, where they were spending their honeymoon, ere a marked, but distant, curiosity on the part of their fellow guests, left no doubt in their minds that their domestic's fatal passion for gossip had led him to disclose what they innocently supposed to be a profound secret only

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SETTERS.

UNIV. OF MICH.

known to themselves and him. In great wrath B. summoned him to his presence. 'Didn't I order you on no account to tell any one that the mistress and I were just married?' he thundered.

'Ye did, sorr,' eagerly replied Jim, 'an' faith, I put thim nicely off the scint, for whin that omadhaun av a head-waither axed me av you and the misthress were married, I towld him *no, but that you were going to be!*'

To what must be attributed the revival of the taste for port wine? Although I am proud to say that personally I have never wavered in my allegiance to the glorious liquor, time was, and that not very long ago, when it had almost ceased to figure on the dinner-table, and when it did, men passed it wistfully by, shaking their heads and talking of gout and rheumatism, and bewailing their recalcitrant livers. Yet, nowadays, exactly the reverse is the case: wherever I dine port is the only wine drunk after dinner, and last night B. further revived an old and praiseworthy custom by offering it with the cheese. Moreover, when in London, I notice the young men at the club drink port after lunch, and I am sure that half the flasks in our hunting-field are filled with the same generous fluid.

I cannot help thinking that one of the chief reasons for this revolution in taste is due to the recent introduction of a lighter —and to my mind, pleasanter—wine than was drunk a quarter of a century ago, and this I fancy must be of the same class as that of which our ancestors used to consume three bottles a-piece at a sitting; a custom which nowadays seems to have been not only barbarous but well-nigh impossible. Yet once in my life I met one of those heroes of a bygone age, a charming, hale old man of seventy-six, who took his part in a wet days' grouse driving with all the zest of a lad of twenty. At lunch the conversation turned on wine, and I deferentially asked him if he had ever known a real three-bottle man. 'Known one indeed!' he cried, with fine disdain; 'why I was one myself!' Still the convivial habits of his youth had apparently not affected his health, nor certainly his nerve, for I was subsequently told, that only a week or two before when riding about his estate on a 15-hand pony, the old man came to a gate, through which he wished to pass, and finding it locked, took his mount by the head, and essayed to jump it in cold blood, with the result that horse and rider tumbled neck and crop over the obstacle. His horrified farm bailiff, who witnessed the occurrence, rushed to his master's assistance, but all the

old gentleman remarked, as he scrambled to his feet, was, 'Dear me! Thomas, I hope I haven't spoilt my new coat.' Truly they must have been giants in the land in the early days of this century!

December 19.—To the Hunt Ball at X——, a time-honoured festivity which I have now attended for more years than I care to count. Time was—ah me! how long ago it seems—when I used to look forward to this particular ball with all the anticipation which I believe Belinda still feels; when, incredible as it appears to me now, I used to order buttonholes from Piccadilly and gloves from the Burlington Arcade wherewith to do honour to the occasion; and when I used to await the arrival of the young lady who for the moment reigned paramount in my affections, at the very door of the Town Hall in order to secure what I considered my fair share of the dances on her programme. Ay de mi! I would give a good deal now to feel the self-consciousness of youth once more, when the fit of one's coat and the bow of one's necktie were matters of the deepest concern; when the announcement that the supper room was open aroused no feeling except that of contemptuous pity for the chaperons and fogeys who at once crowded to it, and when one at last sought it oneself, *lassatus sed non satiatus* of dancing, one quaffed bumpers of execrable champagne without fear of the morrow before one's eyes.

Still next to being young oneself, it is good to mix with young people, and though my share in the amusements of the evening consists in hanging about the doors in company with my compeers of a past generation, or occasionally, at Belinda's behest, in dancing the Lancers with some unattractive wall-flower, it delights me to see the rising generation enjoying itself, and to note with the cynical eye of middle-age how exactly the young of the human race reproduce the foibles and vanities of their parents. Only last night I overheard Miss Rosebud unblushingly impress upon a gawky and bepimpled youth from the Universities that he must have made a mistake in thinking she was engaged to him for a dance, she wanted to sit out with Captain Varnish of the Hussars; and I thought with a smile of how her mother had once treated me in the same unceremonious fashion in this very room, and felt a touch of sympathy with the lad who presently retired, smarting and unconvinced, but endeavouring to carry off his discomfiture *en galant homme*. Ah well! my young friend, the day will come all too soon when you will be girded in the proof armour of

disillusions, and, like myself, will sigh for the time when such pin-pricks as the fickleness of lovely woman could find out the joints of your harness.

December 21.—To shoot at M.'s, who invariably postpones his covert shooting until the third week in December, a practice which I wish were more usual than it is; though, of course, every one is not like M., with a bank in Lombard Street at his back to pay for the sacks of Indian corn and kindred delicacies which are necessary to keep the epicurean pheasant from straying from home. For at this time of the year this pampered fowl is at his very best as a bird of sport, and a very different creature from what he was in October or even November. Strong and lusty and of full plumage, he flies high and boldly, and faces his enemies with a splendid contempt.

Moreover, M. is one of those rare game preservers who really takes pains to provide the ideal rocketer of which we hear so much and see so little. It is customary with many well-meaning, but ignorant people to talk of any bird that flies over their head as a rocketer, which is much the same thing as calling ginger beer champagne because they both effervesce. At M.'s, the coverts all lie on the sides of steepish hills, and a strip of netting run across them forces the birds to rise off the slope and come high over the guns on the flat below. One of them properly killed is worth ten, nay twenty, of the fluttering fowls cut down ere fairly on the wing which nearly all keepers prefer to serve up to their master's guests, but they take a deal of stopping, and that—to me—detestable person, the shooter who counts his cartridges and his kills, would show a very poor balance sheet at the end of one of M.'s big days. Out of curiosity to-day I asked B., who is a really good shot, and next to whom I was standing at one beat, how many birds he had killed? He answered, 'Eleven,' and on counting his empty cartridge-cases I found twenty-nine of them, or an average of very nearly three for each bird killed.

December 23.—Most of us know the story of the little girl who being suddenly asked by a school-inspector 'who made her vile body?' meekly replied, 'Mother, and auntie cut out the skirt'; but it was new to the Rector to whom I retailed it to-day. He capped it, however, by an experience of his own. Being asked by a brother-parson in Yorkshire to examine a class of infants in orthography, he wrote E-A-R on the black-board, and asked what it spelt? No answer of any description

from the class, so the Rector called up the head of it, a sturdy little boy, and giving his ear a gentle pinch asked, 'What do you call this?' 'Mar lug,' was the unabashed answer of the youthful Chesterfield.

December 26.—Christmas is past and gone, and like most people, when they have emerged from childhood, I feel an intense feeling of relief. I have eaten roast beef and—under protest—plum pudding; I have sent a goose to the station-master, and tobacco and tea to the old people at the workhouse; I have feed the butcher's boy and the postman—the latter an official with whose visits I would willingly dispense at this season of the year—and I have presented each member of my establishment with a Christmas offering, the selection of which has caused Belinda much anxious reflection, it being a matter of some difficulty not to give the same article to the same person every year. I should be afraid to estimate the number of Cardigan jackets that Thomas has received since he entered my service, and this year it once more fell to his lot to be presented with another, a fact which, coupled with a naturally misanthropical disposition, led him to receive his gift somewhat gloomily. Belinda handed it to him with the time-honoured remark, 'Here is something to do your rheumatism good, Thomas.' 'Thank you kindly, mum,' replied our retainer, as he received his parcel with a most chastened expression, 'Nothin' short o' churchyard mould will ever do *my* rheumatiz any good.'

Thomas is one of that almost extinct class of country domestics who from servants gradually become, first, friends, and finally, autocrats brooking no interference in what they consider their own department. Well do I remember that when Belinda first undertook the management of my household she boldly proclaimed, with the courage of ignorance, her intention of putting up with no nonsense from Thomas, the natural result of this being that before long the two of them had a battle-royal over the planting of some bulbs. The contest raged with varying fortune for some time, but at last Belinda, who has a fine spirit of her own, said in an icy tone that precluded further discussion, 'My *orders* are, Thomas, that the bulbs are to be planted here and nowhere else.'

'Very well, mum,' answered her gardener in a tone of angelic resignation, 'of course it shall be as you wish, but it'll play the dooce with the h'appearance of my garden!'

January 1, 1901.—Belinda and I sat up to welcome the

New Year and the new century as yet scarce an hour old; and now she has gone to bed and left me to sit with a cold pipe in my mouth, and to think, as I expect many millions of men are doing also at the present moment, not only of the past year, but of many a one before it. It is, perhaps, only at times like the present that one does so, and indeed there cannot be many of us who care to look back very far in our past lives, and think of broken friendships and despised affections, of lost opportunities and things left undone; of the golden harvest that lay before us in our youth, and of how few of its sheaves we have garnered into our store in our middle age.

My pipe brought me enough and to spare of such thoughts, and I went to the open window, and looked out into the night. It was dark and clear, with what the Scotch call a 'blink' of stars in the sky, and a fine, free, north wind blowing, that brought with it the jubilant peals of half a dozen distant churches ringing in the New Year, and as I listened to them there came into my mind those most beautiful lines of a but little known poet:

> I've had my share of pastime, and I've done my share of toil,
> And life is short—the longest life a span;
> . . . . .
> For good undone, and gifts misspent, and resolutions vain,
> 'Tis somewhat late to trouble. This I know,
> I should live the same life over, if I had to live again,
> And the chances are I go where most men go.

Would most of us live the same life over? I trow not; and yet who can tell?

And then I shut the window, and went to bed also.

SPORT WITH THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY

BY GEOFFREY GATHORNE-HARDY

IF any of the ill-fated 47th company of Imperial Yeomanry were to be asked which of the weary and depressing delays on the way to the front they remembered with most particular loathing and abhorrence, the answer would, I believe, in nine cases out of ten, condemn our stay at Matjesfontein, on the border of the Karroo desert. And certainly there would, at first sight, appear to be good and sufficient reasons for this antipathy. They were undeniably trying, these weary waits in peaceful places, with their rumours—always of course on the very highest sixth-hand authority—on the one hand, to depress our spirits, of the approaching conclusion of the war, or, more extravagant still, of malignant opposition to our particular corps at headquarters ; and on the other hand, of immediate forward moves only to make the heart sick with the sickness which cometh of hope deferred. Of this sort of thing the Duke of Cambridge's Own, in which I was a trooper, had more than most of the other yeomanry. Add to all this a landscape which, with all its quaintness, no optimist could call exhilarating, and a canteen inferior to those at every other fixed camp stopped at, and you have the principal reasons for the general dissatisfaction mentioned above. Yet somehow for me these reasons had little weight, certainly none to counteract the good cause which I had, and still have, for treasuring the district in my memory as the most pleasant of our unwelcome stopping-places.

As to the landscape, it was no doubt barren and depressing in the extreme, but its quaintness appealed to me—it differed *toto cælo* from anything which I had ever seen before. Moreover, it was filled with possibilities of wild animal life, it abounded in the widest variety of the most extraordinary looking lizards, while I saw some most curiously marked members of the locust tribe, besides, of course, the ordinary khaki variety, and we massacred a small snake while clearing the site for our tent. Baboons were reported, though I never came across one. Animals always interest me ; the mere knowledge of the presence of game fills me with delight ; and the sight of it thrills me, even when there is no chance of pursuing it, with a maddening, if inexplicable, joy. Small wonder, then, if I endured with comparative content, and remember with pleasure, this much loathed and objurgated Matjesfontein, when I learned that the game of the locality not only comprised hares, partridges, and koorhaan, but that buck of some kind or kinds were plentiful, and that certain of the Shropshire yeomanry in the adjoining camp had actually had some shots on an off-day. One of these fortunate sportsmen I soon met and interrogated, and he gave me some information as to the beasts and the sport. They lay *perdu* in the short scrub, it appeared, and could not therefore be spied and stalked, while their comparative scarcity rendered success unlikely for a solitary sportsman. This had led to the formation of a shooting party, which, riding in line and widely extended, had manged to obtain the shots spoken of ; but I am uncertain as to any result. This was good hearing on the whole, for some of our officers had already been out on fruitless solitary expeditions, and there was a chance for us, and possibly for me, if, as I was always urging influential N.C.O.s to explain to the authorities, it could be sufficiently impressed on them that only a party might hope for success in the sport of buck-shooting around Matjesfontein.

For some time the officers continued in ignorance or perverseness to enjoy blank days alone, and then the change came.

Words fail to express, or even faintly to outline, the breathless excitement with which I heard one Sunday morning that the Colonel would take out a shooting party, and that one from my troop, to be selected by the sergeant, might come. The odds seemed tremendously against me, but to my utter astonishment there was an almost absolute apathy, and without difficulty I secured the place for which I would have given anything.

Some one later on, attempting to explain to my bewildered mind the objections of the majority, said that the beast was insignificant, the chances against a shot about twelve to one, and those against a kill about a hundred to one. To my mind the difficulty of the shooting was an argument altogether in its favour, proving the beast a worthy quarry, whatever his size, while—but in this I may seem to be peculiar—so long as there is the veriest off-chance of a shot, the joys of anticipation while I carry a rifle keep the pleasure of the sport undiminished. After all, killing is the least essential and pleasant part of true sport, even if it is, in most cases, its consummation.

After giving my Lee-Enfield—a private one, my solicitude for which has often excited amusement in less careful friends—an extra clean, I had to get through a short hour or so, which seemed interminable, before the beginning of the real business of the day, which I awaited in a state of the most impatient excitement. I made up my lunch and packed it into one of the wallets of the saddle, walked aimlessly about for a little, after which it was time to see to the saddling of my horse. He was decidedly neither a beauty to look at nor a pleasure to ride, having rough paces and not the smallest vestige of a mouth; moreover he had a habit of planting his feet, which were of elephantine proportions, upon the toes of those attending to him, and so remaining for several agonising seconds with an air of complete and immovable innocence, deaf alike to entreaty and objurgation. I myself am unaccustomed to horses, and at first put this down to my own clumsiness, but soon discovered that he did it to every one, without respect of persons. But he was big, and my weight was not inconsiderable, and when later on really tested he carried me well.

By this time the saddling operations may be considered complete, the party is gradually collecting in a disorganised group just outside the camp, and awaiting the arrival of the Colonel. He presently appears, and the whole of us, about a dozen all told, the Colonel, the doctor, and the rest N.C.O.s and troopers, move off in double files up a rough track leading in a south-westerly direction down the valley. But we do not long preserve this formation, for on passing a dwarfed pyramidal kopje standing, a conspicuous landmark, in the midst of a plain of short scrub and sand, and distant a few hundred yards only from the camp, we come to slightly more promising cover, higher scrub, and immediately extend in line at intervals of about a hundred yards.

As I now, with eye made prophetic by the event, know that in this paper we are not going to kill anything just yet (though a hare is seen and there is some discussion about shooting hares) I may as well here describe the scene through which we are riding.

Scrub of varying height and the colour of a dusty dark-green baize table-cover grows uniformly over what one can see of the range of hills on our right, and the plain, or what appears to be a plain, in the centre of a long valley running from east to west. In reality the plain is very much broken, so much so that it is frequently difficult or impossible for one man to see the next rider a hundred paces from him; but the uniform green of the scrub conceals almost all distant undulations, creating a kind of optical illusion. To the left, completing the scene, are the barest hills ever seen or imaginable. Picture to yourself a child's sand-pie at the seaside knocked into rougher outlines by the action of the weather. Join to it a sufficient number of similar pies to make a range, and petrify the result. There you have the southern side of the valley in miniature as nearly as I can describe it.

But now we have come to ground more undulating and promising, and the left of the line are passing, invisible to us, just below that long kopje where Nature has attempted rather more variety than elsewhere hereabouts, since its scrubby surface is agreeably broken up by large bushes and tawny rocks. And hark! from the direction in which we are looking, crack! the first shot of the day. A breathless pause, a craning of one's head to see the invisible, then crack! again and hullo! a regular fusillade. Surely they must have got him—an unwounded buck would hardly accommodate so many, unless perhaps he has run along the line. If so he may come this way; we are all dismounted now and ready, but it is not to be; he comes no further, and he is not killed—for see the line is advancing again, each man walking expectantly at his horse's head. And expectation now is strained to the highest pitch, which is part of the essence, as I take it, of sport, for several more shots are heard—all on the lucky left—before the members of that part of the line come into view, for though they are still bounded on their left by that variegated kopje, the right-hand side of their happy valley has now disappeared, and we can see them. Their saddles are still unburdened with game, and indeed we guessed that those shots were unsuccessful, for there has been no time for bleeding or gralloching operations. But look! yonder is

something apter than even the sound of shots to keep the nerves tense and send a delicious thrill through the veins, for there is a buck in the flesh, galloping straight for dear life through the thick scrub, and heading for the western end of the long bushy kopje. A couple of desperate shots ring out in his wake, but he only gallops the faster, evidently uninjured, and on reaching the end of the ridge doubles suddenly back on the other side of it. One of the party on the left has noticed this manœuvre, and scrambles up the kopje on his horse to cut him off if possible; but there are more tricks than one in the cunning brain of this sporting little antelope, and he is never seen again.

It may be thought at this point that our quarry must be extremely plentiful, or that I must be exaggerating, but neither is the case. I am describing a particular day as nearly as I can remember the facts, and on that day it is true that in this spot a good many shots were fired. But it was not so in other places, or here on other occasions, and perhaps even to-day many shots may have been directed at one and the same beast. For these little animals, as subsequent observation has shown me, rarely go far, but once fairly out of sight squat once more like hares in the thick growth which is their best protection. We go for so long a time now without a shot that the excessive ardour raised by the unexpected run of sport just described gradually cools, and the majority at any rate have remounted, instead of leading their horses, as we cross a wide open space of dull-green scrub, traversed a short distance ahead of us by a small burn, a place where it seems fairly reasonable, judging by the light of our rather small experience, to expect little or nothing in the way of game.

But nowhere more frequently than in sport is the proverb true which tells us that it is the unexpected which always happens, and so it is on this occasion, when with startling suddenness a buck, larger and darker than those seen before, springs almost from between the feet of the horse next but one to me. The horse swerves, and temporarily absorbs the attention of his rider, who thereby misses perhaps the best chance of the day, and the buck, breaking back almost within range of the doctor, who is next to me, disappears over the sky-line without a shot being fired. It is the nearest approach to a chance which I am destined to have to-day, and it has taught me a lesson: I resolve come what may, to remain on foot till it is time to return home.

TWO MEN RIDE BACK TO THE SPOT WHERE THE BUCK SEEMED TO MAKE HIS LAST BOUND

UNIV. OF MICH.

A long ridge, somewhat like the ground which has hitherto proved most productive, is, with its environment, drawn next, but nothing is found more exciting than a good many fresh tracks, and then we assemble for lunch and the comparison of notes. The two rifles on the extreme right have seen another buck out of range, a tortoise has been captured, and a puff-adder is said to have been seen, but it is the left of the line who have the tales to tell, sad though they be, of cartridges expended to borrowing point (each man carried five rounds in his bandolier) and of splendid opportunities gone, perhaps never to return.

Lunch passes pleasantly enough, in glorious weather amid that quaint scenery, with camp and all its petty worries far out of sight and out of mind. The Colonel regales us with some Indian frontier reminiscences of a somewhat gruesome description, pipes or cigarettes are lit, peace reigns, and so forth. However, the object of the day and the subject of this article is sport, and not lunch; in due time we are off again, leaving behind us two of our party, the Colonel and a sergeant, who are going to dig for bulbs, a favourite pursuit of our C.O. So the line extends once more, and we proceed along a flat to the left of a high and steepish kopje, where the cover is certainly better than we have hitherto seen it, for where I am it is more than knee-deep, and it requires some determination to adhere to my good resolution of walking. Most of the others, having formed no such determination, are riding, and it is warm work keeping up.

We go on our way for a while uneventfully. But what is that small brown object bounding away to the rear from the centre of the line? A buck, beyond all doubt; he has lain close and sneaked out of range in this tall scrub before any one has seen him. How close they lie! Of those seen to-day, nearly every one has broken back, and the cover in most places looks hardly sufficient to hide a hare. Anyhow it shows how poor a chance a solitary sportsman would have of a shot, if our formidable line fails to keep them forward. Even as we thus reflect another brown form, like a diminutive roebuck, jumps up behind the left and makes tracks for the rear. Surely this time some one will be on the alert and will fire before he gets out of range? He must be out of danger now—is this another lost opportunity? Crack goes a rifle.

A moment of breathless incredulity, and two men ride back to the spot where the buck seemed to make his last bound.

Our doubts, if we had any, are immediately dispelled by the loud who-oop with which the two announce the discovery of the little animal, dead, or nearly so. I, for my part, feel that I would have given all I have and cheerfully gone through ten times the amount of worry, discomfort and irritation which so many find in our life out here for the sake of that one shot. 'Well,' says some one, certainly no prophet, 'if Kruger doesn't make peace after that——' and lapses into an aposiopesis.

As soon as the last rites are completed, and the buck safely across the saddle of his fortunate destroyer, it is high time to return home if the doctor is to redeem his promise to the Colonel not to keep us out too late. So we cut across to the right, meeting on our way to the road no signs of animal life save an old koorhaan, which rises with a noise like a landrail with a sore throat, flies a short distance with a slow flight, also rather like that of a landrail, and pitches again. And so back to camp at a brisk exhilarating pace, all the party feeling, I hope, as I feel, that they have enjoyed a great deal of the most genuine sport, although like myself they may not have touched the trigger all the time. And when on arrival we find, as we do, that evening stables are over, and that an opposition expedition has had a most absolute and unredeemed blank-day, I am terribly afraid that these sad facts do not appreciably lessen the deep content which steals over our soul, or the feeling that the remembrance of our sport among the buck will be amply sufficient to cheer away for many a day to come the petty worries incident to our daily lives in the unwonted position of troopers.

My next and final expedition against the buck was on the following Sunday. I ought, perhaps, to apologise for this apparent continual breach of the Sabbath, but the circumstances were exceptional, and so, though an observer of Sunday myself, I consider it on the whole unnecessary. The day's sport took place under the auspices of poor Captain Keith, the first of our ill-starred corps to fall at Lindley, and probably the most generally popular of all our officers. As it was over the same ground already described, I will not follow the expedition in detail. The important fact about it to me was that I got two shots, both of which I missed clean. I am rather unduly conceited about my rifle-shooting, yet was I not ashamed. It has probably occurred to the reader before now that there is a great deal of missing connected with the sport as I have described it. Yes, there is, and reasons are not far to seek.

First there is the animal. I owe apologies to naturalists for not determining the species, an omission due to simple ignorance, and the short, straight, nondescript character of the horns. But imagine a beast never as large as a roebuck, more often, discounting the legs, nearer the size of a large hare, always appearing suddenly, and tearing at full speed, with the jerkiest of bounds, through uneven scrub, which partially conceals even that tiny mark. Some standing chances were obtained—and missed—by more (or were they less) fortunate companions, but the only time I ever saw a buck stand at gaze like a deer was when I was on a field-day and could not shoot. *Then*, of course, Tantalus was never offered so irritatingly glorious a chance. Finally, let the scoffer take an ordinary service rifle and declare on his oath that he is capable of firing snap-shots with it, and that it is well adapted to the purpose. He will then rise and I shall fall in my estimation. Both are consummations devoutly to be wished, so set to work at once. The pull—so light, is it not? The balance—incomparable, eh? The dark foresight and narrow V, common and advisable for sporting purposes, no doubt? Well, as I have hinted before, the chance of a successful shot seemed so remote to the majority that there was no great competition, so perhaps I am singular in regarding what I have described as sport. I have such a positive mania for a rifle that I may well be singular, but to me difficulty can only enhance sport. Which is why with all their disappointments, their difficulties and their lack of result, those two days after buck at Matjesfontein, blank as they were so far as I was concerned, remain, and will always remain, in my memory as among the happiest of all which I spent in South Africa as a trooper in the Imperial Yeomanry.

ON SALTING AND SHORE

BY L. H. DE VISME SHAW

FROM the top of the furze-clad hill whereon I sit and write—the air rich with the scents of early summer, the voices of the birds on every hand—I look down upon a stretch of marsh and shore which has few rivals in England as a roaming ground for the fowler. The spot is but little known, though within a dozen miles of one of our most heard of wildfowling centres. During the summer occasional visitors, seekers after solitude and rest, find their way down to the tide, but in winter such beings one scarcely ever sees. Throughout the greater portion of a season I spent on this part of the coast only three times did I fall in with other shore gunners, and they natives. I came to look upon the spot almost as though it had been my own private preserve. One day, no doubt, it will be exploited by some enterprising innkeeper anxious to draw the custom of those—keen and thorough sportsmen they are—who, at a touch of real winter, snatch a week or two from work and scurry away to the sea, there to enjoy, whether ashore or afloat, a spell of that most exciting and delightful of sports, wildfowling.

Stretching away from within a few score yards of the base of the hill I see a broad tract of saltings—salt marshes covered only by the spring tides. Different, indeed, are the saltings now—pink with the 'marsh daisy,' the samphire springing up here and there—from what they were when last I tramped over them, gun in hand. The slush, then ankle deep, is now baked well nigh as hard as a brick. Flocks of sheep, mere specks

in the distance, are eating their fill of the coarse herbage. A shepherd, tending one of these flocks, is not without anxiety. Pitfalls are many—holes here and there, and an infinity of narrow, winding runnels, overgrown with tangle. A sheep once in a tunnel may be completely hidden from view, and can then only be found by the aid of a dog. At times it will make its way along the muddy channel till it becomes tightly jammed in a narrow part.

Varying in width from a quarter of a mile to upwards of a mile, many tortuous creeks running through them, the saltings stretch away on either hand. Beyond them—it is low tide—I see an expanse of mud flat and sand, and beyond these again a chain of low, scrubby sand-hills, which form the actual sea front. The gaudy sheldrake, in company with the rabbits, are now busy there with their subterranean domestic arrangements; the gulls are nesting just above the water-mark left by the highest tides. To the left of the sand-hills, as far as the eye may reach, are miles upon miles of shifting sands. And treacherous and dangerous too. It was but a few years ago that three people, two of them ladies, wandered rashly from the beaten track; the live sand caught them and held them till they were drowned by the in-coming tide. Far out, on a shelving sandbank, lies a battered wreck, a mere skeleton, while nearer, on a gravel ridge at the sea side of the saltings, rests a stranded smack, still tight and sound, apparently, though she has lain there long. She broke from her moorings and came ashore at the time of the highest tide known here for thirty years. Two pairs of swallows were busily building in the hold when last I visited her.

Let us transfer our location from the top of the hill on a summer day to the spring tide level in winter.

Mud—this is the predominant feature. You object to it strongly at first; you begin by trying to avoid it. You soon give this up, however; you realise that if you consider it at all and continue to pick your path, the ground you cover must be limited, and your sport as well. Hence, though you may at times heap earnest obloquy upon the going, you become more or less reconciled to it—and when things are brisk you forget it altogether. Crossing the creeks demands caution. Generally you find the mud only ankle deep, or little more; but there are springy parts in which a reckless step may take you up to the thighs, while yet another may bring your chest on a level with the surface. But prudence will always guard one against

such occurrences. Before transferring the weight from one foot to the other, the mud must be tested by downward thrusts of the forward foot. If the surrounding surface is then seen to quiver, the mud is unsafe, and further progress will only serve to land one in difficulties. Testing the mud thus is a certain safeguard; where it cannot be made to quiver—and, unless one is crossing some part known to be sound, the test should be made at every step—it may be relied upon to bear one's weight. Needless to say, knee boots are highly essential for this class of walking.

We are on the saltings on a winter's morning, a morning typical of the weather with which we have been favoured during the past few seasons, very different from that which is necessary to bring the fowl to our shores. We shall see no duck unless by some rare and remote chance we happen to stumble across a stray mallard, but still we are certain to find something worth powder and shot. We have sandwiches and a flask with us—for we mean to make a day of it—and we also have a boy. A boy is better than a man; he does not force his opinions upon you.

At this point, just a word about the shore-shooter's gun and cartridges, a subject open to endless difference of opinion. Personally, I am a great believer in the merits, for all-round shore work, of a full choke 12-bore chambered for 3in. 'Perfects' and also regulated to shoot the short paper case. With 1½oz. of shot in the brass case, the gun is equal to any 10-bore one can carry comfortably, while with the paper case and game charge—the result, a pattern of about 170—it may be used on the smallest quarry. With the one cartridge it is on a par with a medium weight 10-bore of extremest choke; with the other cartridge we have the effect of a modified choke game gun. The gun I use myself is one of this type. Provided with such a weapon and carrying paper cases loaded with No. 6 or No. 7 shot and 'Perfects' containing full loads of No. 4 and No. 2—as well as just a few charged with London No. 1—the shore-shooter is prepared for anything and everything he may encounter at any time of the year.

We begin by walking the creeks. We have No. 6 in the right barrel and No. 4 in the left. The first birds we see are the stints, several of them, but a single stint, toothsome though he be, has too much of the diminutive about him to attract us—or the average gunner. I have often thought, though, that a day devoted wholly to the pursuit of stints, the gunner using a

28-bore and No. 9 shot, would afford really good sport; it certainly would occasion plenty of shooting.

What a confiding little beast the stint often is when alone or in company with only two or three of his kind! In a bunch he is as wary as need be, and seems generally to prefer keeping at least a hundred yards between himself and the gun. Why his ideas concerning the presence of man should be so different when in society and when out of it seems hard of explanation. You find him, or I have always found him, tamest at the time of the first frosty wind from the north or east. You may then walk almost up to where he is seeking food by the edge of the water; you may stand there and watch him, and so long as you remain motionless he will ignore your presence altogether. Perhaps he will work his way to within a few feet of you. And a busy little body he is all the while, now paddling in the brine, now poking about on the mud, and never still for a moment. Make a remark to him, and he will merely acknowledge it by the most cursory of glances; throw up your hand, and he will fly forty or fifty yards down the creek where he will again drop on the mud, and continue his poking about with undiminished industry.

But we are walking along by the side of the creek—ignoring the stints. Soon we have a chance for our first shot. Rounding a bend we come suddenly upon a curlew. What a mighty, flustering, blustering, twisting hurry he is in to put a safe distance between himself and the gun—a feat the curlew is capable of achieving in a remarkably expeditious manner! We give him the right at something under forty yards—and miss clean, for he swerves almost like a snipe as we fire. A steadier aim and a dose of No. 4, however, pull him down as dead as a stone.

In spite of his size, I do not think any shore bird is more often missed than the curlew. When he sees you suddenly, he throws himself into a state of swerving panic—and unless circumstances are such that he does see you suddenly it is impossible for you to obtain a shot. Coming upon him in creek or runnel it is the better plan, if range allows, to accord him plenty of law, and then, in the event of his erratic flight not quieting down within reasonable range, to let him have it the moment after a twist. When shooting from a gun-hole, or pit, it is a wise system not to attempt to put your charge on him unawares—if he catches sight of you as you pull he will save himself by a swerve—but when he has reached his

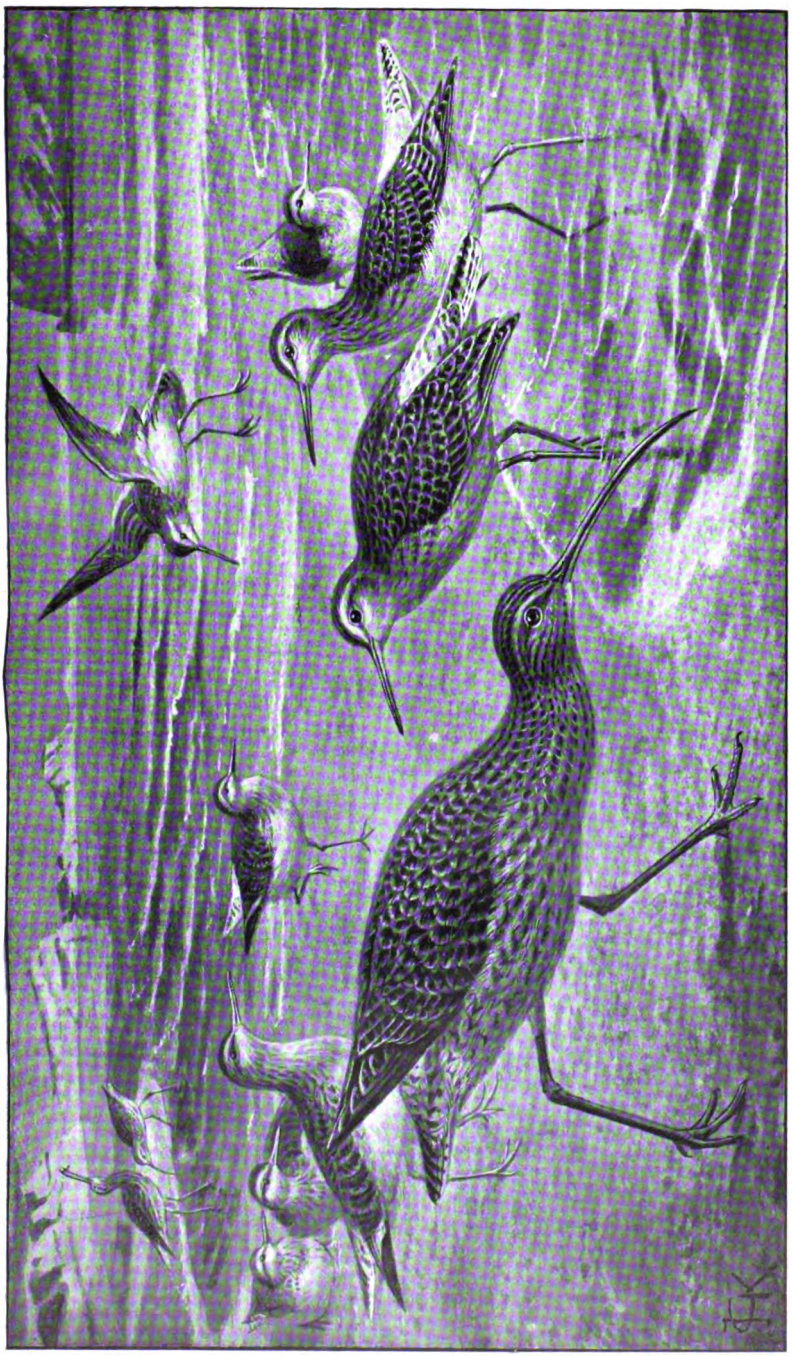
nearest point to stand up and watch your chance for a steady shot.

Second to none in wariness is the curlew; in the matter of toughness he has few equals. I do not think even the mallard wants more killing. You may apparently cut a curlew pretty well to ribbons with No. 6 shot, and he will go on his way, if not exactly rejoicing, at all events in a manner which might lead one to imagine that he treats the peppering as something not very far removed from a big joke. No smaller size than No. 4 is desirable if loading specially for curlew, and even a dose of this will not infrequently fail to stop a bird at fair range. Personally, for the curlew is a large mark, I give preference to No. 3 when using a full choke shooting not less than 1½oz. of shot. It is the size I have found most effective on flighting curlew. By flighting, I mean waiting in a creek or a hole for the return of the birds which have been feeding inland. Wonderfully constant are these birds to their adopted line of flight, if not shot at more than once or twice a week. Their flight, as a general rule, begins about half an hour before sunset and seldom lasts for more than three quarters of an hour. Sometimes you may be lucky enough to have a dozen shots in as many minutes, the birds coming in small bunches or even singly; at other times they will form into two or three large herds before reaching the shore and give the chance of a good raking shot, should you prefer this to the picking out of individuals. With a bit of a breeze behind him, and if he is just a little behind his proper time for reaching the tide, the curlew will come at you almost like a pheasant; with the well-nigh inevitable twist he indulges in on seeing you, he wants, according to my own experience, just about twice as much hitting. The curlew's pace, on account of the comparatively slow wing movement, is very deceptive to one unused to the bird.

We continue our way along the creek.

Our next shot is at a redshank. We come upon him at another bend. Uttering his wild cries of alarm, he makes off down the creek at headlong speed. The No. 6 lays him low by the water's edge.

I think most shore-shooters cherish a special, secret spite against the shank, harbouring many uncharitable memories of the ways in which they have been made to suffer by his confounded watchfulness and noise. Individually, I feel a great inward sense of satisfaction whenever I am able to put an end to his career.



THE SHANK AND THE CURLEW ARE THE MAINSTAY OF THE SPORT

UNIV. OF MICH.

The shank is an alarmist of the first magnitude ; he takes upon himself the task of spoiling your sport at every possible opportunity. Should you mark down some bird upon which you have set your heart ; should you cautiously and arduously stalk it for half an hour ; should you, with aching back and cramped limbs, succeed in approaching *almost* within gunshot—then the chances are about a hundred to three that a shank, from goodness knows where, appears upon the scene, and darting through the air, screams at the top of his voice, 'Look out ! Mind your eye ! Here's that chap with the gun again —close to you !' He takes remarkably good care to keep himself just nicely out of shot while he is making these remarks. When the bird you are after hears the warning voice he is instantly on his mettle. Probably he clears off at once, while the shank flies three or four hundred yards away and sits down and looks at you, determined apparently to keep a pretty close watch upon your future movements, in case he should have another chance of thwarting your desires.

Thus he becomes something more to the gunner than merely a good bird to shoot and a good bird to eat.

We walk along the creek. We walk along several creeks. And we have several shots. But, save for a lapwing which wanders rashly within range, there is no variety in the bag. We account for half a dozen more shank and another curlew. The shank and the curlew—unless, of course, he cares to shoot stints—are the mainstay of the sport of the shore-shooter on the saltings in open weather. He must expect but little beyond.

Mid-day finds us on the brink of the mud, well satisfied with our hardly-earned bag. The tide is just at its lowest. Far down on the mud we have a pit. This we send the boy to bale out, telling him first to gather an armful of dry herbage and take it with him to replace the last supply, which will have been floated from the pit by the tide. Then, finding a suitable spot whereon to rest, we attack the sandwiches and the flask. If you want a real appetite, go seek it on salting and shore in the winter-time—and you will find it.

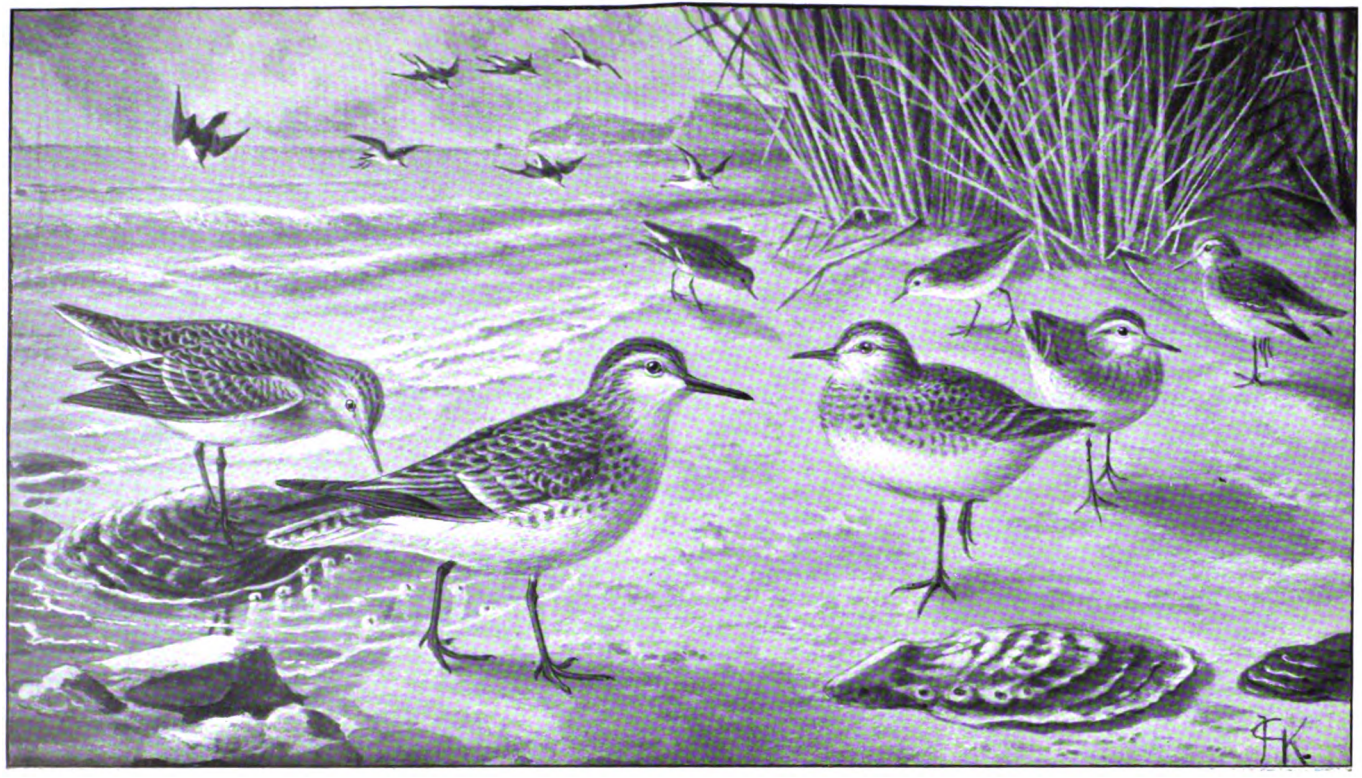
We have finished our frugal meal when the boy reaches us again. He has done everything necessary to the gun-hole. We tell him to have his own luncheon and then devote his attention to moving towards us, if possible, any birds he may detect upon the shore. He knows well what is required of him ; he will not approach within a third of a mile of our subterranean hiding-place on either hand.

We make ourselves comfortable in the gun-hole. We have a dry seat; we have dry litter, on which our feet may rest. If a pit is required for frequent use, let it be roughly boarded at the sides, and let there be a cross board for the seat. A gun-hole on the mud, uninviting though it may sound, is a delightful place to be in, if you have anything of the sportsman and the lover of nature about you. You are in an easy position; you are sheltered from the wind, for your eyes are on a level with the surface of the earth. Strange things look when you are thus situated! All sense of perspective seems lost. I have heard of a man in a pit taking a dunlin feeding a dozen yards from him to be a curlew at ten times the distance—and can quite believe it.

We sit in the pit, our face towards the tide, so that we may see to right and left. The gulls, many hundreds of them, are feeding on the ooze in company with a few hooded crows. We search the shore with our glasses. Far away we see a large herd of curlew resting on a narrow sandbank, which just appears above the surface of the water. Other curlew, uttering their so distinctive call, fly restlessly from point to point as the tide, now just beginning to flow, ousts them from their feeding-grounds. The stints are here, there, and everywhere, some searching for food, others in large bunches wheeling backwards and forwards as though holding their aerial drill for our special gratification. One never tires of watching them on the wing.

And our sport. Two more curlew, let us say, and another redshank fall to our gun. Twice we have the chance of emptying both barrels into a bunch of knot, the result proving highly productive; a similar shot we are tempted to take at stint yields more than a dozen birds. Once a small string of shelduck pass us, out of shot; once a couple of mallard drop into the water some two hundred yards away. We hope they may drift up to us on the rising tide. A vain hope, however. Something causes them suspicion. After resting there for scarcely a minute, they rise again on the wing and head swiftly out to sea.

When the tide creeps to within a few yards of us, it is our warning to vacate the gun-hole without further loss of time. We clamber out and collect the slain, and then, picking up the boy on our way, betake us to the bank bordering the landward side of the marshes. The day is waning fast. At dusk—there promises to be a frost—the lapwings will be dropping in to feed. Seeking the best shelter we can find, we wait for them, and bag the three or four that come within range. Then dark



THE STINTS ARE HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

UNIV. OF WICH.

draws on. Once we hear the whistling wings of a duck, but fail to glimpse the bird. When all chance of further sport is gone, we mount the bank and take our way towards home. And so ends our day in the open weather.

Sooner or later, perhaps for but a few days, perhaps for a long spell, the hard weather, the real, genuine, unadulterated thing, the weather which puts an end to other forms of sport, and on which other sportsmen pile anathemas boisterous and profuse, comes to bring joy to the patient fowler's heart.

They are here—the fowl are here! At last!

Let us leave the big gunner and his big gun alone. He has nothing to do with us; his is the water, ours the salting and the shore. Though we are to sport in a more humble sphere than he, it is a sphere not one whit the less delightful. Leaving him, then, to his own devices, we will have a day on land.

He must needs be astir early who would make the most of his opportunity. Therefore, without the suspicion of one reluctant thought, we roll from bed the moment the six o'clock alarum dins upon our ears. This gives us ample time to do everything leisurely. We dress as the fowler has to dress if he wishes to keep the icy wind from his marrow; we look out and find the snow still coming thinly from the bleak north-east. It is very dark. But for the carpet of snow, we should be able to see barely a yard before us. We breakfast at our ease—and well. A last general inspection of our cartridge-belt and pockets assuring us that all is right and nothing forgotten, we don our sou'-wester—on which has been stitched a covering of the whitest linen—and go forth into the bitter cold of morning.

A short walk brings us to a well-known point, whence we strike a line across the saltings. A stranger might soon find himself in difficulties here. But we are sure of our path—or at least, so far sure that we know nothing worse can befall us than blundering into a runnel filled with five feet or so of snow. And if we blunder in, we can blunder out again.

We reach the dividing line of the salting and mud. Our advent has been well timed, for day is just beginning to dawn. Selecting our pitch—we do not trouble ourselves about a gun-hole now—we kick the snow away from a tussock and place our pocket rubber seat thereon. Then we wriggle into an overall made of fine linen, which extends to just below the knees. The overall is merely a night-shirt with certain emendations: to wit, an extra wide collar, openings at the sides, through which cartridge-belt and pockets can be reached, and

tapes at the hips and knees. When the tapes are tied, our skirts cannot be blown about.

Clad thus in white amid the white surroundings, one—if motionless—is practically invisible to the passing fowl. Rarely will the wariest bird detect the trick which is being played upon him till he has come within comfortable range. Were you to throw up a rough heap of snow and stick into it the upper half of a human face—just the eyes and nose—the piece of face would look very strange to you ; if you had never seen a human face at close quarters before, the piece of it in the snow would look far stranger still. When gulls catch sight of it, it appears to them just about the oddest thing any bird could imagine. They cannot make it out at all. Some are inquisitive to a degree. I have had a gull circling round and round me for minutes at a stretch, coming within half a dozen feet of my face, and when I have winked at him it has only served as a spur to his curiosity. A hooded crow sometimes shows equal inquisitiveness, but greater caution. His prying circumambiency over, he sits down, perhaps fifteen yards away, and stares at you. At length it suddenly flashes upon his corvine brain that there is something uncanny about the lump of snow with a piece of face sticking in it, and he takes a rapid and remarkably flustered departure.

We wait in the growing daylight for the fowl.

The boom of a distant punt-gun breaks upon our ears. A few seconds afterwards there comes a rush of wings. We turn like lightning ; we are just in time to glimpse the birds and to plaster in a dose of No. 4 before they disappear through the gloom. Whether a hit or a miss we cannot tell, for a fair wind is blowing and we hear no sound of a body striking the earth. We march in the direction of our shot. Yes, we have got something—two somethings, half buried in the snow. Widgeon: as dead as a stone both of them. A good beginning! Filled with a great sense of self-congratulation, we gather up the birds and return quickly to our pitch.

For the next half-hour we are as busy as may be ; the fowl are here with a vengeance. We have upwards of a dozen shots in that time, and gather over a dozen birds—mallard and widgeon—two or three lucky shots into the thick of a bunch more than compensating us for the two or three single birds we miss. Meanwhile we hear the reports of guns, both punt and shoulder ; other seekers after fowl are as early as we, and, like ourselves, are making the most of their chance.

Broad daylight has come ; with it there has come a lull in our work. Still, many duck are moving, wandering here and there in search of a quiet resting-place wherein they may pass the day. We wait on—we wait for an hour longer, now sitting, now moving to and fro to keep our blood in circulation. Two more shots reward our patience, one at a string of mallard we see coming at us with the wind, apparently out of reach of any gun. We have time quietly to slip in a No. 1 cartridge. When the birds are nearly over us we give them—well, goodness knows how much allowance we do give them. It is the right allowance, however. Out of the middle of the file drops a bird—down, down, down, till he plunges into the snow. Dead: hit in the head or the neck, no doubt. It is a pretty sight to see a duck pulled out of the sky like that.

The boy reaches us at his appointed time. He grins from ear to ear when he looks upon the slain, which he proceeds to stow away in a snowy *cache.*

Some, the large majority, of the fowl have winged their way out to sea ; some have strayed inland, seeking open water ; some, even if but few, will be found in the creeks. To these last, we must now devote attention. We have kept an eye on the saltings. No one has been upon the part near us as yet, though through our glasses we can see three or four other shore-gunners, all far away.

So, with the boy, we begin to follow the main creeks. Birds other than duck do not command our notice ; nor shank nor curlew can tempt us to let loose a charge. If we shot at a comparatively worthless bird, we should stand an excellent chance of disturbing a party of mallard just round the next bend, two of which would have been ours had we but held our hand. The duck are here now ; the day after to-morrow they may be gone. And the curlew and the shank will remain.

We walk on the leeward side of the creeks whenever we can, making the least possible noise ; the gale which is blowing serves as no small aid to our sport. Heavy and treacherous is the going. We manage to pick up several duck, all mallard, save two—a couple of pochard which give us an easy shot. Over three hours do we spend thus. Then, wearied with the work and as hungry as a hunter—or a wildfowler—we find ourselves at the point we selected for the morning flight. The hidden duck are disentombed and massed with those more recently killed. The boy burdens himself with half ; the other half are strapped about our own shoulders

And then, with pipe well alight, we trudge away towards home.

Then luncheon, and afterwards a well-earned rest. And after that, the evening flight.

Towards dusk, again we take our way across the saltings; again we are transformed into a man of snow.

Upon this part of our day's sport, space forbids the dwelling. With the fowl there are about, we feel well assured that fun will fall to our lot; as the flight begins, we have speedy practical demonstration as to the correctness of our assurance. When the flight proper is over, we still linger on. The wind has dropped, the sky is clear, it is freezing like the very dickens; though the moon is but a week old, she shines brightly on the snowy scene. Up and down along the coast line—near at hand, far away—boom the big guns of the punts. The sound of smaller guns also reaches our ears. Surely ours is the most hostile land any duck could visit; it is always a case of 'move on'—or the other thing. The birds are moving well to-night—well enough to keep us from noticing the cold.

And when, on our way to bed, we have just one last look at the product of the day, we vow to ourselves that there is no sport in all the world like wildfowling and no bird like a bird with webbed feet.

A BRUSH WITH A CARIBOU

BY ARTHUR P. SILVER

THE caribou or North American reindeer is ordinarily a timid and inoffensive quarry. Every hunter who has surprised a herd is familiar with the characteristic pause caused by the alarm or shock from his sudden appearance ere the whole band, with heads erect and scuts up, get away from danger at a rattling pace.

Yet there are times during the rutting season, especially towards its close, when the stag, under the spur of intense excitement, becomes very quarrelsome and pugnacious, and sometimes he has been known to charge the hunter in a reckless and defiant manner. His prodigious strength and the dagger-like points of his peculiar 'dog killers' or 'war tines' render him a formidable foe if incautiously allowed to get within striking distance.

A well-known New Brunswick guide whom I have often employed, a Mimac Indian noted as a very successful trapper, was once knocked down and received a severe mauling from the sharp hoofs and massive antlers of an infuriated stag. This man was curiously nick-named 'Lucivee Dick.' While hunting in his company I myself had an exciting and dangerous encounter with a large caribou stag near the headwaters of the North-west Miramichi.

My first meeting with 'Lucivee Dick' was in this wise. The sundown shadows were lengthening across the main thoroughfare of a tiny backwoods village, when I heard a group of ragged young urchins volleying whoops and yells, and vociferating again and again :

'Here comes Lucivee Dick! Good old Lucivee Dick!'

Then there strode along, followed by all the village idlers, a stern Indian trapper from whose back hung down a bunch of pelts of lucivee, beaver, bear, otter, sable and marten, the result of his long winter exile in the grim northern forest. The man was one of a fast vanishing tribe, a lithe sinewy copper-coloured fellow with impassive weather-roughened features and fierce defiant dark eyes, which curiously enough seemed to take no note of his immediate surroundings. He wore a greasy

TYPICAL MICMAC INDIAN TRAPPER AND HUNTER IN BIRCH-BARK CANOES
HOLIDAY ATTIRE

caribou skin tunic which exhaled the peculiar pungent odour of the smoke of resinous forest fires, and a queer cap made of mink skin out of season, from beneath which strayed a coarse mass of black matted hair. A mongrel cur kept close behind his heels.

This man is the type of a class that is now dropping out of existence in Eastern Canada. In the next generation his kind will be known no more for ever; there will be none to replace him. He emerges from the forest at long intervals for a brief visit to the log cabin where his 'squaw' rears his dusky brood: stays until his cash and credit are both exhausted at the village bar room. His hard won peltry bartered away for Jamaica

rum, groceries and cartridges, he again buries himself in the solitude of the wilderness. At one season he will be found trapping beavers, otters, bears, and the smaller fur-bearing animals ; at another he will be shooting caribou and moose for the sake of their hides.

In the village this man is a restless creature quite out of his element. He is not to be judged as one sees him there ; but follow him, as I have done, on the trail of a wounded caribou ; go with him up the rugged hills to surprise an unwary bear ; mark his dilating nostrils and flashing eye when with birch

A TINY BACKWOODS VILLAGE OF QUEBEC

bark horn he has called up within the reach of your rifle the monarch of the forest—the stag moose ; watch the energy, patience and skill that he displays in the construction of his traps and deadfalls ; see the masterful manner in which he guides his frail birch bark canoe among the seething rapids of the river ; note his knowledge of every living creature of the backwoods from the tiniest bird to the largest beast ; witness his never failing courage, hardihood and woodcraft, and then you will see how superior he is to the vicious semi-criminal village idler who regards him as his laughing-stock and makes him the butt of his coarse jests.

'Lucivee Dick' had earned his sobriquet from a fierce

encounter he had once waged successfully with a savage lynx or 'lucivee,' without other weapon than a thick oak stake. He told me of a pair of mighty antlers of which he had caught a transient glimpse at Big Bald Mountain which resembled the winter branches of the rock maple. My ardour to possess such a trophy as Dick so eloquently described prompted me to make an engagement with this hunter on the spot to go out in the succeeding autumn in quest of this stag of many points—for not

SUMMER TEPU OF MICMAC INDIAN TRAPPER AND HUNTER

until the hard frosts of late autumn arrive can the caribou be successfully hunted.

It is a remarkable fact that the rutting season of this deer does not begin until the first cool blasts of October give warning of the approach of winter. Most other wild animals mate in the early spring when the forests beneath the gentle west winds grow redolent of the coming summer.

All summer long the 'bulls' and 'cows' (as they are locally designated) wander singly and separately. During summer fishing trips I have frequently surprised a solitary stag, and sometimes a hind with her yearling calf hiding in some secluded spot, or enjoying a sun-bath on the sandbars of some mountain river.

When October comes the animals collect in a large band

in some open space cleared by forest fires, or where some high mountain pasture, carpeted with yellow mosses and the reindeer lichen, breaks the evergreen forest. Such a spot then becomes a vast battle-field where bellowing stags fight furiously with one another till the great herd gets split up into a number of smaller ones, each dominated by a master stag who has fought his way fiercely to supremacy.

In his sleepless efforts to maintain his sovereignty, never off his guard for a moment, incessantly driving away less powerful rivals, accepting every challenge from solitary bulls or lords of

ACROSS STREAM TO FIND A GOOD CHANNEL

another harem, the once grand and lordly looking stag soon becomes a sadly ragged object, and is sometimes known to perish of sheer exhaustion.

The annual rendezvous of a large herd was known to Lucivee Dick—a place where open mossy glades alternated with evergreen groves, at the foot of Big Bald Mountain, where caribou loved to make their meeting-place.

Hence it came to pass that when the October hard frosts had changed the tremulous leaves of the maple to bright gold and scarlet, a party of three stood on the shelving beach of the Restigouche River—the writer, and Dick, and a French half-breed Sebattis (short for St. Jean Baptiste)—and the thoughts of one at least of the party flew with eager anticipation to expected adventures among the blue hills that loomed in the distance.

A party of lumber men going into camp for the winter were towing up stream with a team of horses attached to a comfortable house-boat. With these cheerful fellows, continually breaking into songs and forest 'chanties,' we cast in our lot for a time, threw aboard our luggage, and tied our slender cedar canoe to the rudder post. It was a marvellous sight to see the sagacity of the horses in negotiating difficult bits of river. Towpath there was none. The intelligent brutes at time were compelled to clamber like goats over steep slippery masses of rock; at others they would actually have to swim across stream to find a good channel, towing the vessel all the while. Soon we

THE UPSALWICH RIVER

turned up the Upsalwich River, a tributary of the Restigouche, and parted company with our merry friends, all except a party of three who canoed some distance alongside. They were going to explore some timber limits on the Nepisiquit river. We were now obliged to force the canoe up a strong river current by means of 'poling.' As this is the method by which long and toilsome journeys are performed up mountain rivers, it is worth describing. The men, furnished with long iron-shod poles, pick up the bottom simultaneously and force the canoe along through the strongest water. Sometimes they ascend impossible looking rapids, gaining inch by inch when the 'stern' man has to hold hard, while with a swift short stroke the man at the bow impels the shivering craft forward. The untiring energy displayed commands admiration as hour after

hour the monotonous click of the pole on the river bed marks the slow advance. With a heavily laden canoe twelve to fifteen miles a day cannot often be exceeded. When the hunting country is reached, the iron shoes should be removed as the click is sure to frighten away any big game that might be loitering in the neighbourhood, and it is surprising how the river draws to its banks animal life of every description from the surrounding wild lands if not frightened by needless noise.

At the end of the fifth day we had got to our destination and proceeded to build our camp on a knoll commanding an

A PARTY OF THREE WHO CANOED SOME DISTANCE ALONGSIDE

extensive prospect of a long quiet reach of the Nepisiquit river. We made luxurious beds of the tender fragrant tips of spruce branches. A huge fireplace was constructed, and various sized kettles hung from wooden pothooks across the crackling flames. A rough table was also knocked up, and even a sideboard with shelves. This pantry was immediately invaded by little striped squirrels or 'chipmunks,' who scuttled out of their holes, stole a morsel of bread or bacon, and then scuttled madly back again. Slate coloured 'whiskey jacks' or Canada jays, with fearless bravado, perched on the breakfast potatoes cooling by the pot, and with saucy scolding notes helped themselves on the table itself. We rather delighted in their bold confiding behaviour.

Big drab herons came fishing among arrowy schools of darting troutlets, and at evening time there was a constant

plunging of belted kingfishers after their prey. Musk rats plashed about the pool and peered at us with fearless bright eyes. Once we saw the brown shape of a young moose emerge from the thicket of bushes on the opposite bank and shyly vanish. At night, owls of various species visited our camp fire, at times snapping their beaks ferociously, or indulging in blood-curdling screeches. A long low howl at rare intervals showed us that the grey wolf was not yet extinct in this region.

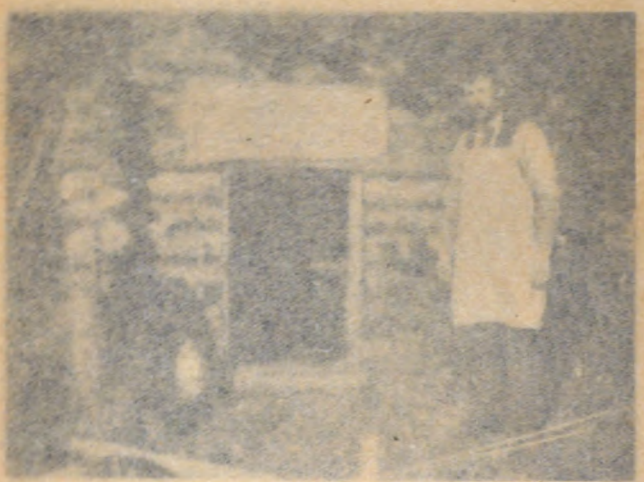
Large trout were to be had by the most careless method of fishing. No need to cater to a pampered appetite by artificial flies! It were a useless waste of tackle. A bit of rabbit fur

THE COOK OF THE LOGGING PARTY

wrapped round a Limerick hook, or the pectoral fin of a brother trout, proved lure enough for large speckled beauties who fought gamely for their lives, leaping out of the water like the salmon. These trout were a welcome addition to our table, and were often followed by juicy young 'partridges' or ruffed grouse, which did not need the stimulus of mountain air to prove delicious eating.

We had certainly got to the heart of the wild backwoods, and the release from all the conventions of civilised life was truly refreshing and altogether delightful. For sheer physical enjoyment nothing surpasses the luxury of a smoke round a forest camp fire after a hard day's work.

A caribou hunt to Big Bald Mountain was now resolved upon. This involved a severe tramp of some score of miles,



THE COOK OF THE LOCKING PARTY.

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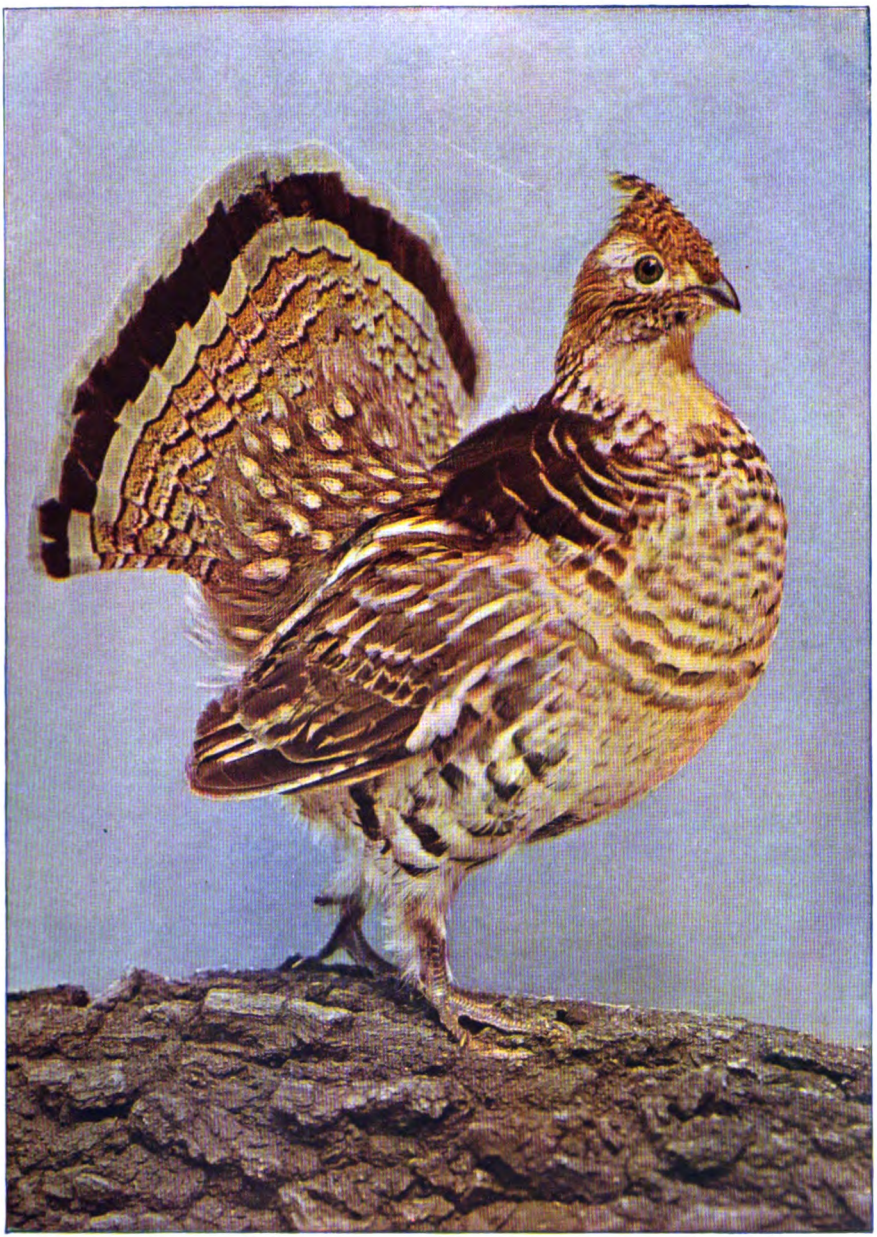

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FROM "BIRDS THAT HUNT AND ARE HUNTED," BY NELTJE BLANCHAN.

RUFFED GROUSE.

UNIV OF MICH

where in places the going was most difficult, owing to fallen fire-killed timber. Hard climbing up the sides of forest clad mountains, and steep descents into ravines obstructed by tangled growths of cedars and firs, made the trail at times inconceivably rough and difficult.

Great was our relief when we emerged into what by comparison seemed a park-like country—with pleasant valleys and glades diversified by clusters of evergreen trees, printing their ragged spear-like tops against the blue sky. An experienced eye could tell at a glance that this must be a favourite haunt of caribou at this season of the year. If any confirmation were needed one only had to look around and see almost every young sapling tree partially denuded of its bark where these deer had rubbed and polished their horns when coming out of the velvet.

The succeeding three days were crowded with unmitigated enjoyment. Not a cloud dimmed the splendour of the sky. The air was crisp and invigorating. The northern woods are strangely beautiful in autumn—as indeed they are at all other times. Still hunting on the mountains of Eastern Canada is one of the most fascinating of hardy outdoor sports, not only from the attractive nature of the quarry, but because of the glorious wild scenery, and the exciting nature of the chase itself. The climbing is just difficult enough to ensure sufficient fatigue without taxing the powers to the uttermost like the inexorable Rockies.

After some careful spying we came upon a herd led by a fairly well antlered stag, and were fortunate enough to witness his combat with a solitary wanderer that had evidently been driven out of another herd by the leader. Nothing can be finer than a caribou's attitude when, challenged by a foe, he prepares for battle. It is a splendid sight to witness. He then looks every inch the embodiment of stateliness and strength, whereas at ordinary times he slinks along with his neck level with his body, his head stretched out nearly straight, and his antlers almost resting on his shoulders—by no means a graceful object.

A battle between a well-matched pair of caribou stags is, however, nothing to be compared to a combat such as I have witnessed between two well-grown bull moose. It is true that they charge furiously with lowered horns and bristle at the neck. Sometimes the shock throws one of the animals back on his haunches. Yet after pushing and struggling for upwards of an

hour they are rarely severely hurt, seldom even receiving a bloody wound through their thick hide. The branching of the antlers seems to make an effective guard. Of course a flank attack is naturally dreaded and the great concern of the duellist whose powers are failing is to get away by spinning rapidly round so as not to be caught while turning. He bolts for a couple of hundred yards but is never vigorously pursued—the victor relying evidently on the moral effect of his defeat.

Having failed in securing a first class trophy I determined to journey on to Little Bald Mountain. Here, after preparing a

CARIBOU CALF ABOUT SIX MONTHS OLD (A PET)

brushwood camp on the fringe of the forest, we moved out into the open and ascended a grim-looking elevation of bare rock, and swept the surrounding country with field-glasses. We could see the lesser hills undulating below us like mountainous billows. Some were nothing more than bare masses of gneiss rock. The eye could readily trace the sinuous silvery course of the North-west Miramichi River, here in its infancy, but presently to develop into a famous salmon stream and unite its waters with the Big South-west Branch.

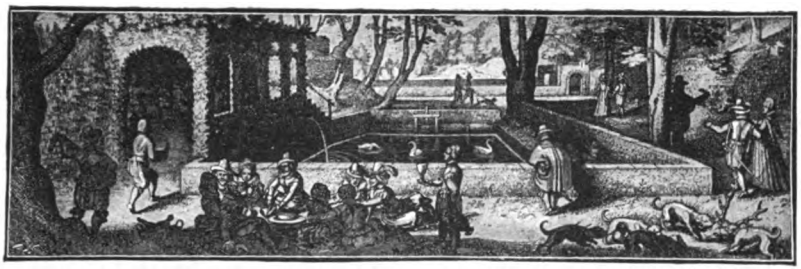
We were attracted by the appearance of a park-like valley to the South, dotted with little groves of young spruce and pine. Hardly had we entered this valley, proceeding in Indian file,

than I heard the snort or bark of an unseen bull caribou. Giving a low whistle to the men we all dropped in our tracks. Above the low scrub the only part of us visible to the quarry was the pack which each man carried on his back. Mine was done up in an enormous canvas bag containing a blanket, changes of underclothing, small tins of canned meats, and other camp necessaries. This was securely fastened to my shoulders. Suddenly the belt of spruce in front of me swayed and opened, and a lordly stag caribou with a pair of magnificent spreading antlers stepped out in that fine manner which always denotes excitement or alarm. I immediately fired at the coveted head, but it was at the same instant lowered for another charge and my bullet went high and sliced up the animal's left ear. Advancing to meet him two accidents happened at once—the breech action of my rifle failed to work, and encumbered with my load I tripped and fell prostrate over the trunk of a fallen tree.

It seemed to me that the animal could not make out clearly what I was ; at all events in this inglorious attitude I sustained his charge. Happily his fury was vented on the canvas bag on my back which was torn to ribbons and he passed over me with parts of it attached to his antlers. Like Fitz-James I arose unwounded but breathless. I now succeeded in getting open the breech block. The frenzied stag was once more lowering his head and blustering about, confronting me in a menacing posture. Pawing up the soil with his great splayed hoofs, his sides heaving, jets of steam rising from his nostrils through the frosty morning air as he snorted defiance, mane bristling, and green eyes snapping with rage, he presented a fine picture of the very incarnation of evil fury. Had I allowed him this time to get past my guard, the result would almost certainly have been fatal to me. Nerved by the peril, I took a steady aim at the shoulder ; at the same time I ran towards the spot. The stag reeled to and fro, sometimes falling on his knees and at last plunged wildly forward and fell full length on the blood-stained moss. So ended the career of this vindictive and resolute beast. Then indeed I lived some of those moments which repay the hunter for long days of hope deferred and unrequited toil—if indeed he needs any repayment, and does not find life in the Canadian forest a sufficient reward in itself. For the antlers secured were no mean prize, and their brown curves still lead memory pleasantly back to the glowing coals of the camp fire in the scented pine woods with 'Lucivee

Dick' drawing at a well-seasoned clay pipe recounting his yarns of hardships and triumphs of the chase, and of the wild beasts of the forest and their marvellous ways, for all of whom he evidently had a loving sympathy. For instance he discussed the short temper of my very pugnacious friend by the remark that he had evidently been deposed and driven out of some herd by the master bull, and was soured by solitary habits; further that caribou differ as widely as men in courage and boldness—and at times like human beings go stark raving mad. I generally assented with approval to 'Lucivee Dick's' conclusions, and in this instance made no exception; for otherwise how could I account for the extraordinary boldness of a deer whose conduct is generally characterised by fits of stupid tameness or equally stupid panic?

HEAD OF CARIBOU STAG



KOKARI FISHING IN THE ANDAMAN ISLANDS

BY MAJOR G. MASSY

A SOMEWHAT novel method of hand-line fishing may frequently be seen in the Andaman Islands by those whom fortune (or misfortune) should take to that little-known penal settlement in the Bengal Ocean. The fishing is carried on during fine weather by certain native convicts of the 'self-supporting' class, *i.e.*, men on a sort of ticket of leave, who earn their own livelihood; and, as they can generally get a ready sale for their fish, the pursuit is a fairly profitable one. They fish from dug-out canoes, in handling which they are very expert. The crew, as a rule, consists of a steersman, one paddler, and the fisherman, who sits in the bow and is in command of the boat. They carry a good-sized casting-net, similar to those used in England, for catching bait with, and a large wicker basket for keeping live bait in. When required for use, this is slung overboard, and is provided with a canvas flap over the top of it, to prevent the bait from jumping out. It corresponds to the 'courge' which is employed for a similar purpose in sea fishing on some parts of our coast. In lieu of a gaff, a long-handled spear, with a small barbed head, is carried. The fishermen say that it is much easier to use than a gaff, and certainly I never saw one of them miss a fish with one.

The handline, which is a fine one, made principally of silk, is about 150 yards long, and is kept carefully wound round a stick or in a ball, to ensure its running easily when playing a fish. I believe these lines are procured from the east coast of Madras. A medium-sized hook completes the tackle.

From this it will be seen that, though a hand line is used,

it is by no means the pull-and-haul kind of business one generally associates with that kind of sport. Far from it. The line being very fine, a light hand and considerable skill are required to ensure success.

This fishing is usually carried on near the jetty on Ross Island. The water there is deep, and, except, of course, during bad weather, of crystal clearness. Standing on the jetty, one can see countless numbers of fish of all kinds in every direction, and in the clear water every movement can be distinctly traced. Large shoals of sardines disport themselves on the surface, occasionally making frantic dashes for safety under the wooden piles of the jetty, as the hungry kokari pursue them and reduce their numbers; other enemies, too, are on the look-out for them—amongst them being barracouta, garfish and horse-mackerel; and further out to sea seer-fish—but the kokari are the most numerous.

But here come some of the fishing-boats, paddling as if for dear life now that they see the fish are on the feed—so we will watch one of them at work. Arrived near the jetty, the fisherman slings his basket over the side of the boat, prepares his net for a cast, and looks out for a good shoal of sardines. As the sea is teeming with them this does not take long, and in a few minutes the net is hauled on board with a goodly supply in its meshes; these are quickly transferred to the basket, all hands working busily at the job. One or two more judicious casts, enough live baits have been caught to enable a start to be made, and our fisherman begins business.

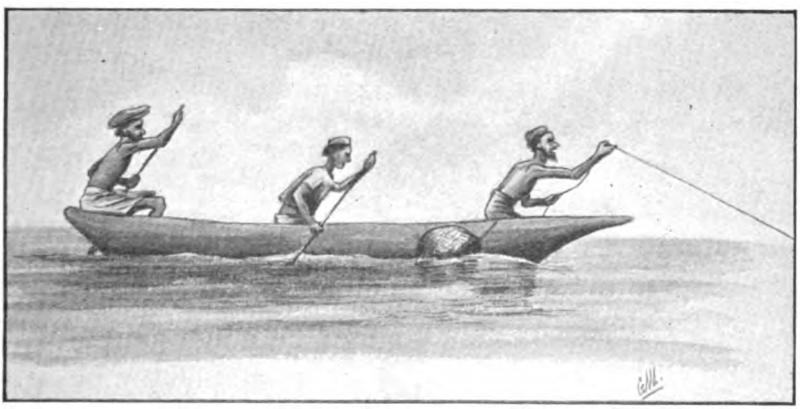
Squatting down in the bows, he uncoils some twenty yards of line, and baits his hook with a live sardine by hooking it carefully under the back fin. Keeping his baited hook in the water alongside him, he throws out two or three sardines about twenty yards from the boat to attract the kokari.

These are taken almost immediately, and out go a few more, followed this time by the hooked one, which is dexterously cast into the midst of the others; there are several boils and splashes on the water, then the line tautens, our friend strikes, but is too late, and his bait is gone. He hauls in the line with feverish haste and repeats his cast; this time with more success, and is at once fast in a good fish which dashes madly out to sea as fast as it can go.

The canoe follows as quickly as the paddlers can make it travel. The fisherman, holding his hand well up, lets the line slip through his fingers, feeling his fish all the time, and not letting

him take out line too easily. At the same time he excitedly screams contradictory directions to his crew, and curses them freely for not going fast enough. His object is to keep over his fish as much as possible.

After going about a couple of hundred yards or so he gets a pull at his fish, and begins to recover some of his line, the boat still following every movement of the quarry, and, when skilfully handled, doing half the work of killing it. After another good run or two the fish shows signs of being done, and is gradually brought gasping to the surface. The man in the centre of the boat drops his paddle and takes up the spear—a sharp stab and a hoist, and the fish lies quivering in the



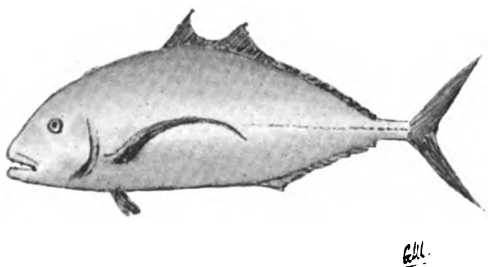
FAST IN A GOOD FISH

bottom of the boat . . . a grand fish he is, too, close on 20 lbs. weight.

Locally called a kokari, he belongs to the Caranx family, has a large deep head and powerful jaw armed with numerous teeth ; he is deep and somewhat flat-sided in the body. His pectoral fins are peculiar, being long and curved, and shaped somewhat like a sickle ; he fines off very much towards the tail, which terminates in a large fork, and in some species the root of the tail is armed on either side with a sort of sharp bony ridge.

The colour varies, a silvery hue predominating, but some are of the most beautiful ultramarine blue. Altogether he presents a very game and handsome appearance, which as far as his fighting qualities go he does not belie, as harder running fish it would be difficult to find.

The boat is soon back at the jetty again ready to recommence operations, and with decent luck our friend will have two or three more fine fish before he leaves off, varying in size from 7 to 20 lbs. It was very entertaining to watch them at work on a day when the fish were taking well, and I need hardly say that some of us who were keen fishermen were not content with watching only, but soon followed their example, using rods instead of handlines, but otherwise fishing in the same manner; and very good sport we frequently had, which made amends for being stationed in such an out-of-the-way part of the world.



A KOKARI

HAWKING AND SHOOTING HOUBARA

BY STAFF-SURGEON C. L. NOLAN, R.N.

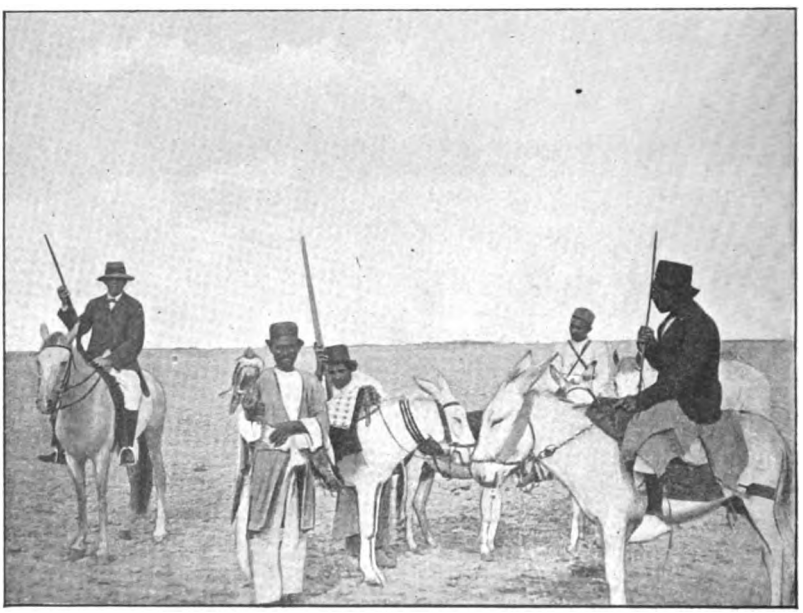
As this method of finding and shooting birds with the aid of a trained hawk seems to be little practised—at least several Indian sportsmen to whom I have spoken on the subject, though knowing the *houbara* well, tell me they have not seen it—possibly it may be worth while giving a short account of a day we had near Bushire, on the Persian Gulf.

The *houbara* is, of course, a variety of lesser bustard; it is a larger bird than those of the same species I have met with in Turkey, and is probably the same as those we used to have for *tiffin* at Shanghai, where they were called the 'turkey bustard,' but these I have only seen at table. They are about the size of a pheasant.

About Bushire their colour so closely matches the yellow-grey tints of the plains that it is extremely difficult to see them on the ground, and the absence of cover makes it impossible to approach within range. So the services of a hawk are called in. With his keen eye he discovers birds which a man cannot distinguish, and when he proceeds to attack one of them, the others are either so terrified by his presence, or so interested in the fate of their champion, that they usually lie fairly close and give you a shot if you follow up quickly. This is the only way

anything like a bag of *houbara* can be obtained on these plains. I have been out many times without a hawk, very seldom had a shot, and only by a lucky chance. Of course, if the hawk 'goes for' a single bird, the gun is out of it, and you have your sprint for nothing, but usually they are in 'flocks,' or whatever the correct noun of multitude to denote a number of them may be.

I was told that the hawk would not attack a bustard if the latter did not show fight. Certainly all those I saw on the



OUR PARTY

ground showed fight, but I also saw the hawk chasing one of them on the wing.

Let me recount shortly one day's experience of the sport.

One fine morning last winter, the First Lieutenant and I, by the kind invitation of Mr. Goolzad, the obliging contractor for supplies to her Majesty's ships in the depressing Gulf of Persia, landed early, found a carriage waiting, and were conveyed to Mr. Goolzad's country house.

We were much disappointed to find that his son, a very keen sportsman, who trains the hawks, was too ill with fever to accompany us on the shoot. We had relied upon him for guidance, as we did not quite understand the methods to be

adopted. I, indeed, had fears that we were expected to shoot from horseback, and doubted greatly my capability to hit anything from that, to me, rather unaccustomed position. However, I was reassured ; men were told off to look after the horses when it came to actual shooting. A falconer to work the hawk was sent with us, and another man carried a good supply of lunch in the panniers of his donkey. The men were all mounted on donkeys, an excellent brand of which is imported

NO BIRDS IN SIGHT

from the opposite Arabic coast, and on these they could well keep up with our horses over the rough and rocky ground. We proceeded, and at every little eminence we came to, the hawk was unhooded and held aloft ; he gazed around keenly, but time after time we were dóomed to disappointment, and no birds were seen. After miles of riding—it may be mentioned that this was not the best season for *houbara* on the plains—beginning to think these birds were a myth, and being tired of the unwonted horse, I dismounted and went in search of a less noble quarry in the shape of the tiny partridge, called *cici*, that lives among the rock caves found in the district, or of pigeons, of which there are a good many about. Soon, however, hearing

a shot, I hastened to rejoin the party, and found that the hawk had at last observed a small flock of *houbara*, had flown off, and vanquished one, while the First Lieutenant, following up at his best steeplechase speed, had bagged another with his gun. It was then my turn ; a bird came flying in my direction, the hawk after him ; the hawk was slower in his flight than the bustard, and was losing ground, so I shot the latter. I thought possibly I had done wrong, but was glad to find that the falconer was rather pleased, for he feared that the hawk would continue the

THE BAG

chase and might be difficult to recover. We had an instance of this later on, when fully a quarter of an hour was spent in endeavouring to induce the bird to return to his lure.

After this we had several chances, the birds being fairly plentiful. I missed two easy shots while trying to photograph a fight between the hawk and a bustard, and missed the 'snapshot' too, the result of the latter on development being an indistinct mixture of feathers and stones.

Not being sufficiently learned, I am unable to name scientifically the variety of hawk or falcon that is used for this sport, and the Persian names I have forgotten. The hawk we

had with us was light-eyed and not large; in flight he was slower than the *houbara*, as we had seen, but Mr. Goolzad showed us another which was being trained, also light-eyed but with darker plumage and larger, which, he said, could overtake a bustard on the wing.

Our bag was not as large as it should have been, a fact kindly attributed, by our hosts, to our using No. 6 and not No. 4 shot, but we enjoyed the sport: it is interesting to watch the hawk, and the following up on horseback over the bad ground is not devoid of excitement.

THE RECORD-BREAKERS

BY E. H. LACON WATSON

THE Headmaster of Parkhurst School, Easthampton, was sitting in his study, gloomily discussing matters with his Vice-Principal. Parkhurst School had a Vice-Principal. Ordinary establishments would have been content to call him a second master, or even an assistant master; for, to tell the honest truth, there was but one below him in the hierarchy of the Parkhurst staff. But that is precisely where ordinary establishments would have made a fatal error. To the class of parent for which Parkhurst spread its educational net the term Vice-Principal was no inconsiderable bait. They were mostly commercial men, and had a taste for the floridly magnificent, which the Rev. John McRae was careful to gratify whenever he saw his way to doing so without expense. Easthampton itself was a manufacturing town of some little importance, and it lay in the middle of a manufacturing district. Parkhurst School had been built by its present headmaster with a single eye to the commercial parent. It had now been running for seven years, and already it boasted more than thirty scholars, which was not so bad when you consider the competition in this particular trade. But the worthy headmaster was far from being satisfied with this modicum of success. He meant to make his fortune, and that rapidly.

'Things are not going as they should,' he grumbled, filling up his glass from a handsome liqueur-stand on his study-table. It is only just to Mr. McRae to admit that the appointments of this room were even luxurious. It was here that parents were interviewed. 'Ten fellows leaving this term,' he added regretfully, 'and, so far, only two demands for a prospectus. Something must be done, Blankney.'

His second in command—a tall, thin man with spectacles and sandy hair—shifted uneasily in his seat.

'Is Ferguson going?' he asked after a pause.

The other laughed sardonically. 'I fancy so,' he said. 'He won't stay under a ten-pound note. And really the thing is becoming too patent. I made him shave off his moustache last term, and he made no end of a fuss over that. He comes of age in two months.'

'He's a useful man in the football field,' suggested Blankney meditatively. 'And he's a good bat, too, but I suppose he can't stay for ever.'

'The ingratitude of some people is most sad,' mused the chief. 'Since his father died, three years ago, I've had that fellow for nothing. And now he kicks at staying any longer, just as he's getting useful.'

'That century of his against the Wanderers was a good bit of work,' put in Blankney. 'Told well in the papers too. I worked it for all it was worth.'

'H'm! two or three locals, and the *Field*,' said McRae grudgingly. He was never prodigal of praise to his subordinates. 'What we want is something good enough to get copied into all the big dailies. The fact is, Blankney, we must have an advertisement: we must get our name before the public so that they won't forget it. The school is not properly known yet. I look to you to hit on some idea. It's years since you produced anything really brilliant. And, unless we get some more boys soon for next term, I don't see how I can go on paying the staff at the absurdly high rate I am giving now.'

Blankney's feet shuffled nervously. Before he became Vice-Principal of Parkhurst he had gone through many vicissitudes of fortune. It must be admitted that he was no disciplinarian, and although the salary he was now receiving was not on the princely scale McRae seemed to imagine, he did not see his way to getting as much elsewhere.

'Well—I don't know,' he rejoined rather sulkily. 'There was that boy I fished out of the canal last January—plaguey

cold it was too—and I'm not sure to this day that the father didn't see me push him in. I never meet him but he gets the price of a drink out of me with his infernal hints.'

The chief's features relaxed into a smile. 'I have never denied your ingenuity,' he admitted. 'But you are clumsy, my good Blankney. The ideas are not so bad, but the execution is deplorable. Those letters of yours in the *Guardian*—they were too transparent for anything. You have no tact, no *finesse*——'

'I do my best,' muttered the unhappy subordinate.

'Well—well,' said McRae, with an air of indulgent superiority, 'we all have our weak points. But, look here, Blankney, I want you to think of something really good. I go up to town next Monday on business, and shall be away about three days. See if you can devise some plan before I come back. And don't let them get more out of hand than you can help.'

Blankney's face brightened again, and he shuffled off to his room in a fairly contented mood. His life had been a long series of snubs, and even the slightest word of praise was balm to him. The thought that his chief depended upon him for a brilliant idea compensated for many things. Whatever his faults might be, he had always a dog-like fidelity to his employer for the time that was quite touching. He resolved to win approval by a master-stroke, and, lighting his pipe, sat down with his feet on the mantelpiece of his little room to meditate.

The door opened suddenly, and a tall, well-set youth entered without ceremony, rather discomposing the Vice-Principal, who was a nervous man.

'Ah! it is you, Ferguson,' he stammered, recovering himself with an effort. 'What is it? Is—is anything the matter?'

It was noticeable that the boy was a good deal the more composed of the two. He held an open letter in his hand.

'Monday's match is off,' he said coolly. 'If the old man hears of it, as like as not he'll stop the holiday. So I looked you up first.' He grinned affably.

'Mr. McRae goes to town early on Monday,' replied Blankney, with a slight attempt at dignity. "Perhaps—er—it is as well that you came to me first. I shall—er—be left in command.'

Ferguson displayed rather more delight than the announcement seemed, on the face of it, to warrant. 'Lord! what

larks!' he exclaimed, executing a *pas seul* on the farther side of the table. Blankney eyed him rather apprehensively through his spectacles. 'What a time we shall have!' reiterated Ferguson in joyful anticipation.

'I—er—I am sure I hope so,' murmured Blankney, his mind filled with vague misgivings. 'We will—er—contrive to blend amusement with instruction as far as possible.' He spoke with a forced jocularity.

'Well—between us we ought to be able to keep the kids in order all right,' said the other, with not unkindly patronage.

'Yes—yes, of course,' assented Blankney hastily, somewhat relieved. Indeed, he knew only too well that Ferguson's influence in the school was considerably greater than his own. 'We must—er—get up a match of some sort, I suppose,' he suggested meekly.

'Oh! if you like,' said Ferguson, carelessly, at the door. Blankney breathed more freely when he departed. Ferguson was useful in the cricket and football field, no doubt, but his manner was just a trifle overbearing at times towards the masters. Even to McRae himself he did not display that deference which a headmaster is accustomed to expect from his pupils. For his part, Blankney felt that he would not be altogether sorry when he left. The worst was, they had no other bat in the eleven, and he was certainly invaluable at centre half in the football season. Blankney felt dimly that more might have been made of such talents for the good of Parkhurst School.

'By Jove! I have it,' he cried suddenly, and laughed aloud. A thought had come to him so simple and yet so daring that it fairly took his breath away. He rose and paced excitedly up and down the room, rubbing his hands and chuckling.

It was Monday. McRae had gone up to town, and the Vice-Principal sat at the head of the breakfast-table. He was flushed with high resolve, and with a slight accession of nervousness, for it could not be denied that some of his young charges were making rather more noise than was necessary, or even seemly, at breakfast. But Blankney was a curious fellow. He liked the sense of responsibility; he enjoyed being able to do things his own way, badly though he managed when chance gave him his desire. More than anything he loved a formal and authoritative declaration. He would have made an admirable toast-master at a civic banquet. It was with a sense of

infinite self-importance that he rapped on the table at the end of the meal, and gave out, before grace, this carefully prepared announcement :—

'The cricket match with Easthampton Rovers having been unavoidably postponed, the First Eleven will play the Second Eleven, with Masters, at eleven o'clock.' At which there was some slight half-ironical cheering. 'There will be no further work to-day.' This time the cheering was loud and prolonged and sincere. Blankney waved his arm impressively several times before the tumult subsided sufficiently for him to say grace. Then with a gathering roar and clatter the unruly horde trooped out into the playground.

"I say—you might have said something about this to me before,' remonstrated Tanner, the assistant master, a thin and weedy-looking young man with a face breaking out into pimples on the forehead. 'The second eleven's no good—more are we. We shall never get them out. And I was going up to town to-day, if it's all the same to you.'

Blankney was uniformly obliging to his subordinates. 'My dear fellow,' he protested at once, 'pray go if you wish. This little match is—er—really of no importance whatsoever. It was merely an idea of mine—to pass the time.'

About two minutes later Ferguson burst in upon him in his customary fashion.

'You don't want me, I suppose,' he began abruptly. 'I was thinking of doing a bicycle ride this morning.'

But this was a different matter altogether. Blankney expostulated for a long while in vain. Then he had recourse to cunning.

'The fact is, Ferguson, I shall want your assistance,' he confessed, with the air of one driven to expose his own cowardice. 'The boys are—well—just a little apt to be troublesome at times. And Mr. Tanner will not be here.'

Ferguson laughed sarcastically. 'If you want me as a master,' he said at length, 'well and good! Only—I must be paid for the job. It's a low sort of trade,' he added, with rather unnecessary brutality.

Blankney flushed slightly, but contrived to force a smile. 'I am a poor man,' he began, 'or I would—er—gladly——'

'Well! look here,' the other interrupted, 'it's utter rot my playing against these kids. None of 'em can bowl—you can't bowl yourself for nuts. You'll never get me out.' Ferguson had a good conceit of his own powers.

Blankney made a rapid calculation in his head. 'Let me make a bargain,' he said with a smile. 'If you play, I'll undertake to give you a penny for each run you make. That's a pound if you get to 240,' he added hastily, fancying he detected a look of contempt on his listener's face.

'Make it twopence, and I'm on,' replied Ferguson flippantly.

Blankney hesitated a moment. 'All right!' he agreed after a slight pause. 'I shan't play myself—I'll umpire—and it shall be the Eleven *v.* the Next Sixteen.'

'I'd a good deal rather you played,' Ferguson retorted with a laugh. 'Still—do as you like—as long as you play fair.' At which the other contrived a look of cunning that did him infinite credit.

'Mind now, no tricks,' reiterated the playful pupil, and went out chuckling to think of the soft job he had taken on. 'I'll show old Blankney a thing or two,' he thought to himself; 'it'll be odds if I can't notch half a sovereign or so over this business. What an old fathead it is!'

Eleven o'clock came: the first eleven won the toss, and Ferguson and another went to the wickets. The whole school were in the field—indeed, they were all playing but half a dozen of the smallest—and the game began.

I have no sort of intention of describing this match, which, indeed, presented few moments of any great interest. It was from the first a one-sided affair. In the first eleven there were one or two passable bats besides Ferguson: in the second there was little batting and even less bowling. Ferguson laid himself out to score rapidly, and he succeeded. He was a slashing hitter, and unless he got out by a fluke before his eye was in, it was pretty certain that he would run up a considerable score. When you add to this the fact that Ferguson had informed the bowlers of the Next Sixteen that old Blankney (as he politely phrased it) had been fool enough to promise him something like a sovereign for every hundred he made, it goes without saying that the bowling he had to meet was eminently adapted for rapid scoring. At lunch time the score was already 210 for one wicket, and Ferguson was 166 not out.

There was, it is true, one crucial moment. Even the worst of bowlers will put in now and again, by accident, a good ball; and it so happened that shortly after Ferguson completed his first century he slashed at a fast one, missed it, and found his stumps scattered. There was a shout of triumph from the field (who were getting already rather weary at their lack of

success) and Ferguson turned towards the pavilion. But Blankney was equal to the occasion. The ball had scarcely reached the wicket before his hand was up. 'No ball!' he cried aloud. The unhappy XVI. groaned: Ferguson laughed, with a touch of surprise at the umpire's scrupulousness, and the game proceeded. When stumps were drawn the score read 642 for four wickets, and Ferguson had contributed the magnificent total of 437, not out. He had hit no fewer than ninety-two boundaries, besides three balls out of the ground for six.

The Vice-Principal sent off several wires that evening. In honour of the occasion, he announced at supper, he proposed to give a half-holiday next day, in order that the match might be continued.

Cricket is an excellent game, but even the keenest are apt to become slack after fielding out against some five hundred runs. The boys of Parkhurst were not particularly keen about cricket, and for some time it looked as though the unfortunate Blankney would have to face a serious riot on the Tuesday. A half-holiday was well enough, but it was poor fun having to waste it in this fashion. Had it not been for the redoubtable Ferguson, it is certain that there would have been little play that afternoon. But here it was that Ferguson came to the rescue, and with threats and blows (aided by those of the eleven who had not yet had their innings) drove the malcontents on to the field. But not even he could compel them to display any enthusiasm for the sport. They lay about the field, or walked unwillingly after the ball, while the bolder even practised gymnastic feats, such as standing upon their heads. It does not look well to see a cover-point doing catherine-wheels in the middle of an over, and Blankney was the more annoyed because several strangers, attracted no doubt by reports of Ferguson's great feat, had begun to collect round the scoring-shed. It looked as though the great record score, on which he had founded so many hopes, was about to degenerate into a farce.

But Fortune, for once, stood friend to Blankney. When things were at their worst, a cab was heard driving up the avenue, and the whispered *Cave!* ran round the field. It was the Head, returning from London a day earlier than had been anticipated. It is not too much to say that his opportune appearance saved the situation. With all his faults, and he had several, the Rev. John McRae was a man to be feared, and

his pupils knew it. New life seemed to come into them : the bowlers began to bowl again instead of tossing the ball up anyhow : the field ran eagerly after the longest drives : the whole scene was transformed. Blankney breathed a silent blessing as he called one of the eleven to take his place, and went off to explain matters to his chief. His task was over.

I quote from an enthusiastic paragraph in one of the chief sporting papers of that week :

> The boys of Parkhurst School are few in numbers but possessed of an indomitable resolution. When our representative arrived on the pretty little ground at Easthampton, he found the game proceeding as briskly as though it had just begun, whereas the telegraph-board showed the phenomenal score of 873, of which number no fewer than 600 were claimed by Mr. Ferguson, the crack batsman of this nest of cricketers, who increased his total by forty before the innings closed. The bowling and fielding was keen and smart, if not of the most scientific description. To have compiled a total of 640 runs under such conditions—it is to be remembered that there were sixteen boys in the field—constitutes a record of which any batsman may well be proud.

It was perhaps as well that the writer of this report happened to travel up with the headmaster, who very considerately gave him a seat in his cab, and entertained him at dinner in the evening.

The Vice-Principal's salary has been raised, and the redoubtable Ferguson has left—but not before he had received his five-pound note and innumerable bats from admirers all over the country. Parkhurst now boasts 120 scholars, and numbers among its staff at least four county players. It is really not a bad place to send your boy to, if you want him to learn cricket.

A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph sent in representing any sporting subject. Ten other prizes will also be given away each month, each of them consisting of an original drawing by one or other of the artists who illustrate the Magazine. Good clear pictures are of course necessary, and when possible the negative should be sent as well as the print. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each negative. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects, and these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, athletics are practised. Racing and steeplechasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. All matters of Public School interest will be welcome.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright on all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

THE NOVEMBER COMPETITION

The First Prize in the November competition has been divided among the following competitors: Mr. F. Quinton, Southampton; Mr. C. W. Abel, New Guinea; Miss Julia Dunne, Carlisle; Miss Cecily Adams, Wolstanton, Staffs; and Dr. J. Blackwood, Bloemfontein. Original drawings have been sent to a number of other competitors.

SOLENT ONE-DESIGN CLASS RACING OFF YARMOUTH, ISLE OF WIGHT
Photograph taken by Mr. F. Quinton, Southampton

NATIVES SHOOTING WILD DUCKS ON THE COAST OF KWATO, NEW GUINEA
Photograph taken by Mr. C. W. Abel, New Guinea

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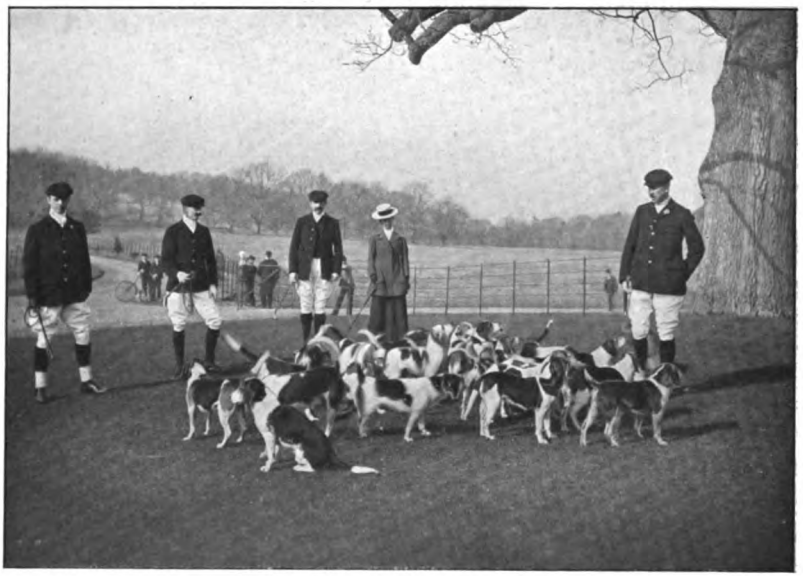
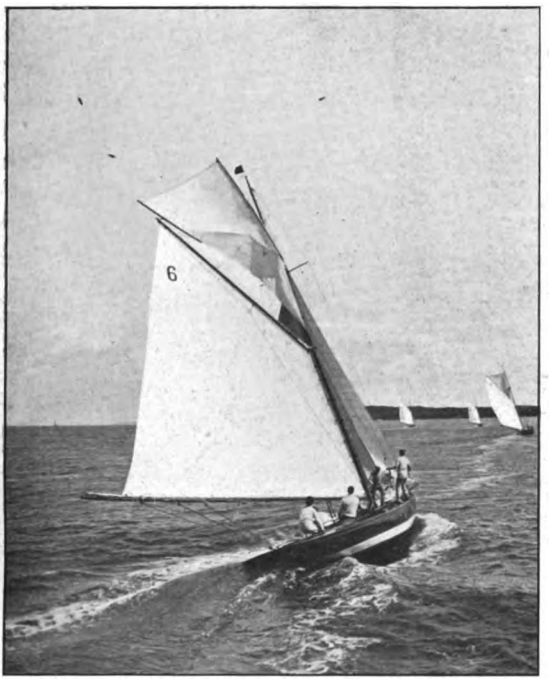


MRS. MORDAUNT LAWSON'S BEAGLES

Photograph taken by Miss Julia Dunne, Carlisle

ANTICIPATION

Photograph taken by Miss Cecily Adams, Wolstanton, Staffs



A STERN CHASE FOR 'POLYNIA' IN THE 36-FOOT CLASS IN SOLENT
Polynia is making an effort to improve her position by setting a topsail
Photograph taken by Mr. F. Quinton, Southampton

CRICKET MATCH BETWEEN THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 3RD YORKSHIRE REGIMENT AND 6TH ROYAL WARWICKSHIRE REGIMENT
Played on the ground of the Ramblers' Club, some time occupied by the Langman Hospital at Bloemfontein. Won by the Yorkshire Regiment
Photograph taken by Dr. J. Blackwood, Bloemfontein

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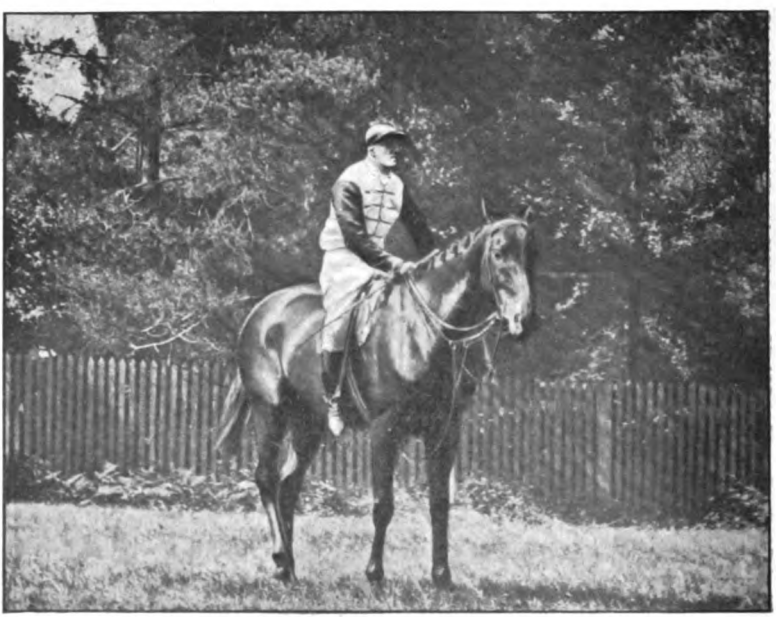
DR. HARCOURT COATES GAFFING A SALMON IN THE TAY, PERTHSHIRE
Photograph taken by Mrs. Harcourt Coates, Salisbury



'EAGER,' WITH MORNINGTON CANNON UP
Photograph taken by Mrs. Skidmore, Ascot

MR. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD GOING TO A MEET AT CUBLINGTON
Photograph taken by Mr. J. T. Newman, Berkhampstead

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS, OF THE 6TH ROYAL WARWICKSHIRE REGIMENT, WITH TROPHIES SHOT WHILE ON ACTIVE SERVICE IN SOUTH AFRICA
Photograph taken by Dr. J. Blackwood, Bloemfontein

UNIV OF

HARROW FOOTBALL. THE SECOND ELEVEN AGAINST A TEAM OF OLD HARROVIANS
Photograph taken by Mr. R. G. Cookson, 'Druries,' Harrow

DORA'S FIRST CYCLE RIDE
Photograph taken by Mr. J. Weston, Kew

A CUB-HUNTING MEET WITH SIR EVERARD CAYLEY'S HOUNDS
Photograph taken by Mr. A. H. Robinson, Hackness, Yorks

THROUGH THE ROUGH GRASS IN SEPTEMBER

Photograph taken by Miss Mabel M. Thomson, Woodperry, Oxford

SPORT ON THE QUIET. A RABBIT IN SIGHT

Photograph taken by Mr. A. S. Brookes, Clifton, Bristol

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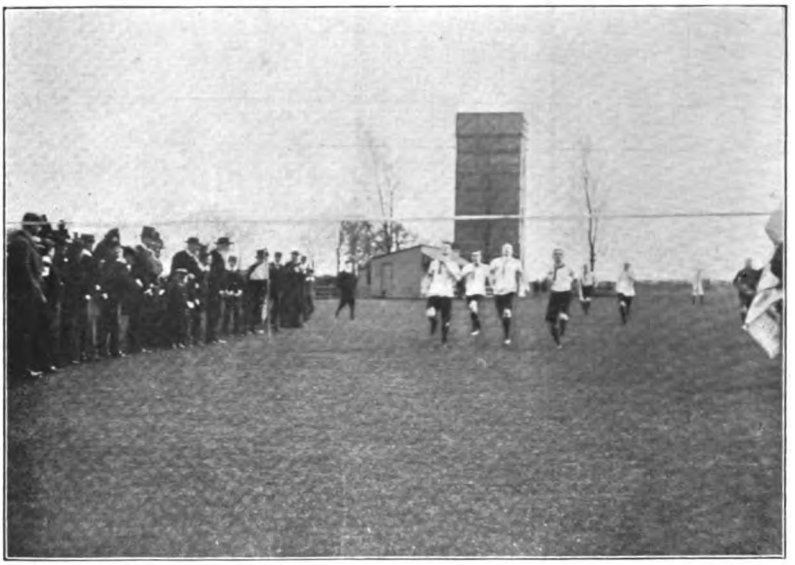
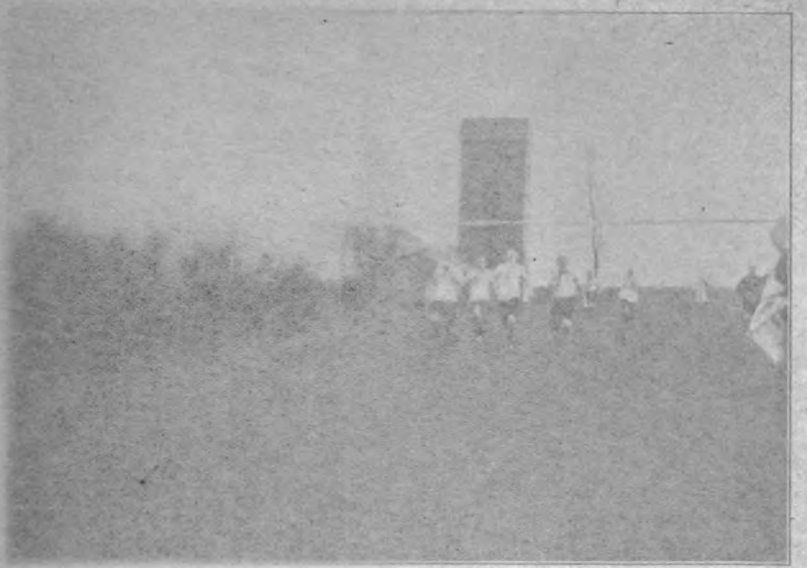


UPPINGHAM SCHOOL SPORTS. FINISH OF THE FINAL HEAT OF THE 220 YARDS RACE

Photograph taken by Mr. John H. B. Fletcher, St. John's College, Cambridge

DEER STALKING. GRALLOCHING

Photograph taken by Mr. Harold Cookson, Oakwood, Northumberland



FINISH OF THE FINAL HEAT OF THE 220 YARDS RACE

Photograph taken by Mr. John H. B. Fletcher, St. John's College, Cambridge

DEER STALKING. GRALLOCHING

Photograph taken by Mr. Harold Cookson, Oakwood, Northumberland

Photo. Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.

DIAMOND JUBILEE.

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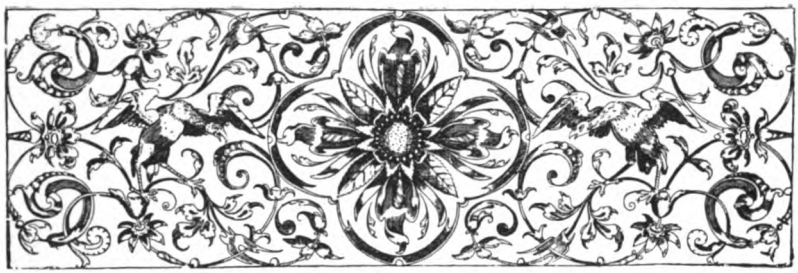

THE COLOURED PICTURES

THE promised experiment to which reference was made in the last number of this magazine has been carried out, and we present the coloured pictures with cheerful confidence that they will be appreciated. If it cannot absolutely be claimed for the *Badminton* that it is making an actual departure in a new direction hitherto unexplored by illustrated magazines, we hope it will be agreed that such satisfactory results have never previously been obtained. Diamond Jubilee is a bay colt, and it must surely be more effective so to show him, ridden by a jockey in the owner's colours, than to attempt a realisation in black and white? Much the same may be said of the 'Setters'; the 'Ruffed Grouse' again is here portrayed in his own tints and amongst his habitual surroundings. Another article, 'On Salting and Shore,' is illustrated, by way of contrast in black and white, with some drawings which we think it may be said could scarcely be more accurately or better done; but is not the coloured bird infinitely more telling? 'Well Over' is the fourth example, and for the original, as well as for the 'Setters,' we are indebted, it should be mentioned, to Mr. C. Klackner, of 12, Haymarket, London, and 7, West Twenty-Eighth Street, New York, a firm, it need scarcely be said, of the highest reputation in America as well as here. Seeking a few subject pictures, Mr. Klackner's was the first establishment to which we turned, knowing that in his admirably chosen collections we should find what we wanted, and the choice, we trust it will be agreed, was eminently judicious. We propose in future numbers to give a series of English—as well as of foreign—game birds, characteristic in attitude and surroundings, and shall in every way strive to perfect the new scheme of coloured illustration.

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NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

THE 'cross-country season opened rather tamely, as, indeed, it usually has done of late years, and it must, of course, to no small extent suffer by reason of the absence of many supporters of the game in South Africa. A friend of mine in command of a regiment there, and himself an owner of steeplechase horses, wrote to me the other day to say that he was laying odds none of them were back in time to see the National, but I hope he may be taking too gloomy a view of the situation. One of the few 'chasers of decent class that has run up to the time of writing is Cushendun, and already enthusiastic scribes have spoken of him as a possible winner of the great race at Aintree ; but his running last April in the Lancashire Steeplechase, the fact that Hidden Mystery gave him 1 st. 8 lb. and beat him a length and a half at Sandown, in the spring, and the further circumstance that old Model was trying to give him 7 lb. in the recent Great Sandown Steeplechase, tend strongly to discount high anticipation. I fancy that if Shipshape had been quite ready at Sandown Cushendun might have had a vast deal of trouble to give him 5 lb. ; and with regard to the National, so far as can be seen at present, I am inclined to doubt whether Hidden Mystery can be handicapped out of it—for of course he must be treated according to his performances. The Alresford stable, too, are also likely to have a very useful second string in Romanoff, who is on his legs again. However, it is a far cry at present to the Grand National.

The great thing needed for 'cross-country sport is energy and discrimination on the part of its rulers, the National Hunt Committee on the one hand and local stewards on the other. As regards the Committee it is a recognised fact that about half the members do not take the very faintest interest in steeplechasing, and seldom or never go near a racecourse during the steeplechase season, while the interest taken by the majority of the other half is for the most part fitful and exceedingly slight. It is a little compliment to ask a gentleman, who is more or less connected with racing, whether he would care to be put up for the Committee, and so the compliment is paid, but in a great many instances the governing body is by no means strengthened. Two or three men who really understand steeplechasing, and who regularly attend meetings, would be worth twenty or thirty ornamental members who never see a fence jumped between the flags. With regard to local stewards, too, it is to be hoped that Mr. James Lowther's reading of a steward's duties will not be accepted, at least if he is rightly understood to have said that stewards were not detectives or prosecuting counsel—I forget the precise terms of his letter, but fancy this was the gist of it. If stewards are not to watch carefully and act upon what they see, how are misdemeanours to be brought home to their perpetrators? If a jockey, at the instance of an owner, pulls out of the way to let something else win, that owner and jockey are not very likely to object. The man in the Club Stand may declare that he 'never saw such a thing in his life'—one hears the remark frequently—and the man in the ring may howl at the jockey who was not trying, but neither of these observers can take action in the matter. Also, when offences are brought home punishment should follow, and not the too familiar reprimand which has no sort of effect. A very bad case of foul riding occurred the other day. One of the few gentleman riders who do credit to the category was interfered with all the way round and nearly knocked out twice. 'I shouldn't have been surprised at a little interference if I had wanted to come out on the *inside*,' he said, 'but I might have been allowed to come up on the *outside*.' The stewards, however, thought a pleasant little caution quite enough to meet the demerits of the case.

Years ago I used to write a good deal about systems at Roulette, and received much assistance from a friend, 'C. C. W.,' who had sat at the tables at Monte Carlo day after day and

week after week for long periods together, with the object of examining and investigating results. We both agreed that anything like an infallible system was utterly impossible. I have not altered my belief, neither, indeed, has my friend, whose conclusion is 'that when perpetual motion has been discovered, when the circle has been squared, and two and two have ceased to make four, even then it will remain impossible to gain any advantage over the bank by constantly repeating the same process, whilst the loss by zero is, and for ever must remain, unavoidable.' In zero the bank obviously possesses an invincible advantage over the player on all even chances; on the other hand the player has a certain advantage over the bank in his ability to increase or decrease his stake; but this advantage, which would so greatly aid the player if he had practically unlimited capital, is interfered with in two ways: by the maximum, and by the extraordinary length to which a run adverse to the particular system, whatever it may be, is sometimes protracted. Thus, for instance, according to 'C. C. W.'s' careful calculation, a run of 18 reds or blacks should occur only once in a year, and a run of 20 only once in four years; but of course it *may* be that such a run would come up twice or thrice in an afternoon, and then not again for the number of years that would bring the event to its just proportion.

So rooted was my disbelief in systems that I was not a little astonished when 'C. C. W.' came to see me the other day, and told me that he had been playing on a system—the thing we had agreed to despise—for fourteen days, and had won steadily. It will be understood that he has really studied the question and has a perfect apprehension of the difficulties in the way of the player. The following, however, is the result of his essay. The figures were obtained last year (1900) at Monte Carlo, and the highest stake he had ever to put down was seven times his unit:

1900	Won on Day.	Total of Points won.
July 25 . . .	38 ...	38
,, 26 . . .	80 ...	118
,, 27 . . .	59 ...	177
,, 28 . . .	44 ...	221
,, 29 . . .	64 ...	285
,, 30 . . .	61 ...	346
,, 31 . . .	47 ...	393
Aug. 1 . . .	77 ...	470

1900	Won on Day.	Total of Points won.
Aug. 2 . . .	93 ...	563
,, 3 . . .	79 ...	642
,, 4 . . .	70 ...	712
,, 5 . . .	49 ...	761
,, 6 . . .	19 ...	780
7 . . .	83 ...	863

The above is certainly remarkable, but I do not for a moment imagine that El Dorado has been discovered, or that the bank at Monte Carlo will shortly be broken and finally closed. It is probable, indeed, that many systems would show a profit for fourteen days, luck being on the side of the player; but then luck is sometimes on the side of the bank! When a system begins to go wrong it does so with amazing rapidity, figures suddenly grow huge, the maximum intervenes, the whole thing is shattered; and then there is that constant temptation just for once to abandon the system and try some other combination. 'C. C. W.' has, he tells me, tested his new idea by the printed records of forty-eight consecutive days' play at No. 2 table at Monte Carlo. In all, during this time, there were 31,374 spins; and it is extraordinary that the number of blacks and reds that came up should have been so very nearly as they were: of the former there were 15,292, of the latter, 15,283, and there were 799 zeros. The total result of this forty-eight days' test was an average daily win of forty-four points. The system won on forty-three days, lost on only five, and this sounds promising; but on four days sixty-three times the unit had to be employed, and I suppose that two or three unlucky turns after this would have led to the withdrawal of the player hopelessly beaten.

I have received many letters on the subject of the proportion of the various game birds, hares, and rabbits now killed, but have only room this month for the enclosed from my friend, Mr. John Scott-Montagu, M.P. He writes: 'If the principal kinds of game killed annually in the British Islands are confined to what are killed on land known as "shooting estates" the proportion would be quite different between different kinds of game as compared with the number shot everywhere in the British Islands. For instance, the tenant farmer kills hares and rabbits, and there are numerous shootings, both of large and small acreage, in which rabbits are

practically the sole bag. But generally I do not feel inclined to agree with your correspondent in his idea of the proportions of each kind of game killed. To take birds first, I should be disposed to think that more pheasants are killed than any other kind of winged game, and far more than partridges ; for it is quite a first-class estate on which anything approaching a thousand brace of partridges a year are killed, whereas many estates can boast of two thousand pheasants, and many more a larger number of pheasants, and yet not even five hundred partridges. Roughly speaking, the midlands of England are not good for partridges, and partridge driving is not much understood there. In Norfolk, Suffolk, Hampshire, and Yorkshire partridge driving, which is synonymous with a large bag of partridges, is mostly practised. Therefore, from my experience of shooting all over the country, I should feel inclined to think that your correspondent exaggerates the number of partridges killed. Next to pheasants I should certainly put grouse, but I should say that three pheasants are probably killed for every one grouse in an average year, though there may be exceptional years, such as the present, in which the grouse total must be much higher. As regards rabbits, the numbers would be almost impossible to compute, and I should be inclined to say that more than ten times as many rabbits are killed—including capture by wire and trap—as any other form of game. Hares I should be inclined to bracket with grouse. Wildfowl now total up to a considerable number, and perhaps amount to half as many hares as are shot in the British Isles. For the future we may expect to see a large annual increase in the number of pheasants, as this has now been reduced to a matter merely requiring an honest keeper and a certain expenditure of money. Partridges, on the other hand are the product of good soil and good management ; the former not so very common, the latter rare.'

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The Badminton Magazine

ADVICE ON FOX-HUNTING

BY LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE

III. To Whippers-In

Summer Exercise, and Breaking Young Hounds

Of course, during the first few weeks of horse exercise, no young hound should be allowed to break away at all, or the whole entry will soon become wild and demoralised.

Later on, if a hare gets up, or any other temptation to riot arises, the hounds should be allowed a good look at the cause of it without any one saying a word. The steady hounds, when they see what it is, will do nothing, but if one of the wilder customers wants to have his fling, let him go for at least two hundred yards, as long as he gets through no fence, over which you cannot follow him, and then ride quietly and quickly to his

head, and let him have it as hot as you can. When he has felt the lash then, and not till then, rate him soundly and frighten him back to the huntsman.

If you ride after a riotous hound, holloaing at him from behind, you not only destroy your chance of hitting him, but will, by your ill-judged noise, as often as not make some of the others join him. Similarly, in the hunting season, when the pack is being cast, and a young hound starts after a hare, *the quieter you are, and every one else is, the better.* Get to the offender and punish him severely if you possibly can, but do not begin holloaing at him, and thereby causing the rest of the pack to get their heads up. It is far from an easy thing to hit a hound when he is running riot, and it is an accomplishment that few whippers-in, in these days, seem to possess; but remember, the less noise you make before you get to him, the better chance you have, and above all never be tempted to revenge yourself, *by hitting him at some future time when he is doing no harm.*

If a hound hangs back in covert after it has been drawn blank, ride in and give him a hiding if you can, but never hit one and cut him off from the huntsman after he is outside. Hounds that habitually hang back in covert should be drafted speedily.

Always be attentive when the pack is travelling along a road to prevent their picking up anything, and always be ready to open the gates in turn.

Drawing and Running in Covert.

Remember that the moment the hounds throw off you are as much on duty as a sentinel at a Royal Palace, and if any of the field is foolish enough to try and engage you in a conversation you should respectfully, but firmly, decline to have your attention taken off the hounds. Always remember that the Master is your master, and not 'the field' or any member of it. I have actually seen a whipper-in standing in a ride, in a wood, where we had a beaten fox before us, and where there were several fresh foxes, waiting while one of the field fumbled for some time in his pockets, to find a sovereign for him, I suppose.

When a large covert, where there are plenty of foxes, is being drawn up wind, which should always be done if possible, the whippers-in should both keep near the hounds, about level

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"WELL WITH THEM!"

UNIV. OF MICH.

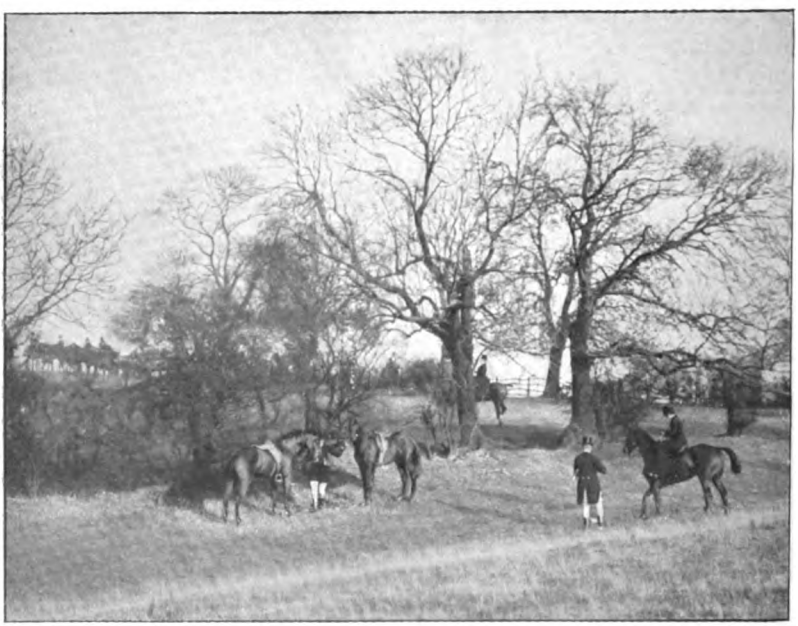
with the leading ones and a bit wide, one on each side of the pack, and should not ride on to view a fox. You will get no credit from the huntsman for holloaing a fox a quarter of a mile off when the pack have unkennelled a brace and are on the point of dividing close to him. I have more than once seen a whipper-in get so far up wind of the pack that the latter have found a fox and turned short back down wind, and he has gone riding on and known nothing about it. Besides, it is far better for hounds to find their fox for themselves than that they should be holloaed to him over a ride, and

they should always be allowed to do so in the cub-hunting months. The case is altered later on in the season, and if a woodland is drawn down wind, or there is no wind at all, or if foxes are very scarce, or the covert is very thin. In most of these cases one whipper-in should keep well ahead of the huntsman, or the best, or perhaps the only, fox may slip off without being seen and get a long start. There is a vast difference between up and down wind, and thick and thin covert, yet some whippers-in never seem to understand this.

Wherever you are, as soon as you hear the hounds find, and your huntsman cheer them, *get to them as soon as you can*, and take a ride parallel to that along which the huntsman is riding so that you may have the pack between you and him; do your

best to maintain to his horn and holloa, and prevent the pack from dividing. If they cross a ride into another quarter let him know at once. *Stick to your hounds and never mind the foxes.*

In cub-hunting when your orders are to head the fox back, be careful to stand well out from the covert, keep your eyes, as the American saying is, *skinned*, and crack your whip and holloa at the fox the moment he shows his face ; it will be too late to do so if he gets twenty or thirty yards away before you see him.



When you have turned him back, let the huntsman know by holloaing 'Tally-ho-back !'

If you are in a ride which you have been told to prevent a fox from crossing, a little *judicious* use of your voice may help to do what is wanted, and will do no harm, *as long as the pack are running with a good cry;* but the instant they throw up, shut your mouth and tap your saddle, or you will get their heads up at the very moment when every hound should have his down looking for his fox. Nothing is more irritating to a huntsman than to have the attention of his hounds taken off at this critical moment by a fool of a whip halloaing 'Loo-Loo !' just when he ought to be perfectly quiet.

In watching a ride or looking out for a view anywhere, never take your eyes or your attention off for a moment. If you do, the fox will surely cross at that very instant, and you will look an idiot if you tell the huntsman the fox has not crossed or gone your way, and the pack come up and take the scent up with a good cry. When the hunted fox crosses be sure you holloa 'Tally-ho-over!' and if he turns back 'Tally-ho-back!'

You will do more harm than good by turning a fox back in

a wood unless he is almost done, as hounds will run him better on fresh ground, and if he keeps straight on. But when he is beaten he should be kept back in one quarter if possible. This should always be done, both in cub-hunting and regular hunting; also if there are many fresh foxes in the covert, so as to avoid changing on to one of them.

Breaking Covert in Regular Hunting.

Where your object is to view the fox away, stand close to the covert, and in a position where you can see as far along the side of it and over as much country as possible; let the fox get right well away, a good field, at least, and then holloa 'Forward

away!' as loud as you like. Watch him as far as you can, and observe, at all events, where he went through the first fence. If he goes away a long distance from you, do not ride up to the place where he broke and begin holloaing down wind, where no one can hear you, but rather turn back towards the huntsman so as to make certain of being heard.

Similarly, if you hear a holloa that the huntsman cannot, do not ride on to the person who is holloaing, for if you do the huntsman will be no more able to hear you than him. Turn back towards the huntsman and pass the holloa on to him.

Never ride after the fox or on his line at all. Should the fox show himself and turn back, *keep perfectly quiet*, and he will probably go away directly. If, however, the day is a very bad scenting one, and the huntsman is evidently going to draw over his fox, you must let him know in some way or other that there is a fox in the covert. When the fox is away, and the huntsman is coming up with the pack, ride close up to him and tell him quietly what has happened, and how far you saw the fox.

Always remember that the whipper-in who gets most credit from the huntsman is he who makes the latter's task the easiest.

If one or two couples of hounds come out on the line of the fox ahead of the rest, *it is your duty to stop them at all hazards.* If they get two or three fields start in a stiff country they will spoil any run, however good the scent. This is especially the case on a wild windy day, when the fox has started down wind. On days of this sort, and indeed on a good many others, it is better for the huntsman to blow his hounds out of covert at a place *where the fox has not gone away*, and lay them on in a body afterwards. One minute *judiciously* spent in giving every hound a fair start will be saved over and over again in the course of the run.

When the hounds are away it is usual for the first whip to go on with them, and for the second to stay and see them all away; but if the second whip holloas the fox away, and the first is a good way back, the former should go on with the huntsman till the latter comes up, when the second whip can fall back and save his horse, which may have to carry him all day.

When you are bringing up the tail hounds, and you are near the body of the pack, be careful not to make any noise, or you will infallibly get the leading hounds' heads up should they happen to be at fault. If the latter are running hard those with you will soon leave you and join them.

Hunting a Fox in the Open.

When you have to turn hounds remember that you cannot do so *unless you get to their heads.* Very often one sees a huntsman blowing his horn, an unjumpable fence between him and the pack, and the whipper-in on the same side of the fence as the huntsman rating and holloaing at the hounds. He is really doing his best to drive them still farther from the huntsman and increasing his difficulties. No huntsman who knows anything of his business will be angry with you for not being at the heads of

the hounds on all occasions, as it is often a physical impossibility for you to be so ; but he will be angry, and rightly so, if, just to show you are somewhere near, and are doing something, you get between him and the pack and rate them farther away from him. Similarly, when he is blowing them away from a covert after a fox, get to them and rate them on if you can, but if that is impossible, do the next best thing and hold your tongue.

When the pack are running riot or heel, and you go to stop them, take a look at the fences and gates before you start, and make up your mind exactly where you will get to their heads, and do not ride crossways at the middle of the pack only to cross the line behind them just as the tail hounds are going through a fence.

In the open when you have turned the hounds, which, if you get to their heads, is done with a word, your work is finished for the moment; on no account ride after them cracking your whip and rating them, or you will very likely drive them clean over the line of scent, and on a bad scenting day are nearly sure to do so. Your best plan is to canter back towards the huntsman so as to be ready to help him to prevent any of the hounds from taking up the line heel way. This stupid bungle is generally the huntsman's own fault, as he ought to cast his hounds *in front of him;* but sometimes on windy days, when the fox has gone straight down wind, it is a little difficult to prevent it. When you are sent on to obtain information from some one who has seen the fox, find out as quickly as you can all he has to tell you and then *take off your cap*, and point out the fox's line. If you point with your hand only it is almost impossible to see it from a distance.

When the pack run into a covert of moderate size the first whip should watch which side the huntsman goes, and should ride along the other, taking care to keep as nearly opposite him as possible. The second whip, especially if the hounds are running up wind, or have a tired fox before them, should hang back till he is quite certain they are 'forward away' on the line. If they are running with even a moderate scent, the whips will do more good by acting in this way than by galloping on to the end for a view, as they will run no risk of heading the fox and perhaps spoiling the run of the season. *If the fox keeps straight on the hounds will run him* if there is any scent at all, but he will very likely be lost if the whole establishment goes forward and he lies down and slips back without being seen.

Some huntsmen, on nearing a small covert, are fond of catching hold of their hounds, and holding them forward so as to hit the fox's line if he has gone through. If this is done it is an absolute necessity that one of the whips should hang back till the line has been hit off. If the covert is a large one, the huntsman will, of course, go in with his hounds, and the first whip should take a ride parallel to him, so that they may have the hounds between them. If the hounds are running down wind the second whip may with advantage get on to the far end, but if it is up wind or the fox is tired, he will do better to keep a quarter behind the huntsman, as in these cases the fox is sure to turn back before he has gone far, *and if he does not the hounds will soon run into him without help.*

A hunted fox is a most difficult thing to be certain about, and at times even the most experienced will be deceived. A fox that is very tired indeed will at times, and especially if he is being holloaed at, look and move exactly like a fresh one ; but if you are lucky enough to get a good view of him without his seeing you, you can generally tell. If you are a good way ahead of the hounds, and the hunted fox comes up to you and lies down, and you hear the pack hunting up to him, *let him lie;* watch him, but do not say a word. Every minute he lies there

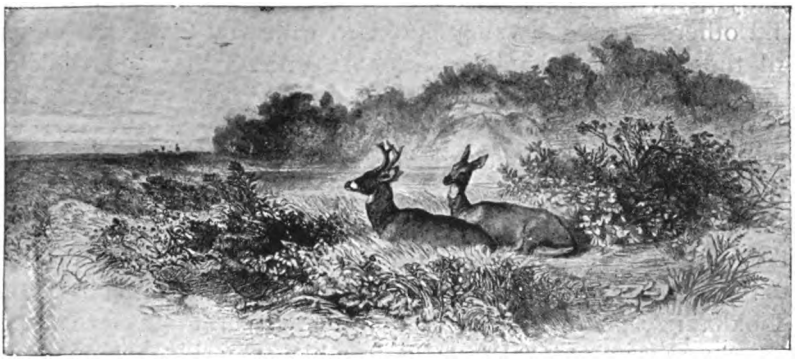
is bringing his enemies nearer to him, and making his death more certain. Of course, if the hounds are manifestly at fault, or have changed on to a fresh fox, you must attract the huntsman's attention somehow. In the open this can generally be done by holding up your cap without moving the fox ; in covert you will probably be obliged to give him a holloa, but you must not do so till other means have failed.

Lastly, save your horses as much as you can consistently with doing your work, and save them before they are tired ; it is too late to do so afterwards. Always choose the best and soundest going you can. Jump no large fence when a small one or a gate will land you as near the hounds.

Try and keep up your zeal and attention all day, and be as

keen in the evening as in the morning; and as long as the huntsman thinks it worth while to persevere after his fox do you persevere too, and do your level best to help to end the day with a kill, *however hopeless such a result may at times appear.*

Always be neat and tidy, and take a pride in cleaning your hunting things well and putting them on smartly.



SPORT IN THE THAMES VALLEY

BY C. J. CORNISH

PROPERTIES in the Valley of the Thames are, as a rule, not large. The beauty of the river is such, and the richness of the soil so great, that competition has cut up the manors. The soil, too, is very productive; consequently, in old England, seven hundred acres of Thames Valley land would keep a decent house as respectably as double that amount would elsewhere. The absence of large properties is always against game preservation. But, acre for acre, the Thames Valley will carry as large a head as any area outside Norfolk, if properly looked after. Except the flooded meadows, it is all naturally good partridge ground. The climate is genial, the seasons early. Almost the first corn cut in England is harvested on the river gravels between Teddington and Basildon. The lower slopes of the chalk hills which border on either side are famous ground for all game. Beyond, and up the valley, Newnham, Bagley Wood, the Earl of Abingdon's property at Wytham, with Wytham Woods, and Mr. Mason's at Eynsham, where four hundred brace of partridge have been killed in one day's driving, are all attractive shooting estates. Blenheim is not far off, and all through the Oxfordshire section it is full of great woods the natural home of pheasants. There are so many pleasant rivers, tributaries of the main flood: the Fairford Colne, full of trout; the otter-haunted Windrush; the Cherwell, populous with chub; the Gleam; and the Evenlode; and so

many great lakes—like Blenheim, Wootton, Eynsham, Buscot, and others—that the valley is dotted with wild-fowl sanctuaries. All these 'natural commodities' are united, brought together, and provided with a common road for animals, birds, and fish, by the good river Thames itself.

For the last four years the writer, sometimes alone, sometimes with friends, rented a shoot on a most representative part of the river. It was half-way between the upper and lower Thames—situate between what we may call the Soudan above Oxford, and the upper and lower Egypt of Pangbourne and Cookham respectively. It was eminently rural—a place where the river was a natural feature, to which partridge came down to drink every evening, and farmers came out for a row on summer afternoons. Great flat meadows full of long aftermath went down to the waterside, meadows full of partridge on hot September afternoons. A wood of a hundred acres fringed the stream, full of pretty rides and fairly stocked with wild game. Above it were two hills, one crowned with an ancient British camp, and, opposite, an abbey dating from the Saxon Heptarchy. Best of all, the ground was well farmed and well suited for partridge. In 1896 they were really thick there. In the subsequent years, though not so numerous, there were always enough for sport. Partridge shooting on these flats was more pleasant in practice than interesting in words, for, after driving all the stubble into big fields of roots, all that was needed was straight shooting, though luncheon by the river in the cool meadows under the willows, or by the side of a foaming weir, and going down to the starting-place with guns and dogs in a boat, left agreeable memories. But the September sport was only one of many pleasant episodes. Fish, fowl, or foxes, eel-traps, barbelling, shooting the wood regularly or irregularly, and a fine mixture of subjects to interest the field naturalist, made up a varied sportsman's year. Perhaps I may borrow a hint from Mr. Rider Haggard's charming 'Farmers' Year,' and set down a few dates and days from my diary at different seasons, and begin, like Chaucer, at the inn.

November 1.—I looked in at the village inn before dinner, to arrange about sending off some game. This inn, though in the village street, abuts on a beautiful backwater, shaded by big trees, and full of fish among deeps and shallows, gravel beds, and holes. The usual gathering was there—the employers of labour in the parlour and the labourers in a brick-floored room in front, with a high settle running right round it to keep the

draught out, and the heat of the fire in, together with a fine mixed odour of burning wood, beer, and pipes. Sport was the pervading topic, for a popular resident had been shooting his wood, and many of the men had been beating for him and had their usual half-crown to spend.

They were all talking over the day at the top of their voices. It had been a very good one. The wood is quite isolated, and not more than forty acres. All round it is the property of one of the Oxford Colleges, which retains the sporting rights over about 1500 acres. This is exercised by one of their senior Fellows, under some arrangement which works perfectly well, so far as I can see. I asked our keeper, who always calls him 'The Doctor,' whether he was a medicine doctor or a Doctor of Divinity. He inclined to think he was the latter, 'as he belonged to College shooting.' This way of putting it struck me as odd, but he was right. Anyway, he looks a very pleasant figure in his long shooting-coat and old-fashioned Bedford cords.

There is also a College keeper, who is an institution in the village. The day's sport in the 'Captain's' wood had been a success. Forty hares had been shot, or just one per acre, as well as a number of rabbits and wild pheasants. The hares were being sent round the village in very generous fashion, and a dozen lay on a bench in a back room, where some game shot by us were also placed. The landlord, after inquiring about our recent shooting luck, went out, and came back into the parlour, saying, 'Now, sir, will you look at my sport?' He carried on a tray two large chub, weighing about 3½ lbs. each, which he had caught in the river just behind the house. Their colour—olive and silver, scarlet and grey—was simply splendid. Laid on the table, with one or two hares and cock pheasants and a few brace of partridges, they made a fine sporting group in still life—a regular Thames Valley yield of fish and fowl. The landlord is a quiet enthusiast in this Thames fishing. It is a pleasure to watch him at work, whether being rowed down on a hot summer day by one of his men, and casting a long line under the willows for chub, or hauling out big perch or barbel. All his tackle is exquisitely kept—as well kept as the yeoman's arrows and bow in the 'Canterbury Tales.' His baits are arranged on the hook as neatly as a good cook sends up a boned quail. He gets all his worms from Nottingham. I notice that, among anglers, the man who gets his worms from Nottingham is as much a *connoisseur* as the man who imported his own wine used to be among dinner givers. There are a few

other first-class Thames fishermen near, drawn, as is always the case, from all classes. These are the only people who really catch fish. The amateur visitor never even samples the vast quantity of heavy coarse fish with which the Thames swarms. To give an instance of the difference between the results when a practised fisherman versed in all the arts of Thames fishing tries his hand, and the humble reward of a few miserable roach made by the ordinary rod with a worm at one end of it and a fool at the other. For about two years the people near had told me stories of regular herds of barbel, 'like great pigs,' said to frequent the holes by the bridge piers. Sometimes they saw them fling themselves out of the water in the early mornings, a trick big barbel have, whereby tales of wondrous Thames trout are circulated. I certainly did see where the barbel had been 'routing' in the gravel and mud, if it was not where people had been dragging punt poles. But I confess I never saw one, and took a rather languid interest in the matter. Then a gentleman came down and took a house on the river for his family. He was a real Thames fisherman. In about one day he found out where these barbel were. They were not under the bridge piers at all, or near them. About one o'clock one beautiful August morning he rowed up to the landing-stage with one or two ladies in a punt. Also some rods. He then opened a small well in the punt and lifted out, one after the other, six great barbel—weird-looking grey and golden fish, made so flat under the chest and jaw that they will lie on their stomachs on the ground back upwards, with their great sucking down-turned mouths on the grass, rather like the conventional dolphins which Cupids hold up on fountains. They had lost several more, but these weighed, on an average, 4 lbs. apiece. As a sad instance of the uselessless of 'instinct' unaided by teaching in the pursuit of Thames fish, I may quote the following adventure of my own. Though not a fisherman, I possess a kind of rat-catching cunning which often enables me to catch fish. I had noticed the number of *huge* chub—I use the adjective advisedly—which lay under the willow bushes by a certain narrow meadow, greedy but suspicious. They were as shy as Dovedale trout, for if they saw you they simply would not rise. Even if you did manage to push a rod through the boughs of a willow, just as a 4-lb. monster came at the bumble bee you were titivating the water with and making the most delicious little 'bobbles' and rings, the brute's eye would catch yours—and then you did not catch *him*.

Drifting against a willow bush one day, the branches of which came right down over the water like a crinoline, I saw inside and under the branches a number of fair-sized chub, of about 1 lb. or 1½ lb. It struck me that they felt themselves absolutely safe there, and that if in any way I could get a bait over them they might take it. The entry under which I find this chronicled is August 24. Next morning when the sun was hot I got a stiff rod, and caught a few grasshoppers. Overnight I had cut out a bough or two at the back of the willow bush, and there was just a chance that I might be able to poke my rod in and drop the grasshopper on the water. After that I must trust to the strength of the gut, for the fish would be unplayable. It was almost like fishing in a faggot stack. Peering through the willow leaves I could just see down into the water where a patch of sunlight about a yard square struck the surface. Under this skylight I saw the backs of several chub pass as they cruised slowly up and down. I twisted the last two feet of my line round the rod top, poked this into the bush, with infinite bother and pluckings at my line between the rings, and managed to drop the 'hopper' on to the little bit of sunny water. What a commotion there was! The chub thought they were all in sanctuary and that no one was looking. I could see six or seven of them, evidently all cronies and old acquaintances, the sort of fish that have known one another for years and would call each other by their Christian names. They were as cocky and consequential as possible, cruising up and down with an air, and staring at each other and out through the screen of leaves between them and the river, and every now and then taking something off a leaf and spitting it out again in a very independent *connoisseur*-like way. The moment the grasshopper fell there was a regular rush to the place, very different from what their behaviour would have been outside the bush.

There was a hustle and jostle to look at it, and then to get it. They almost fought one another to get a place. Flop! Splash! Wallop! 'My grasshopper, I think.' 'I saw it first.' 'Where are you shoving to?' 'O—oh—what is the matter with William?' I called him William because he had a mark like a W on his back. But he was hooked fast, and hung flopping and held quite tight by a very strong hook and gut, like a bull with a ring and a pole fastened to his nose. I got him out too—not a big fish, but about 1½ lbs.

This, though only a '*succès d'estime*,' showed pretty clearly

that where chub can be fished for 'silently, invisibly,' they can still be caught, even though steam launches or row boats are passing every ten minutes. This was mid-August; my next venture nearly realised the highest ambitions of a chub-fisher. It also showed the sad limitations of mere instinctive fishing aptitudes in the human being as contrasted with the mental and bodily resources of a fish with a deplorably low facial angle and a very poor *morale*. There was just one place on the river where it seemed possible to remain unseen yet to be able to drop a bait over a chub. A willow tree had fallen, and smashed through a willow *bush*. Its head struck out like a feather brush in front and made a good screen. On either side were the boughs of the bush, high, but not too high to get a rod over them, if I walked along the horizontal stem of the tree. It was only a small tree, and a most unpleasant platform. But I had caught a most appetising young frog, rather larger than a domino, which I fastened to the hook, and after much manœuvring I dropped this where I knew some large chub lay. As the tree had only been blown down a day before, I was certain that they had never been fished for at that spot.

I was right; hardly had the frog touched the water when I saw a monster chub rise like a dark salamander out of the depths. Slowly he rose and eyed the frog, moving his white lips as if the very sight imparted a gusto to the natural excellence of young frogs. I nearly dropped from the tree stem from sheer suspense, when he made up his mind, put on steam, and took it! He was fast in a minute, and kindly rushed out into the river where I played him. Then I wound in my line and hauled him up till his head and mouth were out of the water. As there was an impenetrable screen of bushes between him and me I laid the rod down, trusting to the tackle, and ran round to where close by was a farm punt, made fast. It had been used during harvest time and was full of what in the classics they call the 'implements of Ceres.' All of these that do not seem made to cut your leg off are designed to run into and spike you. Besides scythes and reap hooks, there were iron rakes (sharp end upwards), wooden rakes, pitchforks, and garden forks, and the difficulty was to move in the punt without getting cut or spiked. The last users of the punt had also taken peculiar care to fasten it up. It was anchored by a grapnel, and by an iron pin on a chain, the pin eighteen inches long and driven hard into the bank. In a desperate hurry I hauled up the grapnel, did a regular Sandow feat, in pulling up the iron peg, seized a

punt pole, apparently weighted with lead, but made out of an ash sapling, and started the punt. It would not move! I found there was another mooring, so, picking my way among the scythes, spikes, rakes, &c., I hauled this in. It was most infernally heavy, and turned out to be a cast-iron wheel of a steam plough or other farming implement. Then I was under way and got round to the fish. It was still there. I could see its expressionless eye (about as big as a sixpence) out of the water, and its mouth wide open, when I remembered I had forgotten the landing net in my hurry. Then came the period of mental aberration common to the amateur. The fish was certainly 4 lbs. in weight. Yet I tried to get him in with my hands. Of course he gave one big flop, slipped out and disappeared—the biggest chub I ever shall *not* catch. To console myself I went with a boy to the flats about two miles off, where the corn had just been reaped near the meadows by the river, where large flocks of pigeons, green plover, and stock doves had been feeding for days. It was a lovely August afternoon, the contrast of the golden wheat and yellow stubble with the wonderful green of the wet meadows, and the rich verdure of the big patches of turnips being quite delightful to the eye. Hundreds of pigeons and plover were there; but to get a shot was quite another matter. After 'scouting' carefully for some time I saw that when the plover rose they generally flew from one large field of turnips to another about a quarter of a mile off, passing a deep ditch near a certain tree. There was not a hedge or a tree anywhere else on this fertile corn-sown flat. But this seemed to offer a chance. Accordingly I strolled down to the ditch (about half a mile across the flats), and told a boy to walk round at a distance and disturb one of the turnip fields, when he saw me hidden. It was one of the most successful little ambushes I have ever made. I got down into the ditch, and remained neatly screened by a mass of tall willow herb; nor had I long to wait before all the various birds feeding in the big turnip field began to cross over to the other. In about six minutes I killed two wood-pigeons, a turtle dove, a stock dove, two green plover and a carrion crow. Both pigeons and plover are at their very best for the table at this time of the year. The pigeons have been fattening for weeks on the pea-fields; and the plover shot are generally young ones, the old birds being too cautious to run risks.

November 5.—We celebrated Guy Fawkes Day by shooting the wood. It took two days this year, for rabbits were

unusually numerous, and many squares had to be beaten twice. The gross total of the two days was only something over 300 head; but it was all wild game, and shot in very pretty surroundings. The beaters were the keeper, who is also head woodman, and two assistant woodmen. These three men cut the whole of the 100 acres down in the course of seven years. Putting their lives at something over three score and ten, they will, as they began before they were twenty-one, have cut the wood down about eight times in the course of their existence. The beaters are entirely recruited from the staff of this very large and well-managed farm. They have beaten the woods so often that they know exactly what to do, when properly generalled. Our landlord was one of the guns, and his son, who does not shoot, but knows the wood thoroughly, kindly took command of the men, and kept things going at best pace through the day. Anything prettier than the entrance to the wood would be hard to find. A long meadow slopes steeply to the Thames, with an old church and the remains of a manor house at one end and the wood at the other. Below a roaring weir, and opposite the abbey. Our little campaign gave it an added interest. The bulk of the men were going round behind the hills to drive these 'kopjes' into the wood. The guns and one or two ladies, and some small boys bearing burdens were walking up the middle ride. Below was the silver Thames in best autumn livery, for the leaf was not yet off the willows, though the reed-beds were bright russet. The sky was blue, the sun bright, and the sound of the weir came gaily up through the trees. All the wood-paths were bright with moss, the air still, and an endless shower of leaves from the oaks was falling over the whole hundred acres. There were just enough wild pheasants in the wood to make a variety in the rabbit-shooting. Hares were unexpectedly numerous. We lined up on the side of the wood furthest from the river for a hare drive. These animals leave the cover when the leaves are falling, perhaps because they dislike the noise, and sit out on the slopes above. The whole hillside is without a hedge. Watching the long slope it is a pretty and exciting sport to see the coveys of partridge, of which there are sometimes a number on the hill, rise, fly down and pitch again, and then rise once more and come fifty miles an hour over your head into the wood.

The hares are generally very wild, getting up while the folds of the ground are still between them and the beaters. As they seldom come straight into the wood it is amusing to

guess which particular gun they will make for. Most of them slipped in at a safe distance, only to be picked up in the wood later. A few birds were shot, and the cover now held some forty partridge, though they are very wild in the 'low slop,' and seldom leave more than one or two stragglers behind when the wood is beaten. The rabbit shooting in the cover is difficult unless firing at 'creepers' from the cover in front is indulged in. The rides are often very narrow, and the rabbits cross like lightning. Shooting 'creepers' is also highly dangerous if there are many guns or if the men are near. They do not seem to mind; indeed, I have known them shout out exhortations to us to fire when only screened by a row of thistles. One thing I have learnt by shooting this big wood. The hares, and late in the season the rabbits, move at least one square ahead of the beaters. If a single gun is kept well forward, choosing his own place and taking turns about with the others, the bag, if it is wished to kill down the ground game, will be considerably increased. One object when shooting this wood is to get the ground beaten quickly. If there are twenty squares to be beaten, and five minutes is wasted at each, it means a loss of one hour forty minutes! The guns consequently go best pace to their places forward after each beat. What with running at a jog-trot down the rides, shooting hard when in place, and then getting on quickly to the next stand, often along spongy or clayey rides, on a nice warm moist November day, this is by no means the armchair work which people are fond of calling wood shooting. The variety of scenery in the wood added much to the charm. Sometimes we were in narrow rides covered with short turf and almost arched over by the tall hazels. Sometimes we were in 'low slop,'[1] or walking through last year's cuttings, shooting at impossible rabbits. There we had an occasional rise of those most difficult of all birds to kill, partridge in cover, killing both French and English birds; or a cock pheasant would rise and hustle forward, an agreement having been made to leave these till properly beaten up later in the day. Two very pretty corners were perhaps the most enjoyable parts of the sport. By the river was a flat reed-and-rush-covered corner, with a ring of oaks round, the Thames at the bottom, and some tall chestnut-trees on the outside. Here,

[1] In this I ran a blackthorn thorn into my thigh. It got into a nerve and produced acute pain six inches lower down. In the end I had to undergo a small operation with anæsthetics and spend a week in bed. The old leggings coming half-way up the thigh certainly had their uses.

as the men advanced, we had a regular rise of wild pheasants, rocketing up from the reeds in every direction high over the oaks and chestnuts. A fox helped the fun by trotting up and down in the reeds uncertain which way to go, and flushing the birds as he did so. Then the rushes were walked out and the rabbits sent darting in every direction. After this we hardly found a bird or rabbit in that corner during the season.

That year the wood gave constant sport, far better than in the later years. There were three times as many rabbits, and more hares and pheasants.

One day in January we shot it during a fall of fine dry snow. As the day went on the ground grew white, and our coats whiter. At luncheon the men were quite prepared for the emergency, or rather had prepared for it the day before when the frost began. They had a bonfire of brambles a dozen feet high, and faggots ready as seats, one set for us on one side of the fire, another for themselves on the other. The roaring blaze of the fire warmed us through and through, and by the end of luncheon our coats which had been powdered with snow were grey with wood ash descending. During this day a fox hung round us during the whole shoot. I think he must have been picking up and burying or hiding wounded rabbits, for every now and then he would come out into the ride, carefully smell the various places where rabbits had crossed, and then, selecting one, would go off like a retriever into the cover.

December 15.—Last week Mr. Harcourt was shooting his woods at Newnham. There are more than 400 acres of woods round this most beautiful park, all of them giving ideal English estate scenery. The oaks of the park are like those at Richmond, but there is not much fern except in the covers. Mr. Harcourt had given permission for some photographs to be taken of the shooting, for *Country Life*. In one, the pheasants were seen breaking over the high oaks in the park. One in falling had left a cloud of feathers in the air, which was quite distinct in the photograph. Newnham is the best natural pheasant preserve in the Thames Valley, except Wytham, Lord Abingdon's place above Oxford. The woods lie roughly in a ring round the park, in which the pheasants sun themselves. Outside these woods are arable fields with quantities of feed, and all along the front lies the river, which the pheasants do not often cross. The most striking sport at Newnham is the driving of the island by the lock cottage. Every one who has

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THE KEEPER'S CORNER.

UNIV. OF MICH.

been at Oxford has rowed down to have tea under the lovely hanging woods by the old lock. Few see it later in the year when the island opposite is covered with masses of silver-white clematis, and thousands of red berries of the wild rose and thorn. In the late autumn mornings, when the mists are floating among the tall trees on the hill, and the sunbeams just striking down through the vapours as they top the hill from the east, it is one of the prettiest sights on the Thames. In November, or early December, when the woods are shot, numbers of pheasants are always found on the island. It holds a pool, in which and on the river are usually a number of wild ducks. Shooting on the river itself is now forbidden, and these and the half-wild ducks have multiplied. The beaters, in white smocks, all cross the old rustic bridge like a procession of white-robed monks, and drive this island. Wild ducks and pheasants come out high over the river, and making for the top of the hill. The shooting is fast and difficult, and the scene, as the guns fire from the stations all along the bank, is most picturesque.

Shooting with a neighbour on some land adjoining Newnham, my attention was drawn to the very elegant appearance of all the gates and rails adjacent to the road. As the ground was always beautifully farmed and in good order, the condition of the gates did not surprise me. There was, however, a story attached to their smartness. A seller of quack medicine had sent out advertisers with most objectionable little bills, which he had posted on to every gate adjoining the roads. My entertainer, who was the occupier of the land, had brought an action against the medicine man for 'defacing' his gates, which was only compromised by the delinquent undertaking to paint every gate. He demurred at first to painting the railings too, but in the end had to do this also.

The County Council have been making some proposals to turn the wood into a sanctuary for various wild birds. As the occupier, a distinguished agriculturist and also a land-owner, from whom we rented it, never did trap it or kill owls or winged vermin, and there is a highly interesting collection of most kinds and sorts, which we never interfered with, I think the Council might let it alone. I was very sorry to hear that some one had killed a badger there. There is room for two or three, and they do good to the foxes, by cleaning out and enlarging the earths. The master of the old Berkshire agrees with me in this. In Epping Forest, with the distin-

guished sportsman who acts as verderer, I saw last year a fox bolted from a perfect labyrinth of badger earths which both species occupy in common. I expect that in this wood, and Radley Wood, and Bagley Wood, the polecat survives. Such creatures, if they migrate at all, move down rivers. The Thames would be the likeliest of all rivers for them to shift along, as they can find food all along the banks, both rats, birds, and fish. I saw a huge polecat on the first day on which I entered our Thames-side wood. It was hunting a young pheasant, whose piping voice of alarm attracted me.

The woods of Wytham, Bagley, Radley, Newnham, and Wootton make a considerable harbour for such beasts if they are not much trapped. The increase of owls is remarkable. When on the river I have been lying in a punt, I have often seen the solemn face and black eyes of a wood-owl looking down at me from the willows. When we are shooting, they flap about and sit on the trees quite tamely. Down by the river there is a flat ledge, running for several hundred yards, with a steep bank above and a dense growth of alder-trees and bushes. Standing here one day to get shots at the rabbits which slip along by the riverside, six brown owls passed over, and four were sitting within a very few yards of me at the same time.

Mr. Jorrocks always preferred his 'by' day's hunting to any others. Most people share his view to the extent of thoroughly enjoying the side subjects which fringe the occupation of a sporting estate. Whether these enjoyable unrehearsed effects are more common in the Thames Valley than elsewhere in the enclosed districts of England I cannot say, but the presence of a large river does add considerably to the chances of interesting half-hours. Ducks, or indeed any other birds, are not allowed to be shot on the river or on the tow-path, a very sensible law enforced by the Thames Conservancy. But this makes the Thames a fairly safe harbour for them if they do take the fancy to come there, and from the river they move up to the pools and ditches near. In my experience, only two kinds of weather tempt them. Floods, when the flat meadows near are turned into shallow lakes, always entice the duck to the valley. They swim quite out in the open, and are unapproachable except by the old device of the stalking horse. This machine was made like a light shield in the shape of a feeding horse. It was carried on the left arm and had a couple of sharp legs to stick in the ground, and so enable the shooter either to pot his duck or to wait behind the screen with both hands free. A stalking

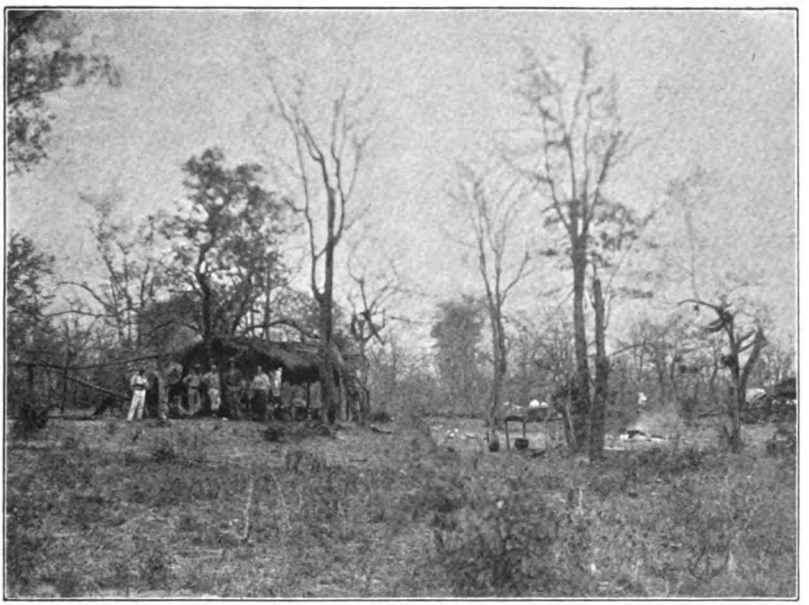
horse is still part of the sporting equipment of some old Thames Valley farmhouses, but not in this neighbourhood. Only one wet season fell to my lot, and then, though I often saw bodies of duck, I had no stalking horse. A neighbour anchored a punt under a hedge on the line which he believed the duck would take at dusk, and killed several. Hard frosts send large bodies of duck to the river. They come as soon as ever the large private lakes, like those at Blenheim, Wootton, and Eynsham, are frozen, and lie in small flocks all along the river. Waterhens are so numerous on the river now, owing to their preservation by the Conservancy, that any small covers of osier near are full of them. They make extremely pretty old-fashioned shooting when beaten up by a spaniel from the sedge and osier cover. I once turned out a dozen waterhens, a brown owl, a woodcock, and a water-rail from one little withy patch. When shooting the wood we always had one or two waterhens in the bag, and sometimes a chance at a duck flying overhead from the river. Only once were there many woodcocks in the cover. There must have been at least five, and all were missed. At last, as we were finishing the beat, one of the guns, who was young and keen, went off after the last missed cock along the river bank. As we were loading up the guns at the wood gate, we heard a single shot. Then he appeared in the ride *with the cock*. Both he and his excellent old spaniel received warm congratulations.

For my own part I was never tired of by-days in the wood in my first season. The best sport was starting rabbits from under the rows of fresh-felled ash and hazel poles, which the woodmen call 'drills.' They are about 5 ft. high and 7 ft. through. The rabbits get under them in numbers and sit there all day. We had an old retriever who was an expert at finding them. The next process was for the gun to clamber on to the top, and stand knee deep on the springy faggots, while a woodman on either side poked the rabbit out with a pole. He might bolt any way, and was under the next 'drill' in a trice, so the shooting was quick. I bagged twelve one afternoon in this cheerful manner. Another great ambition of our lives was to get the better of the hill partridges. There were plenty of them, but they always dived into the wood and were lost for the day. Only once did we score off them. We drove about sixty from the hills into a line of low wood, and instead of beating told the men to walk along the upper hedge and make a noise. One gun waited at the end of the wood, the other in the main ride,

Soon all the birds began to run out into this from the side rides, and then on to the end of the wood, till they made a procession, footing it down the ride like a flock of guinea fowls in the Transvaal. Most of them flew out wild; but a number were shepherded into the fence at the end, and nine brace shot there and afterwards—a feat never performed since.

During the season spent by the river I never saw the 'eel fare,' or eel run. Perhaps the fish do not come up in bodies so high. But after floods in winter the big eels are caught in numbers going down to the sea. Close by, on a large tributary of the Isis, stands the Abbey Mill. We drove over to this one winter afternoon, and, after admiring the old brick house, the pool, and the long tree-fringed mill cut, went inside, at the miller's invitation. From the low room, smelling of sweet meal, hazy with floating flour dust, and with stalactites of flour hanging from the cobwebs, we stepped out into the wheel-room. There the miller had two eel traps, gratings of iron through which the water poured. Feeling in this with a kind of toothed hoe he soon whirled out a couple of big eels—4 lbs. at least. In a box anchored in the mill cut were several more, all of which he can sell for a shilling a pound. But the Thames eel fishery is nothing to what is taken elsewhere. In Sussex I know of a small mill where, in the season, the miller in a similar trap takes from 1 cwt. to 2 cwt. four nights in a week, and pays the rent of his mill with the money they fetch.

The wood, I may say conscientiously, always held plenty of foxes when we shot it. Being on the edge of the country it was not a favourite meet, and foxes had only to swim the river to be pretty safe. It gave what a west country squire and friend of mine who had grown heavy used to call 'nice domestic hunting,' with about four foxes running different ways in the wood, and eager to get back to it when they could. But a meet made one of our cherished incidents of the year, and whatever hunting there was, like the sport, was genuine.



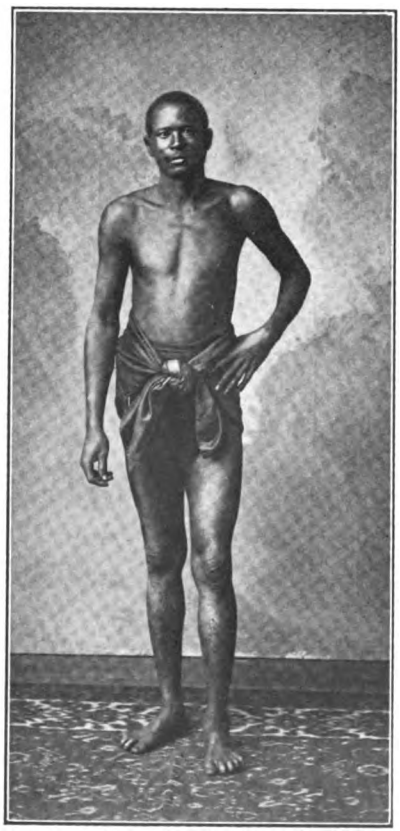
BIG GAME SHOOTING AND EXPLORATION IN RHODESIA

Being an Account of an Expedition to the San-Yati River, Matabeleland

BY WM. W. VAN NESS, F.R.G.S., M.A.I.M.E.

IT was the reported discovery of a new goldfield which prompted my principals to instruct me to fit out an expedition to proceed from Buluwayo to the comparatively unknown and unexplored region just south of the Zambesi River, and near the junction of the San-Yati and Umfuli Rivers. By glancing at the map you will find that this country lies about north 30° E. and 230 miles in a direct line from Buluwayo. Our outfit consisted of a light half-tent bullock waggon, capable of carrying about 6000 lbs., eight bullocks, and three shooting ponies, with three months' provisions for our party and horses, ammunition, rifles, photographing outfit, and the usual engineering instruments for making a flying survey of the country through which we should

pass. Our party was made up of Mr. Koffinki, a well-known taxidermist and naturalist; Mr. Finney, an old East African pioneer; Mr. Andrew, an engineer; Jim Maholie, a Matabele hunter, of whom I will speak later; a Colonial native bullock driver; a Basuto cook, and a Matabele leader. As our route lay through Gwelo, a small town 110 miles N.E. of Buluwayo, I sent the waggon ahead intending to catch it up by Zeederburg's coach, which passes through Gwelo from Buluwayo *en route* to Fort Salisbury twice a week. We had heard native reports of large herds of big game, including lions and elephants, on the San-Yati, so expected to have some good shooting on the way. I had given the waggon six days start.



JIM MAHOLIE

It was early dawn of September 18, 1899. The air was crisp and clear as crystal; the coach, with its dapple-grey span of ten mules, dashed off at a full gallop to the merry tune of the coach bugle. I had secured a box seat. My old friend Flock was the driver. He is a great character, and the ideal type of a hardy Afrikander, standing about 6 ft. 2 in., big-boned, well-knit frame, keen, alert grey eyes, and a cool nerve. I have known him drive a coach for twenty-four hours on a stretch over a most dangerous road, on a night as dark as pitch, without accident and without showing the least signs of fatigue. He has been in Zeederburg's coach service for a number of years, and is probably the best coachman in South Africa. He uses a bamboo whip stock about 10 ft. long with a 20 ft. thong, made of well-brayed hippopotamus hide, with a lash of alum-tanned koodo skin, and wields this whip with both hands, while his assistant holds the reins. He has had many hair-breadth

escapes crossing flooded rivers, and on one occasion had a mule taken out of the harness by a lion. He is of a very conservative nature, but when you once get his confidence he will tell you some thrilling anecdotes of his adventures, which are most interesting and amusing. Our route lay along what might be termed the back-bone of Matabeleland—that is, a watershed which divides the waters off the Limpopo and Zambesi tributaries. The country is undulating, fairly open, and sparsely wooded here and there with flowering mimosa, which, when in flower, gives off the most delicious perfume. The ground is fertile, and the grazing from November to July is excellent. The air is most exhilarating and very healthy, the elevation above sea level averaging over 4000 ft.

We were at the Bembesi wayside hotel at ten o'clock for breakfast, having travelled twenty-four miles in four hours, and acquired most ravenous appetites, so thoroughly enjoyed a most excellent breakfast. At two o'clock we reached the Tekwe hotel for lunch. At six o'clock we had tea at Napier's hotel and store on the Changani river, and brought up at Hurst's hotel at eight o'clock for dinner, finally arriving at Gwelo at half-past two in the morning, comfortably tired and very sleepy. We had covered this 110 miles in twenty hours, including stops. Relays of mules were waiting every twelve miles, so that, between Buluwayo and Gwelo, we had ridden behind ninety different mules every one of which had a different name known to the driver.

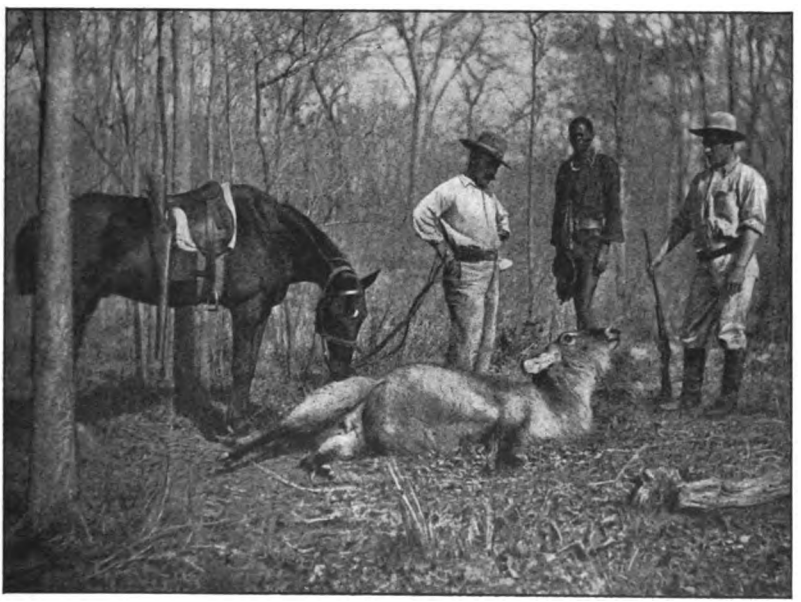
Gwelo is a thriving little town, with two very respectable hotels and a number of stores which do quite a brisk trade with the prospectors and traders in the adjoining mining district. The Selukwe district, where there are a number of large producing mines, is only twenty miles south of this point. I found that the waggon had arrived without accident the day before. Our way from here was almost due north. We intended to make for Sable Hill, a point about ninety miles north of Gwelo on the Umsweswe River, and determine our future course on arriving there. By going this way we would pass the Globe and Phœnix Mine in the Sebakwe district, about forty-four miles from Gwelo. We arrived there on the evening of the second day. Like most mines in Rhodesia it has been worked by an extinct race of people, and judging from the size of their skeletons, often found in these ancient workings, they must have been very diminutive. Estimating the length and depth of the workings on this property, and the richness of

the reef where exposed by later development, below the old stopes, these ancients must have extracted over half a million pounds worth of gold. All the indications point to their having worked these reefs in a very primitive manner, chiefly through the agency of fire, the face of quartz being first heated and cold water being then thrown on, which would cause it to disintegrate. It was then broken down by the aid of hammers formed of round hard boulders of diorite. The gold was extracted by crushing in stone mortars, thousands of which can be found all over Rhodesia. The age and origin of these workings is purely theoretical: various archæological authorities are of opinion that they were made by ancient Phœnicians about 1500 years ago, their chief data for this conclusion being gathered from the peculiar structure and ornamentation of the ruins of ancient buildings and fortifications scattered over Rhodesia, together with the design of pure gold ornaments which have been dug out of these ruins.

Dr. Hans Sauer of Buluwayo, I believe, was one of the first to discover the gold in these ruins of Matabeleland, an excellent collection of which he has at his residence in Buluwayo, as has also Mr. Cecil Rhodes at Grootschur near Cape Town.

We had now crossed into Mashonaland at the Umniyati River and were fairly in the big game country, noting any amount of fresh spoor of sable roan, antelope, water buck and wild pig, and tsessesbe. We pitched our camp near Sable Hill on the bank of the Umsweswe River for the purpose of giving our oxen a rest and of having a little shooting. The first day we sent Jim out on a reconnaisance to see if he could locate any game, and on his return he reported a large herd of water buck, as also a herd of roan about a mile down the river. We were awake and up-saddled the next morning before daybreak, starting out in extended order with Jim slightly in advance, and had gone only about half a mile when Jim began to gesticulate violently, pointing in a direction on our right front, where on closer inspection we viewed a large herd of water buck; and as we were down wind they had not scented us, but were quietly grazing. I was on the extreme right, and so was the first to see them. Dismounting as quickly as possible at about 200 yards I fired, and the whole herd went away like mad, after which began an exciting chase. They had now turned sharply round to the right, and were making up wind, as is the habit of most big game. I had reckoned on this, and pulled my horse sharply round to cut them off. When I came

to a point where I calculated that they should pass at about a hundred yards, I stopped, dismounted and waited. On they came, about twenty of them, as hard as they could pelt, one hanging to the rear and going lame. My first shot had evidently hit. They were now abreast. I picked out the one I had wounded and fired, and down it went, all of a heap, throwing up a great cloud of dust. The last shot was through the shoulder; it smashed a shoulder blade, and passed through the lungs. By the time I had reached the creature it was



WATER BUCK

quite dead. The other members of the party had not been quite so fortunate, as they had lost sight of the herd in a thick bush when they turned up wind. On hearing my second shot they came galloping up. Jim carried my camera, so we were enabled to get a snap-shot. I was rather disappointed to find that it was a cow instead of a bull, as cows have no horns, a fact which I was unable to discern readily in the early morning light.

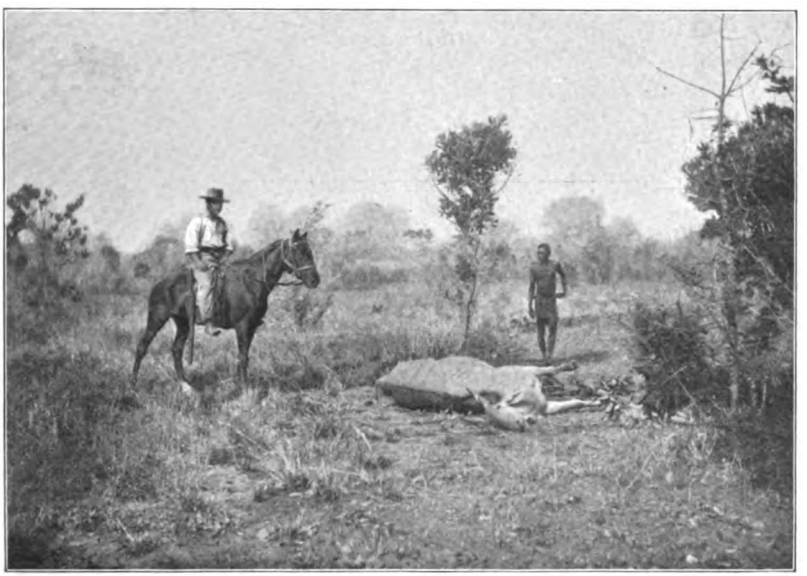
We now determined to continue our course northward to the Umfuli River and follow down the left bank of this stream until we reached the Chicari Hills, intending then to strike a more westerly direction, so as to avoid them, as they are so

rugged as to be almost impassable. It was on the second day after leaving our Umsweswe camp that we arrived at some pools of water, which we named the Zebra Pool on account of rather an amusing accident which occurred just before we reached there. It happened in this way. I was riding some distance ahead of the waggon when I saw, about 800 yards away, five tawny-coloured animals, which might easily have been mistaken at that distance for lions, crossing an open glade in single file. On the left front of their line of march was a clump of bush behind which they would pass if they kept their present course. By taking advantage of a small donga or ravine, I calculated that I could reach this clump without being seen, so off I galloped, and succeeded in getting to this cover. On looking out I saw that they were wild red pig, a variety rather uncommon. They had changed their course slightly, so I left my horse behind the bush and took cover behind a large ant-heap, which would place me at closer range. The pigs were then about 400 yards distant, walking slowly towards me, feeding on roots and herbs as they came. They approached to within 200 yards, but, the wind being in my favour, I thought I would wait until they would get still nearer, as I could then make certain of my first shot, and, with a bit of luck, might get in a second and bag two. I had loaded my rifle and was just preparing to fire when suddenly I heard a great clatter of hoofs, like the charge of a troop of cavalry. When I recovered my surprise, the pigs had cleared with fright, and there, lo and behold! was 'Old Stranger,' my pony, galloping and careering as hard as he could lay foot to the ground in the middle of a large herd of thirty or forty Burchell zebra. I had known a number of mules and donkeys which had run away with zebra and gone wild, and I had heard of horses doing the same, so I did not half fancy the prospects of having to walk the balance of our long journey, in addition to losing a valuable pony which I had got to be very fond of.

I had once or twice been able to round up a herd of tsessebe to get them within striking range by firing in front of them, and causing them to swerve from the point where the bullet struck. They were now running just right for me to adopt these tactics, so I started firing; to my great gratification I found that I had turned them and they were making straight for the point where I lay hidden. They were almost on me when I jumped up and called to Stranger to 'Whoa!' and to my great surprise and joy he did so! He stood stock still, allowing me to catch him,

while the zebra cleared off in the thick bush bordering the glade. It taught me a good lesson, and you can depend on it that I never afterwards left him out of my sight without first tying him. Yet he had previously had an excellent reputation for standing in every emergency, which is an invaluable trait in a shooting pony. I bagged nothing that morning, but congratulated myself on being wiser and no sadder.

The next day we had a long trek of about twenty two miles, without water, to the Lion Mine of the United Rhodesia Company.



ELAND BULL

We sighted several herds of large game, including ostrich and pig, but shot nothing, as it would have meant a delay, and we wished to hurry through this dry stretch to get water for our horses and bullocks, for the weather was very hot. We arrived at this mine late in the afternoon. The nearest pool of water was at least three miles off, but through the courtesy of the mine manager we were enabled to water our stock from the water pumped out of the mine. It was here that we met Sir Charles Metcalfe, the well-known engineer of the Rhodesian railways. Sir Charles is a great sportsman and traveller, and had previously passed, in one of his expeditions to the Zambesi, near the point for which we were making. He very kindly gave us some very valuable information about this part of the

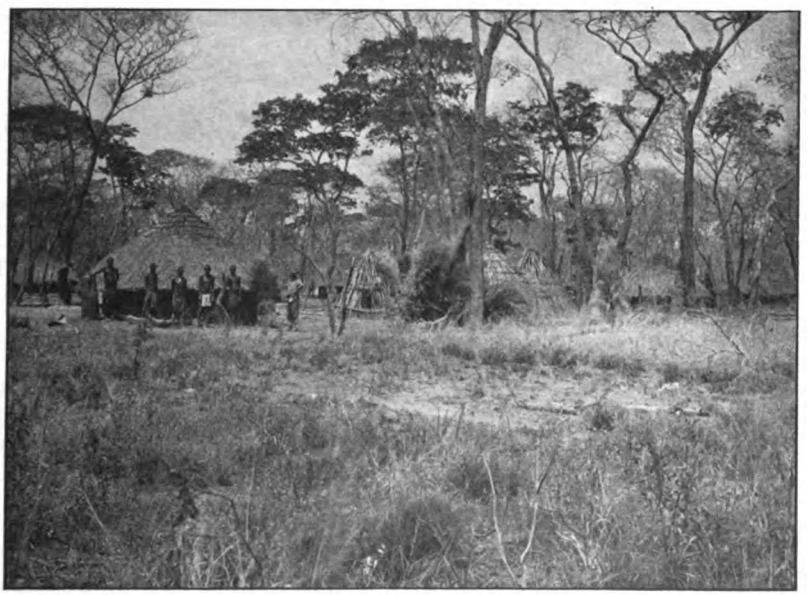
country. The manager entertained us at dinner that evening, and told us some very amusing anecdotes about his life in this out-of-the-way mining camp, one of which is quite worth repeating. It seems that he had sent one of the Kaffirs who work on the mine to a store and trading station about two days away, to get two bottles of whisky. The store-keeper, in reply to his note, said that 'I send the two bottles as ordered,' but on the return of the Kaffir, who looked a little the worse for wear, he told the manager that the storeman had only given him one bottle. The manager replied that the note said that the baas had given him two. He was very much disturbed at this, pulled rather a long face, and said that the note had lied. But when the manager said that the note further stated that it saw him drink one bottle on the road, his face immediately brightened, and he said, 'Oh, baas, I told you the note lied, and now I know it does, because I put it under a stone so that it couldn't see me drink the other bottle.'

The next morning we made an eight-mile trek, and arrived at the Glendarra mine. On this property, which belongs to Major Frank Johnson's group, we found development work actively progressing under the energetic directorship of Major Johnson, who is one of the early pioneers of Mashonaland, and to whose untiring zeal and energy a large amount of credit is due for the rapid development which has taken place in this portion of Rhodesia within the last few years. This was the last white man's habitation which we were destined to pass on our journey northwards, so we laid in a few supplies of which we were likely to run short and resumed our journey in the afternoon.

Two days trek brought us to the Shuri-shuri River. At our outspan the night before we were kept awake by the roar of lions which had made a kill near by, and by a grunting of a leopard, who came up to within thirty or forty yards of our camp. These two disturbing noises, accompanied by the bark of jackals and wild dogs and the distant mournful howl of hyenas, were not conducive to a sound-like sleep. We had, however, built a strong skerm of thorn-bush, and with two big roaring fires and our rifles loaded and laying alongside of us, felt fairly safe. We were to a certain extent prepared for these noises, for while gathering bush for our skerm we had seen fresh spoor of lions, also the remains of a large baboon which had been killed the night before by leopards.

Our next outspan was on the Chicari River, where our time

was chiefly occupied in cutting up and drying into biltong a sable antelope which we had shot near this point. I omitted to mention that we discovered a very interesting ruin near the banks of the Shiru-shiru River. It was of a totally different type from any I had previously seen or heard of in Rhodesia, as the fortifications and buildings were angular instead of circular, and were built chiefly of a large cemented brick. These bricks were in an apparently good state of preservation. Of course the age of these ruins was a bit doubtful, but I think



DEVERAS KRAAL

that they were very old, from the fact that a large amount of erosion has taken place since they were built, as is illustrated by a quantity of silted soil which had banked up against the walls of the old fortification. In addition to this fact there were several large trees, which must be of great age, growing out of them. Near the centre and completely surrounded by these fortifications are the remains of what was once a square building, the inner walls of which are plastered. This plaster has withstood the ravages of time to a remarkable degree, for it is in a comparatively good state of preservation. Near the centre of the enclosing fortifications and within about fifteen yards of this building is a round circle, about five feet in diameter,

of white gold-bearing quartz. What this is supposed to represent I am unable to say, but it might have something to do with sun-worship. There are rather interesting remains of a passage leading from these ruins down to the Shuri-shuri River, a distance of about 100 yards. The passage is walled in on both sides with quartz boulders, and was probably used by the ancient dwellers to protect them while securing their water supply during siege.

Our next outspan was on a small stream about a mile west

AFRICAN WILD BOAR, OR WART HOG

of what is known as Deveras Kraal. The women and children here had seen very few white men, and were so frightened on our approach that they cleared to the woods, which accounts for the figures in the photograph being all men. We were told here that there were several rhinoceros in the neighbourhood, one of which had attacked a native who just managed to escape by climbing a tree, and it was said that there were also a number of hippopotami in a large pool on the Umfuli River, about twelve miles away; but, as we were anxious to hurry to our destination, we did not stop. The natives told us that we should not reach water ahead of us for at least thirty miles, so we filled up all our kegs and water bags, and resumed our

journey late in the afternoon, intending to trek through most of the night as the weather was so very hot. There was a bright moon, and after trekking about fifteen miles we concluded to outspan until daylight, as the bush was now too thick to travel through in the night. We had inspanned early in the morning, and had only gone a short distance when we sighted and gave chase to a large herd of impala or rois buck, being, however, unable to get a shot, as they succeeded in evading us in the thick bush. We had just pulled up to get our bearing when there, just in front of us, was a beautiful clear pool of water! This was a bit of luck, as we had calculated on having to trek at least fifteen miles in the hot sun before we found any, which meant that the horses and cattle would be without water for at least twenty-four hours, and that, taking into consideration the heat and dryness of the atmosphere, not a drop of water having fallen for about six months, would have severely taxed their powers of endurance.

We galloped back, stopped the waggon and outspanned. It was at this camp that we were pestered almost out of our wits by a small variety of black bee. The insects did not sting, but swarmed all over our faces and hands, got up our sleeves, into our hair, and never gave us a moment's rest all through the day. They usually build their hives in an old ant heap, one of which we discovered containing a quantity of excellent honey.

Our next outspan was on the Segugwe River. Here we shot a very large wild boar, or wart hog, also a young pig.

(*To be concluded next month.*)

GROUP AT OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP

GOLF IN 1900

BY H. S. C. EVERARD

SAD is the retrospect, sombre are the reflections when we look back upon the past year. The shadow of war, like a pall, has brooded over our links, and the golf of the season, suffering in common with other national sports, has been played as it were in a dim half-light, depressing as a dank November mist. Popular interest is aroused in large measure by the Amateur Championship, and was wont erewhile to be focused on two men, of whom one, alas! has been taken from among us, meeting, in discharge of duty, a soldier's death. The other, his great rival, happily survives, to return, as we hope, at no distant date from the veldt, whither in spirited obedience to patriotic duty he hastened to place his services at the disposal of Queen and country. But what, one asks, is an Amateur Championship without Mr. Tait and Mr. Ball? By common consent the two stood out as the very elect, even in these days of superlative play; the one, associated with the competition since its very inception, a fivefold winner, nor ever far removed from first honours; the other, in his all too short career, cut off ere it was well begun, a double victor already, with promise of further successes innumerable, had he been spared to reach

even middle age. By Mr. Tait's death not only does amateur golf suffer, but in Open Championships his loss will be felt as well.

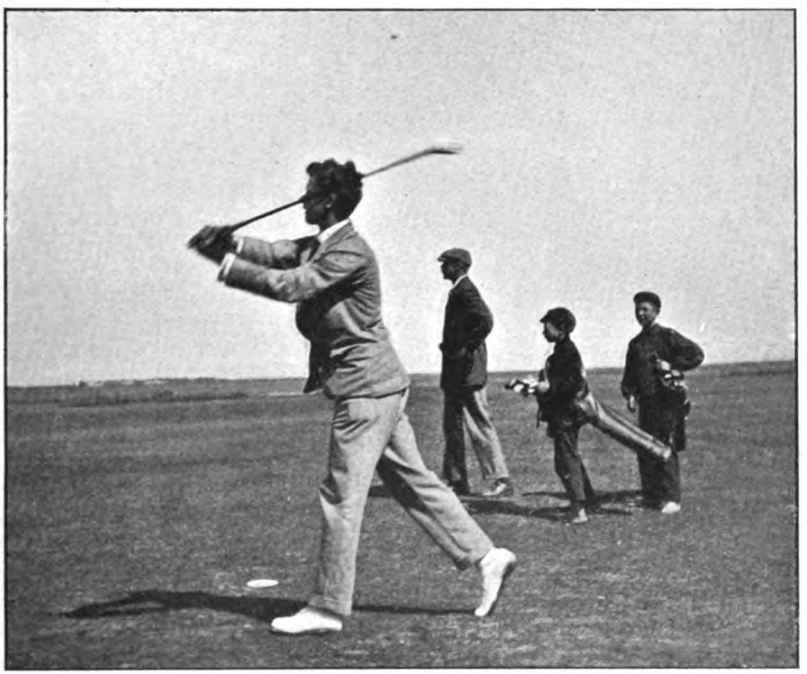
As to the last Championship, far be it from the writer to hint any word in derogation of Taylor's brilliant record-breaking achievement, nor for a moment is it to be suggested that Mr. Tait's presence would have altered the result; that seems frankly impossible, for the Champion's game on that occasion could scarce have been beaten by mortal man. But we know how near Mr. Tait has been to the winner before; twice in successive years within three strokes of the lowest score; we know of what he was capable on his beloved home green of St. Andrews, where general opinion seemed to point to him as the one man whom Scotland should pit against the all-conquering Vardon; he alone of all the crowd seemed dowered with a game above and beyond that which any amateur could produce, if one may say so without offence to the other brilliant players of the day. He did not have it always at command; no golfer can produce unfailingly of his best, therefore others would step in when occasion offered; nevertheless, he seemed the one amateur most likely to carry on the tradition so worthily inaugurated by Mr. Ball and Mr. Hilton; his absence, therefore, creates a blank hardly at present to be filled.

Within the last decade the dividing line between amateur and professional play had become somewhat blurred; the professionals were hard put to it to hold their own; but now it seems likely that they will resume that superiority which they retained so long unchallenged; they have closed up their serried ranks, while in those of the amateurs there remains a very grievous gap—which Scotland in especial has reason to deplore. It appears now far from unlikely that amateurs of the highest class will grow most numerous south of the Tweed. Nothing has been more remarkable during the last year than the excellence of University golf, especially that of the Oxford team. Scottish golf seems stationary: English golf advances by leaps and bounds; nor can we wonder at this phenomenon when we reflect that year by year all the great cities, the universities, the counties, furnish their recruits in thousands; of whom many in each successive year come to the front, and are known of all as most accomplished players. About the time when St. Andrews University furnished an Amateur Champion in the person of Mr. Peter Anderson, the Scottish University team was practically invincible; they went through one whole season, if memory

serves, without losing a single match. Yet, if that team could be marshalled now and matched against the Oxford representatives of 1900, in all probability opinion would favour the chances of the South.

The Oxford and Cambridge match, played at Sandwich about the end of March, revealed the capabilities of a rising generation. Time was when it was no such easy matter to collect a team at all, but now the University Clubs have a membership counted by hundreds. For the Oxford side, Mr. H. C. Ellis during the last two years has made a great reputation; Mr. T. Mansfield Hunter, Mr. A. H. P. Horne, Mr. F. H. Mitchell, and Mr. J. A. T. Bramston rank as first-class in any company. In the match under notice, although the Cambridge men were a good team, they did not score a single victory, and were beaten by sixty-nine holes, outplayed from start to finish. To borrow the luminous description of a provincial reporter, 'the whole of the Oxford eight were out inside 70,' all of which, he should have added, they made off their own bats. If any reader be so obtuse as not to understand this statement, he may be informed that five of the team finished the round in 78; and although the counting of scores in match play is 'a fond thing vainly invented,' yet it is not to be denied that it affords a fair criterion of the standard of play, even if it be only approximately correct. The strong point of these young players would seem to be their driving; Mr. Low remarks that 'standing at the first tee one waited in vain for a missed drive to break the monotony of the clean hit tee shots which followed each other with almost annoying regularity.' Not only do they drive with such steadiness, but they drive so far. This is the department of the game wherein the young generation excel, in virtue of which, generally, they have reached a higher standard than those who graduated in the days of Mr. Robert Clark, Mr. Gilbert Mitchell-Innes (lately, we regret to notice, deceased), and their contemporaries. Approaching and putting remain practically as before; it is the extra forty yards or so from the tee and through the green that represent so much gain. Of the Oxford team, one man in especial, Mr. J. A. T. Bramston, has built up a reputation, and leaped into sudden fame. At the age of nine he began golf at the school of Mr. A. H. Evans, the famous fast bowler, and has played regularly ever since; as he is now barely twenty years old it is probable that a great golfing future lies before him. Occupying the rather low position of sixth in the Oxford team, he beat

Mr. H. G. Nevile at Sandwich by twelve holes in the thirty-six. A little later, at Westward Ho! he accomplished a really remarkable performance by defeating in succession Mr. Horace Hutchinson (who had just previously won the Kashmir Cup), Mr. Hilton, Mr. Low, and Mr. H. C. Ellis. To beat Mr. Hutchinson by ten holes in a morning round, and Mr. Hilton by three in the afternoon, was no mean exploit. The occasion



MR. J. A. T. BRAMSTON

in question was a team match between the Oxford and Cambridge Society and the Royal Liverpool Golf Club, the result of which was that the Blues won by fifty-seven holes against two. Mr. Hilton just managed to beat Mr. H. C. Ellis by one hole in the morning, and Mr. Goold in like manner accounted for Mr. H. S. Colt, but in the afternoon the Society were victorious all along the line. Mr. Bramston's next appearance was in the St. George's Vase competition, in which he scored $82 + 77 = 159$, finishing second to Mr. Robert Maxwell; and he afterwards reached the semi-final in the Amateur Championship, where he overthrew Mr. A. G. Hogg, Mr. Fred Ballingall, Mr. F. H. A.

Booth, and Mr. C. Eric Hambro, losing eventually to Mr. James Robb by three and one to play. Later in the year, in September, Mr. Laidlay also beat him at Muirfield by five holes, but starting at the eighth hole, the ex-amateur champion reeled off eight holes in thirty, and was irresistible. But when all is taken into account, Mr. Bramston seems destined to occupy a high place, if not the very highest, in amateur golf.

Team matches have been much in evidence of late ; besides the competition already noticed at Westward Ho! in the spring, the Oxford and Cambridge Society embarked on an autumn tour, meeting with almost unbroken success. They were beaten at Muirfield, where Mr. R. Herbert Johnston had chosen a strong side, which included Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville, Mr. Laidlay, Mr. R. Maxwell and Mr. A. M. Ross. A remarkable fact was the defeat of Mr. Ross by ten holes at the hands of Mr. H. C. Ellis, and Mr. Laidlay's five-hole victory above mentioned over Mr. Bramston ; but on the balance Mr. Johnston's team stood three up at the end of the day. At Luffness, where Mr. W. T. Armour was in command of the home side, the visitors won by five holes ; and, later, were victorious at St. Andrews, where Mr. Hull had done his best to secure an effective opposition. He was so far successful as to divide the honours in the morning, where the play was by singles, but in foursomes the Society won by four matches to one. A more than ordinarily interesting match was that between Mr. J. L. Low and Mr. T. Mansfield Hunter against Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville and Mr. R. Maxwell. The visitors made but one mistake from start to finish : although out in 36, they were but two up at the turn, and completing the round in 77, could only claim victory by the narrow margin of one hole.

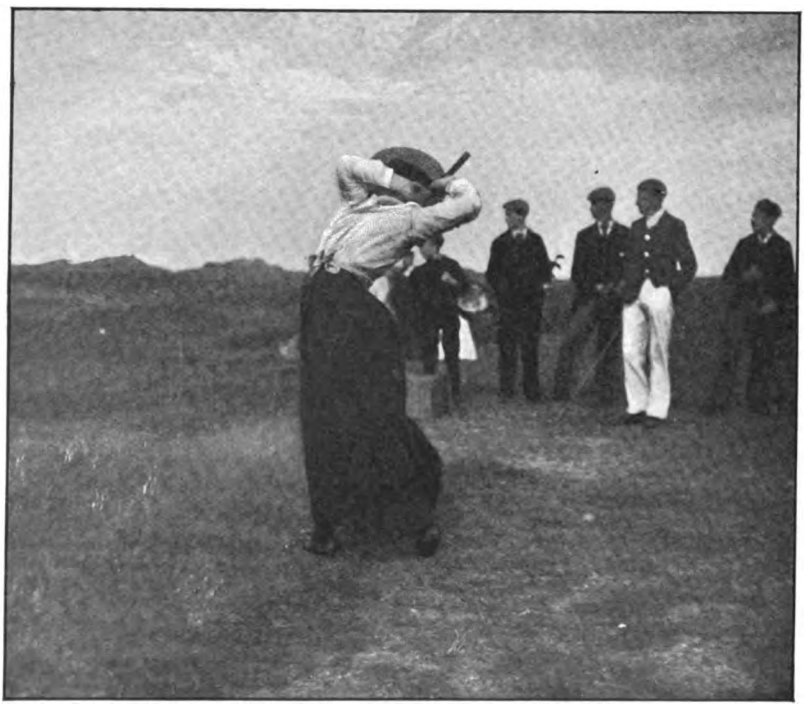
At St. Andrews there was a new departure, the number of holes by which each match was won being ignored, and one point only scored by the victorious side. Considerable discussion has arisen from time to time as to the best method of determining the relative strength of teams. It is obvious that a man who has been beaten by eight and seven to play has sustained a severer drubbing than he who loses by a putt on the last green. But if the victor proceeds to lose all the remaining holes, a not uncommon occurrence when the strain of the match is over, the actual result is the same, whether computed by holes or matches. With reference to this point an excellent suggestion has been made, of which, however, curiously enough, nobody seems to have taken the smallest notice. It is here again

brought forward: and if this article should meet the eye of Mr. A. C. M. Croome, the experienced secretary of the Oxford and Cambridge Society, the present writer would suggest that the proposal is not unworthy of his consideration. A correspondent, writing to a contemporary over the signature 'E. B,' lays down the principle that the match proper should score more than any holes won in the bye; therefore the mean of the match should be scored: thus, 5 up and 4 to play should score $\frac{5+4}{2} = 4\frac{1}{2}$, and byes should count only $\frac{1}{2}$ per hole. Suppose A. wins every hole; $\frac{10+8}{2} = 9$: (i.) he wins 8 byes $= 4$, $9 + 4 = 13$; (ii.) he loses 8 byes: he would then score $9 - 4 = 5$ instead of only 2 as at present. It is urged that a player winning by 5 and 4, and losing the last four, is entitled to more credit than the man who is all square and one to play, but who wins on the last green. Certainly this system would seem to work fairly, inasmuch as it gives a more representative value to the merits of the two teams. Is it a better plan than the present? We think so.

MR. H. HILTON AND MR. LESLIE BALFOUR MELVILLE

To the Amateur Championship, played at Sandwich in May, we have already alluded; had Mr. John Ball, jun., been present to defend his title, the competition would have gained in interest. Some were inclined to favour the chances of Mr. Robert Maxwell, who had just previously tied Mr. Tait's record score of 155 for the St. George's Vase; and indeed many look upon him as that gentleman's legitimate successor, the strongest amateur in Scotland. How in 1897 he defeated Mr. John Ball, jun., at Muirfield, though not until twenty-three holes had been played, is matter of history. Undoubtedly he has all the power of Mr. Tait;

therefore the Sandwich bunkers for him would be mere unconsidered trifles. But as to his chances, there was a lion in the path; Mr. H. H. Hilton could not very readily be explained away, notwithstanding Mr. Maxwell's former victory over him in 1897. And so in the end it proved, for the two met again, as it happened, in the third round, when Mr. Hilton fairly and squarely beat his former conqueror, and that too by undeniably



MISS RHONA ADAIR, LADY CHAMPION

better play. To 'puir auld Scotland,' the nursery of golf, this was 'rather a nasty jar'; in the end, however, a representative was found in the person of Mr. James Robb, who carried her emblem in the final, as he had carried it before in 1897. There had been at least four very tough customers to be accounted for ere Mr. Robb reached this position—Mr. A. D. Blyth, Mr. J. E. Laidlay, Mr. J. B. Pease, and Mr. J. A. T. Bramston. Mr. Hilton's most formidable antagonists had been Mr. Maxwell and Mr. J. Graham, jun., the latter of whom, however, made no sort of fight of it with his fellow clubman, being dreadfully 'off

colour.' Mr. Robb was completely outplayed by Mr. Hilton to such an extent that the second round was devoid of interest, and the rose held pride of place for another year. The winner's path to victory was easy; all his matches were won by six, seven, or eight holes, save in the case of Mr. Maxwell, whom he defeated by four. That he played consistently the best and steadiest golf seems admitted by all, and none will begrudge him a victory 'long expected, come at last.' To have been twice Champion but never Amateur Champion was an anomaly that stood in need of redress.

Mr. Hilton was successful in adding another scalp to his girdle by winning the Irish Championship at Newcastle, in September, though here again the absence of the holder, Mr. John Ball, jun., robbed the meeting of some of its interest. The final lay between the Amateur Champion and Mr. S. H. Fry, but the latter had little chance in a thirty-six hole match. Of all the competitors, Mr. F. Ballingall came nearest to Mr. Hilton, who only beat him by two and one to play. A very powerful driver, this old St. Andrews boy had already made his mark in Ireland, having won a competition while still at school, and followed it up by another success the next year.

Miss Rhona Adair carried off chief honours in the Irish Ladies' Championship at Portrush, and added the coping stone by winning the Ladies' Championship at Westward Ho! defeating, amongst others, Miss Sybil and Miss Molly Whigham, two of the best players in Scotland. The driving power possessed by these three ladies is remarkable; indeed, at Westward Ho! Miss M. Whigham on two occasions covered 220 and 221 yards respectively. The Lady Champion also smites a very shrewd blow. Towards the end of the summer she sampled some of the Scottish links, St. Andrews among the number, where she had a series of matches with the venerable Nestor of the game, Old Tom, who quite held his own, albeit the matches were all of the closest. Andrew Kirkaldy, conceding a half, proved too strong for Miss Adair.

Turning from match play to scoring, and glancing at the principal meetings, some very brilliant performances have to be recorded. Mr. J. E. Laidlay opened the ball by winning the New Club Medal at North Berwick with a fine 80:

Out	4 5 4 4 4 4 5 4 = 38	}	= 80.
Home	4 4 5 4 5 3 5 8 4 = 42	}	

But, good as this was, the honours of springtide golf must be

held as falling to Mr. Robert Maxwell, who, at the Tantallon meeting, accomplished an extraordinarily fine performance. The weather was most unpropitious, a boisterous westerly wind making it quite impossible to play the nine holes out in figures which by any stretch of courtesy could be called decent or respectable. When we find Mr. Laidlay requiring 55 and Mr. Maxwell 52, we may be sure that a storm was raging as violent as any that Prospero and Ariel could have raised between them. But Mr. Maxwell came home in a record score—viz., 33, as follows: 434433453, and accordingly totalled 85—a gap of no fewer than eleven strokes separating him from the second best. As being some indication of the elemental fury, it may be added that, of sixty-five competitors, only seven succeeded in breaking 100, Mr. Laidlay requiring 99. Still keeping to North Berwick, we find Mr. Laidlay a winner of a challenge medal in the summer, with 87 + 84 = 171, Mr. D. M. Jackson and Mr. R. T. Boothby being close at his heels with 172. This success served but as a prelude to one of the most remarkable feats ever associated with Mr. Laidlay's name. This was the holing of North Berwick links in 73, for the Tantallon Autumn Medal. Those who have practical experience of that course will probably agree with Mr. Hilton's verdict that it is the most difficult of all greens on which to return a good score. Vardon and Park seemed to be playing unexceptionable golf there on the occasion of their great match in 1899, yet Vardon required a couple of 80's, Park 80 and 84. Winning scores in the strong clubs that play there are frequently over 85, so that every consideration seems to indicate that this 73 of Mr. Laidlay's should rank as one of the very best feats which even he has ever accomplished. In detail it is as follows:

Out	5 4 4 4 4 4 3 5 4 = 37	}	= 73.
Home	3 3 4 3 5 4 5 5 4 = 36		

The vicissitudes of the game are well exemplified by the fact of the same player varying in spring and autumn to the extent of 26 strokes.

Noting the fact that Mr. T. Mansfield Hunter sustained his Oxford reputation by winning the Honourable Company's Spring Medal at Muirfield with 79, we turn to Hoylake, where almost invariably one or other of the triumvirate who monopolise the honours has a fresh surprise in store for us. This time, in April, it was the turn of Mr. John Graham, jun., who, notwithstanding the fact that he had been confined to the house for

about a fortnight, came straight down to the tee, and established a record for the first nine holes—35 ; returning in 40, his total was 75 :

Out .	4 4 5 3 4 4 4 4 3	= 35	= 75.
Home	4 3 4 4 6 5 5 4 5	= 40	

If anything could enhance the merit of this performance, it was the knowledge of the fact that Messrs. Hilton and Charles Hutchings had each returned a 79 before he started. But, as so often happens at Hoylake, records are set up only like ninepins to be bowled over two days afterwards. As a Hilton-Saga

TAYLOR PUTTING

might phrase it, there was a man hight Hilton; he was exceeding deft withal, and marvellous wholesome of play. It is to be told that he fared forth upon the links for his round, and gat through with it in 72. Details :

Out .	4 4 5 3 4 4 3 5 4	= 36	= 72.
Home	4 3 4 3 4 4 4 4 6	= 36	

Two strokes were lost on the last green by the hardest of luck ; for, overdriving the hole with a wooden club, where perhaps an iron would have done all that was necessary, Mr. Hilton found himself severely punished under some railings, and a 4 was converted into a 6. Thus, for two days' play, we have : Mr. Hilton, 79 + 72 = 151 ; Mr. John Graham, jun., 75 + 79 = 154, over a course at full championship length. In the summer

meeting the Amateur Champion won with 81, Mr. Graham second, 84 ; in autumn the first day Mr. Hilton was first with 81, Mr. Graham second with 83 ; second day, Mr. Graham first with 79, Mr. Hilton second, 81. At the November meeting Mr. Hilton was first with 84, on a bad day ; Mr. Holden second, 86 ; Mr. Graham third, 87. Mr. Hilton thus took the lion's share, but Mr. Graham is to be congratulated on his two first prizes.

St. Andrews spring meeting produced nothing sensational in the way of scoring, but a most popular victory was that of Mr. J. L. Low, with 83 ; he was hard pressed by Mr. Charles

JACK WHITE

Hutchings, who just failed to tie with him. Oxford was to the front in the autumn, in the person of Mr. H. C. Ellis, who won King William IV. Medal with 82 ; Mr. Laidlay second, 83, after a tie with Mr. R. T. Boothby. Mr. Low won the Glennie Medal by one stroke from Mr. Hutchings, who all through the year had the bad luck just to miss the prize by a stroke or two. Mr. Laidlay finished the season by winning the Honourable Company's Autumn Medal.

Professional golf suffered to some extent by the absence of Harry Vardon during a great part of the year ; a few exhibition matches were played of which the most interesting were encounters between Herd and Braid, who met at Roundhay, Leeds, and again at Cromer : each man winning a match. James Kay distinguished himself by beating Braid at Seaton

Carew, and Renouf, at Silloth, did well to halve with the mighty driver. In tournament play Braid was successful, making the most of his opportunities by winning at Musselburgh with 151 (White, 153, being second) and sharing first honours with Herd at Kilmalcolm, with 144.

The Open Championship will long be remembered by those who had the good fortune to be present. The opinion seemed to be prevalent that Vardon's chances would be adversely

MR. R. MAXWELL

affected by his long absence in America, coupled with the fact that at St. Andrews he had never exhibited that relentless game which on other courses had so often reduced all opposition to impotence. He did not arrive in time to familiarise himself very completely with the peculiarities of the green, which is less adapted to his style of play than the softer courses where he carries all before him. Taylor, on the other hand, seemed thoroughly at home, though even his preliminary practice gave no indication of the brilliant golf which landed him victor by the very substantial margin of eight strokes. His four rounds were 79, 77, 78, 75 : total 309, the last beating the

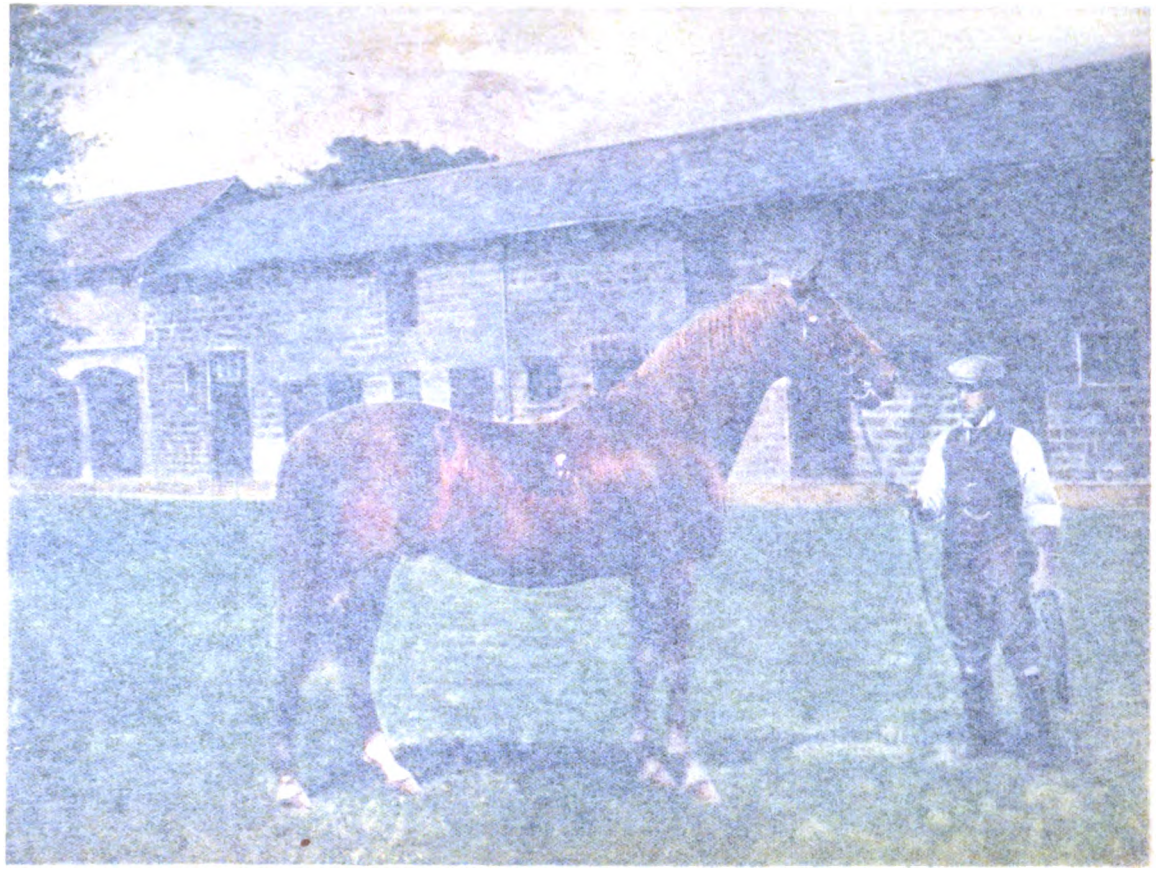
record of 77, first made by young Tommy Morris, and subsequently equalled by Sandy Herd in 1895. In detail it was as follows:

Out .	4 5 4 4 5 5 4 3 4 = 38	}	= 75.
Home	3 4 4 5 4 4 4 5 4 = 37		

Driving a long, low ball, with a great deal of run, Taylor followed up his tee shots with superb approaching and putting; his precision was such that for him the proverbial uncertainty of the game was simply non-existent, for analysis of his rounds discloses the same holes done in par play time after time, save now and then when he bettered perfection by a stroke. Had Taylor not been in the field, Vardon's 317 (79, 81, 80, 77) would have been sufficiently remarkable, being five strokes in front of Braid, who was third with 322, the score with which Taylor won in 1895. The Romford man was certainly the longest driver in the field, but a fatal inability to hole out his short putts ruined his chances of success. He is a delightful player to watch; his tee shots against the wind, and his powerful cleek and iron driving impress the spectator for the nonce, yet it is to be remembered that the battle is not always to the strong. Jack White, who was fourth (323), maintained his high reputation, while W. Auchterlonie and W. Park were fifth and sixth respectively. It is worthy of note that the six prize winners had all been either first or second in previous Championships. Of the amateurs, Mr. Maxwell was best, with 329, being seventh on the list.

Later in the year Taylor and Vardon fought their battle over again in America, at Wheaton, Illinois, where Vardon turned the tables on the Champion, but only by two strokes in the four rounds, 313 and 315 being the respective totals. Few would care to decide the question of supremacy as between these two men: most would claim for them a shade of superiority over all others. Vardon's reputation is world wide, and justly so, Taylor, with recovered health, at which we all rejoice, is a finer golfer than ever; with him, as Nestor says of Hector:

> Dexterity so obeying appetite
> That what he will he does, and does so much
> That proof is called impossibility.



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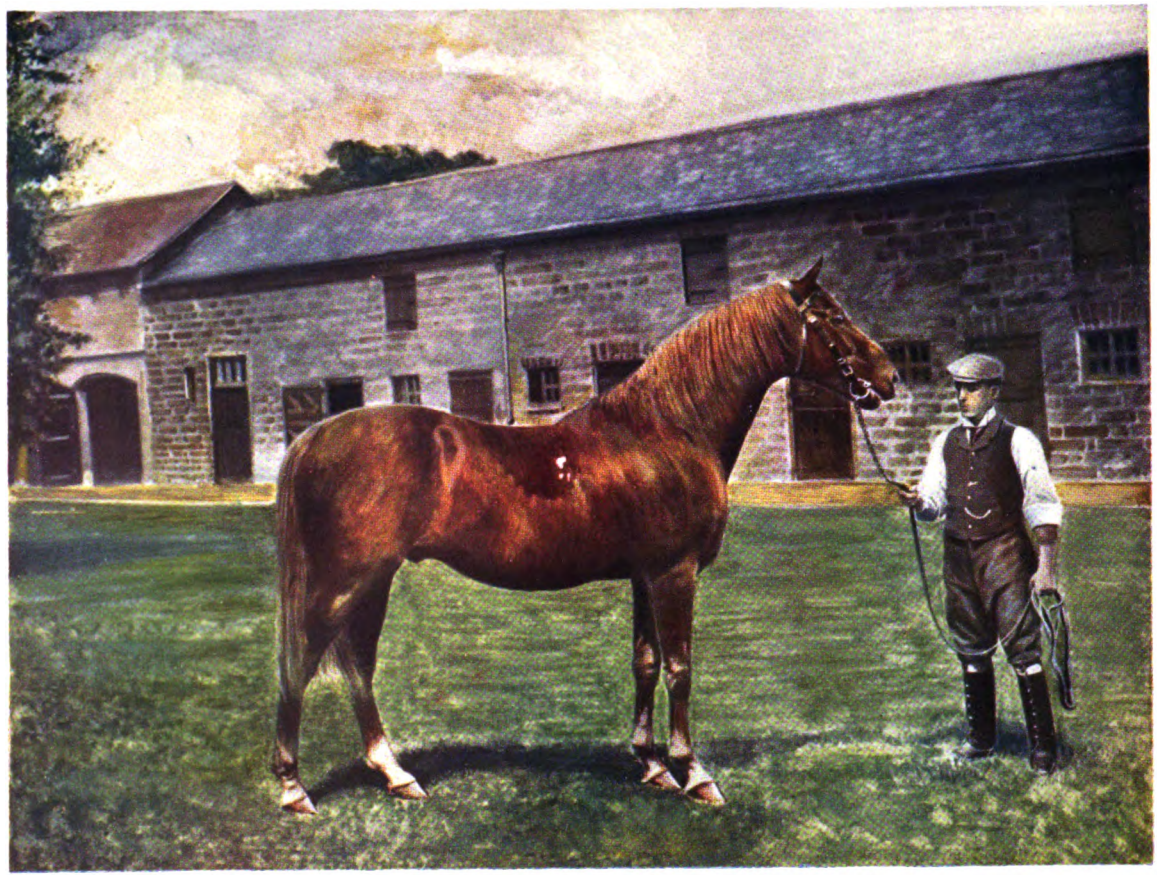


Photo by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.

"BEND OR."

UNIV OF MICH

CONCERNING HOCKEY

BY C. D. McMILLIN

ALTHOUGH the game of hockey has been rapidly gaining ground in England during the last few years, its popularity has been almost entirely confined to those who play it; and it might perhaps be said that no game can take a really important place in the national life until it has proved its ability to draw spectators. Hitherto, hockey has had little success in this respect, and the reason is not far to seek. At first sight it is not a game which offers many attractions to the crowd. It is played at a season of the year when standing about is often unpleasant; and although football has overcome the obstacles of wet boots and a foggy sky, it has done so principally because of the broad spectacular effects of the game. Every one can follow a football match; its main methods are clear and vigorous, and the ball is bulky and obvious; but hockey is a game of niceties evasive to the eye, and the ball, which is an ordinary cricket ball, painted white, is too small to be easily seen, especially when the play is on the far side of the ground. At a cricket match, one may reasonably expect the season to be one of clear and sunny weather; the batsman is in a position conspicuous and defined; the fieldsmen are sufficiently separated from one another for every movement to be appreciated. But with hockey all these conditions are altered. It is played on a heavy opaque afternoon, threatened by quickly gathering darkness, by twenty-two rapidly moving batsmen, half a dozen of whom may play the ball in as many

seconds. Considerable quickness of eye and some familiarity with the game are necessary if the spectator is to enjoy it, and the frequent shouts which greet a catch off a 'bump-ball' at Lord's prove that the ordinary spectator is neither quick of eye nor ready of judgment.

Still, given a fine day, and men with the true instinct and appreciation of sport, and hockey is a grand game both to play and to watch. A very small increase in the public's knowledge of the main features of the game would probably soon augment the attendance at the better matches. The skill of a good hockey-player is a delightful thing to see; his manipulation of the stick, and his command over the ball, are altogether admirable. Such is his ease in stopping and passing, that he might be playing with a tennis racquet instead of a hooked stick, two inches in width, of which only one side must touch the ball. The complexity of his art is manifold, and full of variety: he is a cricketer, a juggler, and a sprinter all in one. Hockey is, indeed, with the possible exception of Lacrosse, the fastest game now played. The bulk of the football makes it a slow traveller, but the hockey ball comes off the stick with the swiftness of a low volley at rackets. And hockey has this advantage over football, that the hockey-player can devote his feet entirely to speed, while the 'footer-man' has to carry the ball along with him, and is thus perpetually hampered in dribbling. Cricket, too, is surpassed by hockey in one notable respect; in the winter game you can never be bowled first ball. Indeed, as an eminent hockey enthusiast once remarked, 'You get thirty-five minutes batting in the first half, and a further thirty-five in the second, and you can't get out.' This, to the man in search of keen participation in a game and of active exercise, is an added charm. Its opportunities are unlimited and increasing; when one chance is lost another occurs, and the player can retrieve a mistake within a few seconds of making it.

There is no doubt that the development of the game in England owes much to the popularity of Association football, for it is played on almost the same lines. The places in the field are identical in the two games, and the same principles of attack and defence hold good. The style of the dribble is the same, the hockey stick being of course substituted for the toe, and the method of passing is very similar. The sole duty of the forwards is to attack, and to do this they must penetrate their opponent's defence. This can best be done by com-

bined play, for an individual 'dribble' is almost certain to be stopped by the three half-backs or the two full-backs.

The game is capable of so much finesse that a volume would be needed to describe it; a few notes, however, may help the reader to appreciate its possibilities.

The five forwards attack in 'open order'—in line—about ten to fifteen yards apart. They must show dash, they must gather the ball with their sticks, and get off with it at once, for delay in starting will bring the enemy upon them in the person of an alert half-back; delay also enables the other half-backs to get back and strengthen their defence. The chief rules for a forward are: never hesitate; never pass the ball until you have drawn one of your opponents to check you; then pass with a crisp shot to a fellow forward, and leave him to take the ball on. You have done your part: you have put an opponent out of action. The forward must also learn to do everything at full speed, and if a pass is coming towards him to meet it rather than wait for it. He must take lightning glances at the opposing defence, whether he is dribbling the ball or not; he must note the position, so that he may pass to an unmarked man, or see the best way to get through the defence and score a goal. He must always be up with the line of forwards, and always in his place, so that his partners may know where to find him without looking. In dribbling and passing he has to learn by practice how to get 'touch' and 'command' over the ball; how to avoid the 'hit and rush' tactics. When within the striking circle he must shoot at goal at once, and never delay his shot because he is in an awkward position; the next moment it may be too late. The duty of the half-backs is two-fold: to assist the forwards in attack, and to share in defence. Of the three half-backs, the centre-half has the most important and difficult post. The game seems to turn on him as on a pivot. He it is who often initiates attacks, when his side is being pressed, by a timely pass out to one of his wing forwards. By reason of his central position he can send the ball up to any of his own forwards, and yet he has to keep his eye upon the three inside forwards on the opposite side, and especially upon the centre forward. He must be back (if he can manage to get there) to intercept the swift passes from the wing forwards, and to prevent the centre-forward from banging the ball into the net, as it comes flying across the goal mouth. Being surrounded by the enemy there would be some excuse for him if he lost his head in the crowd, but

he must be cool and quick even when pressed. The duties of the other two half-backs are similar to those of the centre-half, except that their attention is mainly devoted to checking the opposing wing forwards. They also, by swift darts, intercept passes intended for the opposing forwards, and quickly transfer them to forwards of their own side. The right and left half pay particular attention to the outside forwards, preventing them as far as possible from centring, even if this means leaving the inside forward unmarked. The two full-backs will watch these; but a good half-back will always take a general view of the game, and notice from which particular forward or quarter skilled attack is most often threatened, and, leaving an indifferent player practically unmarked, will concentrate himself upon the special cause of danger. Combination between the two full-backs is if anything more important than between forwards. They should have a perfect knowledge of each other's play, for a misunderstanding between them often means a lost game. To see a good pair of backs playing well together is perhaps the quintessence of the game. You can discern the fine judgment they display in never dashing at the ball unless they are sure of being there before the opposing forward; or the way in which one of them will dash for a forward in order to make him pass, well knowing that the pass will be intercepted by his own ally. Or again, when sorely pressed, they will stand on the circle line, and by determined play manage to keep the ball out of the circle, for only from within that line can a goal be scored. Practically the whole duty of a full-back is to defend, but a clever back will often make a fine opening for his side by judiciously clearing or passing to an unmarked man rather than clearing into touch. In addition to using his stick, the goal-keeper (and the goal-keeper only) is entitled to kick the ball. He is the last hope when every one else is passed, and it is probably useless to offer any counsels of perfection or rules for the making of a good goal-keeper, for he is indeed born, not made.

Probably the best qualifications for a good hockey-player are those contained in a combination of skill in cricket and 'soccer,' with youth and pace added. We say youth advisedly, for the days are past when a man could say 'When I get too old for football I shall try hockey.' Indeed, a man rarely becomes a good player late in life; the old-fashioned 'go-as-you-please' game has given place altogether to the fast, exacting play of the younger generation. And, even though the crowd

be slow to come, what does it matter to the true enthusiast? 'The game's the thing,' and he is a poor sportsman who takes up sport for the sake of the cheap cheers of a sixpenny gallery. To check a rush of opposing forwards, to intercept a rattling pass, to feel the stick bend in your hand as the ball flies like lightning to the goal—'this is the end of every man's desire.' And the truest lover of hockey is the player who would defend his game only too gladly from the risks and contaminations of the modern craze for gate-money and an audience. These things have spoilt one fine game and are like to spoil another. May they be long absent from the youngest and most whole-hearted of their rivals.

ON A RIVER IN NORWAY

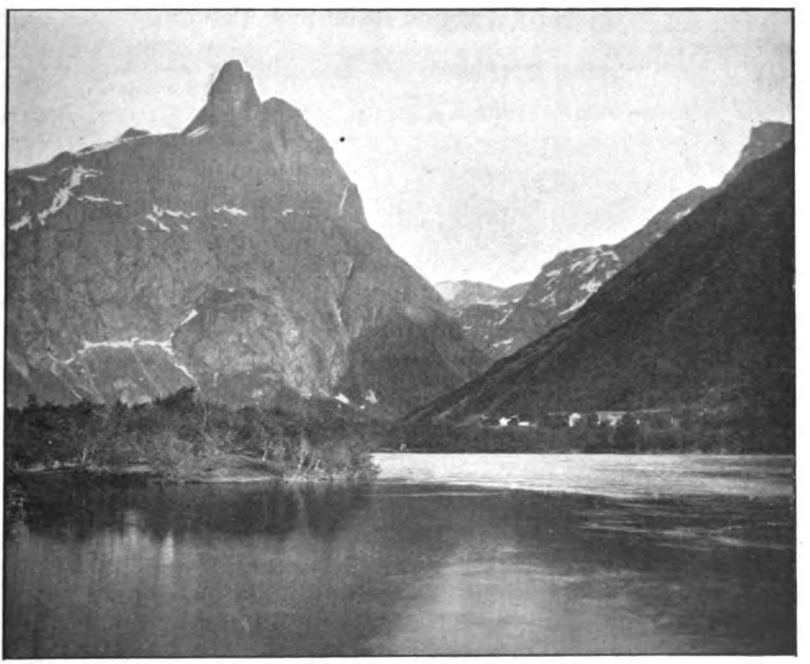
BY LADY EVELYN COBBOLD

A LOVELY grey morning in Norway, a pool in perfect order on the famous river Rauma, a boatman who knows every deep and shallow in the pool, what more could the heart of fishing mortal desire? Round me is ranged some of the finest scenery in this most beautiful country; the Romsdal Hoorn towered his mighty head five thousand feet above me, while on the right rose the jagged peaks of the Troll Tinderne. At that moment soft grey clouds veiled their tops from view; those tops from whose fantastic shapes they doubtless derived their name of 'Witches' Peaks.' The most daring Alpine climber would not venture their ascent. The precipices fall sheer in many places for fifteen hundred feet; now and again great avalanches of snow roll from their heights with a noise like thunder and precipitate themselves into the valley beneath, often bringing rocks and stones down with them, and woe betide any goats or cattle who have strayed too near and are feeding in apparent security below.

The early morning air was fresh and cool, and as I emerged, full of hopeful expectation, from the little wooden house which lies on the left bank of the river, I fell in with a very ancient servitor who rejoiced in the name of Ole Fiva, and who assured me that everything was 'very much good' for fishing. Many a good fish has old Ole gaffed in these waters, and now that his day is over he loves to tell the tale, but above all he enjoys the recital of how, on one occasion, when a

veritable monster of the deep was nearly brought to land, he feared to gaff, believing it to be inhabited by some evil spirit, and one of the largest salmon ever hooked was lost, whilst old Ole said his prayers in fear and trembling on the bank. But Tosten, my boatman, has called me, 'Missis, make haste, sun coming quick!' So I took my fifteen-foot split-cane rod, and selected a small 'Silver Doctor' fly under his advice.

The river here was about eighty yards wide, clear and



ROMSDAL HOORN

green, very unlike our Scotch rivers. A quarter of a mile above us roared a magnificent foss, and outside the pool the current ran swift and strong. The pool was a deep one, but part of it was dead water and very difficult to fish. We pushed off in the boat from shore, and I cast my best for the first ten minutes, but already my inexperienced arms were beginning to ache when I felt a gentle nibble at my fly. There was a moment of intense anxiety—but no, he was not to be tempted. I sat down in the boat and waited two long anxious minutes, which seemed an eternity, then rose and cast again. This time I felt a quiver down my rod which thrilled me to my finger tips.

A snatch; I struck—my rod bent in a beautiful curve—oh, delicious moment! he was hooked, and my line was running out.

'Sit down, missis, sit down,' called out my trusty boatman, whereupon I obeyed orders and the fun began. Was it fun when I felt him running out with over a hundred yards of line? What a fish he must be! I could not stop him and had now only fifty yards of backing left: 'Row, Tosten, row for your life after him!' and down the pool we went to the very tail before I could get a pull at him. Slowly I began to wind him up, but for every yard I wound in he took two out. Still, with patience and perseverance, I brought him back into the pool and my boatman got a view of him as he jagged, jagged, at my line. 'Very much big fish, I tink about forty pounds,' were Tosten's words, and they filled me with renewed strength. To hook and play a forty-pound salmon for my first fish—what luck I am in!—if only I can land him! 'Duffer's luck' some people rudely call it. The jagging stopped at last and gave my weary arms a much-needed rest; in the meantime my husband had appeared on the scene and shouted to me from the bank that I must try to keep him in the pool if possible as there is a strong and rapid current outside. Trusting in the staying powers of my good rod, we rowed slowly up to the head of the pool and in the innocence of my heart I imagined he was going to allow me to land. I had long lost all feeling in my left arm, but now, believing the worst to be over and that the fish must be tired out, I slowly reeled him in and began to gloat in anticipation over my quarry. I have only to land and bring him to the bank—Tosten must not miss him with the gaff—whirr! whirr! out flew my line again! We followed him a short distance and managed to stop him, but it was quite impossible to bring him in; he sulked at the bottom, where he lay a dead weight on my aching arms, occasionally giving a sharp jag to show me that he would not have any liberties taken with him. After about ten minutes his mighty majesty decided to move into another pool, and, fighting me every inch of it, slowly and irresistibly made his way into Langholmen, Tosten, I, and the boat following meekly. I only prayed that he would not take us on into Lernesset, for beneath that pool raged an angry foss which meant certain destruction. The stream was carrying us at such a pace that it gave me a chance of winding up, and I wound away for dear life, when suddenly . . . what could have happened? oh! cruel luck, the reel had jammed and I could wind no further. In desperation I pulled in the line

with my hand and told Tosten to land me on the bank, where I saw my husband, who had run down to meet me, and hoped he would be able to move the reel. But Tosten rowed too fast to the land, the fish took another run, alas! my reel would *not* move, a terrific strain which even the best of Farlowe's treble gut could not stand—and my fish was gone!

. . . . .

Much sympathy greeted me from all sides, and I verily believe that Tosten's grief was as great as mine—poor old man,

FIVA HOUSE

he was even more exhausted than I was. As for me, as I sadly reviewed the events of the last forty minutes, I felt like a general who had lost his army. I had lost a mighty monster, and, though I may fish for many years to come, his equal I shall probably never meet again.

It was not till I had breakfasted, lunched, 'tead,' and dined, that I recovered sufficient heart to try my luck again, and resolved to fish Nedré Fiva, a large picturesque pool of about three acres of water, where the fish may come anywhere. It is beneath a foss, and looks as if it might hold any number of fish, but, as a matter of fact, it does not fulfil its promise. I had been supplied with another reel, and was careful to see

that it was in good working order. Having involuntarily bequeathed my 'Silver Doctor' as a souvenir to my antagonist of the morning, I tied on a 'Manchester Swell,' that gaudiest of gaudy flies, which I felt sure no salmon could resist. It was barely eight o'clock, but a newly arrived friend was so anxious to see a fish caught, that we settled not to wait for Tosten, with whom I had made an assignation at nine o'clock; so I shouldered my rod and we walked down to the pool, where we impressed into our service Knut Nora, the ferry-man, who lived close by, and spoke not a word of English. Nedré Fiva is a pool that can only be fished from a boat, and is so large that we think harling will be the least fatiguing method of fishing it. Letting out thirty yards of line, we sat down and awaited results, while Knut rowed us up and down. We had fished half the pool when there was a vigorous 'rug,' and once more I was hard at work with a fish on. He went off with about fifty yards of my line, and then proceeded to give short runs and jumps that tried my hold of him sorely. However, the fly remained in his mouth, and he soon got tired of that game and allowed me to tow him out of the stream across to the bank, where we landed. I was rapidly reeling him in all this time, and now shouted to Knut for the gaff. Alas! he only stared at me. Did he not understand? Surely even a ferry-man would know that a fish required gaffing before eating? One awful moment, and it dawned on me that there was no gaff with us. In the hurry and excitement of trying a new pool we had left it behind. What was to be done? The ferry-man laughed in the irritating way that Norwegians have when they see us in inexplicable difficulties. At last the light of intelligence dawned on Knut's features, and with an 'ah' of comprehension he set off in the direction of the house, presumably to fetch a gaff. My fish by now was fairly tractable, but fearing that if left to rest he would recover his strength and take me out into the stream again, where there was now no means of following him, I set to work to tow him up and down the twenty yards of open ground, clear of trees, where we had landed.

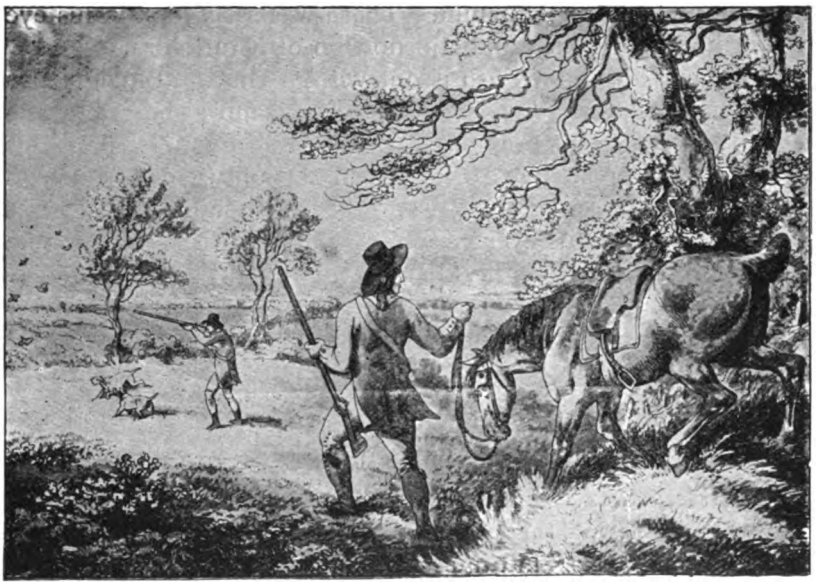
Backwards and forwards I trudged with him, splashing knee deep through a bog at every turn, the tired fish close to shore following meekly, while my friend sat on the bank and laughed at us both. After a few more turns on the river bank, my fish, which was a small one, probably weighing twelve pounds, began to show signs of mutiny, and I feared I was

tiring myself more than him. There was a sly look in his eye which boded mischief, and still no sign of Knut Nora.

A sharp tug, and my fish is out with my line and making for the stream. I reeled him back relentlessly, and as he neared the shore, I cried to my friend, 'Try and catch him.' The fish at this moment presented a glorious opportunity, and my friend made an ineffectual grab at where his waist should be. Alas! we had neither of us ever heard of tailing a fish—one splash, and he was off, and my fly dangled in the air. By the waters of Nedré Fiva we sat down and wept, and I tried to think:

'Tis better to have hooked and lost,
Than never to have hooked at all.

It was after nine o'clock as I wearily made my way once more to Tofte, the pool in which I had hooked my morning fish. There was a pink glow on the topmost point of the Romsdal Hoorn, a reflection from the evening sun, which had now disappeared behind the mountains of the west. The light was again reflected in the pool below, and was not the best for fishing; so I left my rod for a while with Tosten, and walked on to Langholmen to review the scene of the disaster and to wonder if my fish were still there, and how he was getting on and digesting my 'Silver Doctor.' As much reflection did not tend to raise my spirits, I returned to Tofte to put my luck again to the test. By this time the glow of the sunset had faded, and a grey mackerel sky had taken its place. I changed my fly for the largest and gayest I could find, a vulgar monster with much yellow about him. Time proved me right in my selection, as very shortly there was a good pull at my line. I have come to the conclusion that the feel of a pull is the acme of bliss in fishing until the gaff is in the fish's side—the rest is one of those pleasures which are too nearly akin to pain. This fish behaved in a most gentlemanly manner, and after ten minutes' play I was able to land, and shortly after—oh! supreme moment—he was gaffed. We weighed him at once—sixteen pounds—not to be despised, and a good clean fish, just come up with the sea-lice on him. I had the luck to land two more fish that night, one weighing fourteen pounds, and a grilse; they were certainly some consolation, and helped to fill the aching void left by the monster of the morning. Dear Tofte! the scene of my first defeat and first triumph, you will always be the pool *par excellence* for me, and Tosten the best and most sympathetic of boatmen.



WALKING UP PARTRIDGES

BY H. T. INMAN

THE majority of partridge shooters in this country walk up their birds in stubble and in roots after the manner of their fathers before them. Pointers and setters, it is true, are rarely used, but the sportsman seeks the game he shoots. The modern system of driving, which has been invented to counterbalance the advantages given to the birds by machine-cut crops, is not suited to ordinary requirements. It needs an extensive area, a certain number of guns, and a small army of beaters under skilled guidance. It is consequently too expensive for the average purse, and can only be carried out in a very modified form on the average shooting-ground. For every sportsman who habitually shoots driven birds it may safely be asserted there are nine who follow the old method. These, moreover, consist largely of professional and commercial men, who snatch a weekly holiday from a busy life ; and to them the exercise and pleasure of a good day's walk in the country, with the added excitement of sport, is infinitely preferable to the more indolent though more difficult art of killing driven birds. But the walking

up system has this terrible drawback: it makes the birds so wild after a few weeks that they are almost unapproachable; and by the time the ordinary sportsman has disposed of the few pheasants on his ground, he has to fall back for sport during the remaining months on the ubiquitous and fortunately prolific cotton-tail.

No remedy has been discovered to make the partridge lie to the gun, except the kite; and as this is used for the purpose of frightening the birds into hedges and otherwise influencing them by terror, it will scarcely be adopted before the ordinary means of approach have been abandoned as hopeless. Birds frightened by a kite will necessarily be wilder than before. The question, then, to be considered is whether sport cannot be obtained in the early days of September in a way less disturbing to the coveys on the ground than that usually adopted.

The mischief is done during the opening days of the season, and, if we may be pardoned so sweeping an assertion, it is done by a direct contravention of the most fully established principles of partridge shooting. Any one who walks about a farm during August will find the coveys as a rule approachable: the sudden whirr sets the sportman's nerves tingling with pleasant anticipations; as days go on the birds naturally grow in strength and cunning, and the harvesting of their accustomed cover has a disturbing influence. But long after the birds begin to leave a field as soon as the gunners enter it, the farmer and his labourers will tell you that they frequently allow them to walk and work within gunshot without showing alarm. Every one, in fact, will admit that the birds soon learn to distinguish between sportsmen and farm hands. The partridge is doubtless a bird of great intelligence and of extraordinary vigour and vitality. It possesses every quality a sportsman can desire, and is worthy of his best endeavours. But the feature which is insufficiently considered in practice, though fully acknowledged in theory, is its individuality. The sportsman has to deal with certain birds all through the season; the coveys born on the property remain there, and with the exception of the boundary birds which cross to and fro, he comes into contact with no others; each covey has its sleeping-place, its feeding-ground, and its place of shelter from disturbance and danger; these resorts are only changed in obedience to the instinct of self-preservation. So that a careful observer will soon learn to recognise each covey on his ground, and will generally know the line of flight each will take when flushed.

On these characteristics of partridge life the accepted principles of partridge shooting are based, and they are summarised in the twofold instruction, 'Mark your birds and follow them.' Every sportsman will at once proclaim himself an adherent of this creed; its wisdom is as fully accepted as any other deduction of long and universal experience, and is as little followed. Unfortunately, as some one has observed, there is a deal of human nature in man; and this human nature is largely biased by a tendency to act in a way contrary to what is known to be the best.

A correspondent in *The Field* a short time ago called attention to the frequency with which birds were put up out of shot by some ill-timed remark: the human voice is known to be a certain means of putting birds on the *qui vive*, and yet the man who can restrain his tongue until he reaches a safe place is a rarity. Walking across a stubble-field in extended line, you hear some one call out 'Mark!'; all the other coveys within hearing also hear the word, and they 'mark' in another sense: in the roots the first volley is accompanied by a series of ejaculations from its perpetrators, such as 'I got a brace!' 'That's a runner!' 'Mark that bird, it's going to tower,' or 'Well, I'm blessed!' and the other birds lying hid in that cover attach their own meaning to these various sayings. Even the ordinarily reticent labourer, who is plodding along under a varied assortment of fur and feather, is heard at times giving vent to excited gurglings; the commonest explanation is, perhaps, that he has seen a rabbit go into a hedge two fields off, or that he has caught sight of 'an old hare,' which same 'old hare' is indicating at a very safe distance that 'she' has caught sight of the 'thin' extended line. But we have wandered from our subject in order to illustrate the fact that the sportman's practice does not accord with his theory; and on this basis we wish to examine his practice, not his theory, during the early shooting days, and see whether it is through any fault of his that birds become wild so quickly.

Let us describe the ordinary methods of a shooting-party on the first of September. Arrived on the ground, the guns, with a beater or two, proceed to one of the boundaries and walk the fields methodically towards the nearest patch of roots or clover: the first covey that rises pays toll for its rash confidence, and some of the lucky ones, as they are reaching the limit of range, receive unpleasant reminders from second barrels or outside guns that a new chapter of their lives has been opened. In their as yet unenlightened innocence the frightened

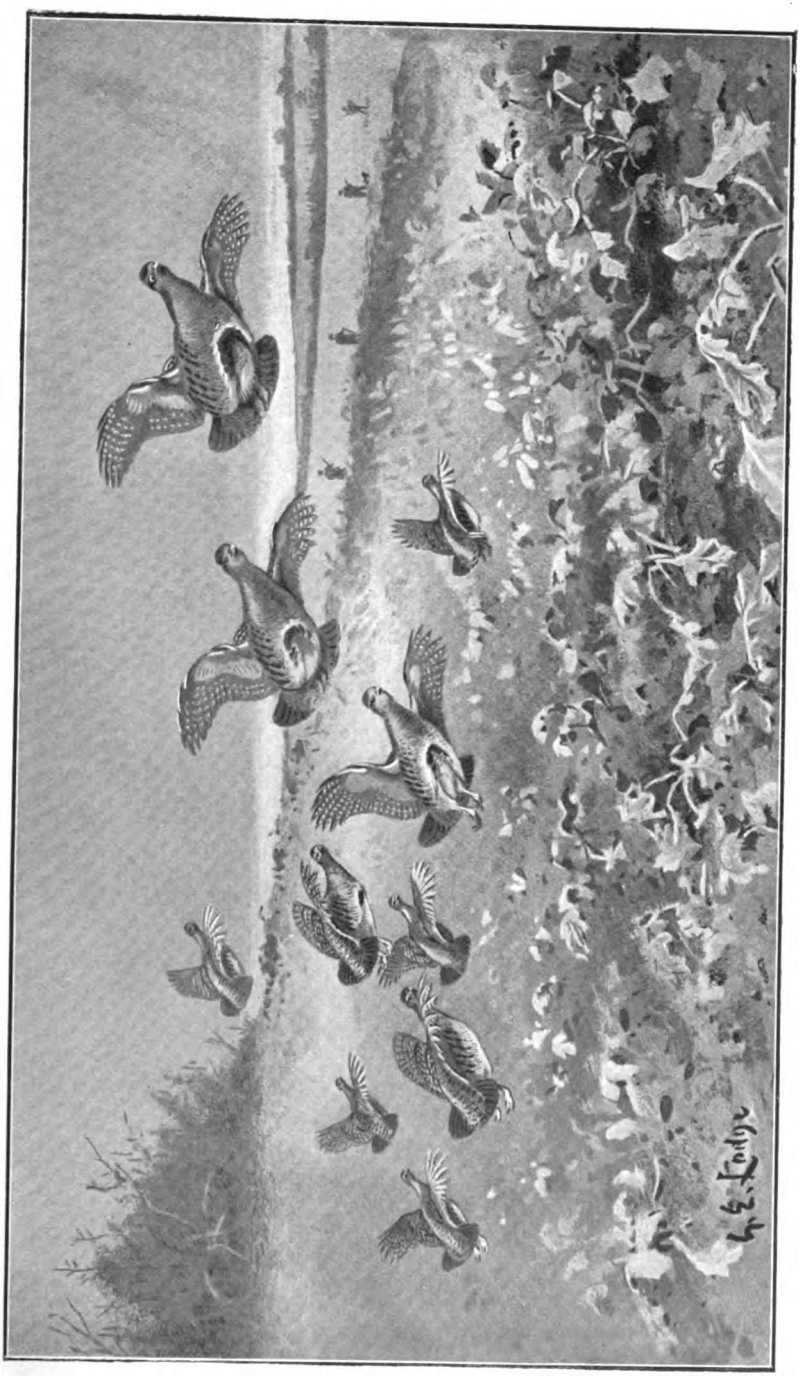
remnant proceeds to its accustomed shelter in the neighbouring cover, and, having been marked down, is left for a time, until the intervening ground has been carefully walked over. The theory, 'Mark your birds and follow them,' is observed to the extent that they were marked, as far as possible, from the shooting-line, and they would be followed in due course. Now, it is the first of September, and every one feels that this covey of birds will be found again later on, and that it will lie after its fright until the gunners again walk into it, so that it is all right. Moreover, the probability is that there is another covey or two within 'the sphere of influence' of the particular cover for which they are making, and these ought not to be left behind. The methodical plan is accordingly resumed and all the fields are carefully beaten towards the roots; every covey on that portion of the farm is flushed and shot into; the second barrels and outside guns again contribute their pellets to the skins of the distant lucky ones, and the bag begins to assume satisfactory proportions; in the field of roots still further execution is done, more are added to the bag, more go away with a stinging warning that men with guns are not to be trifled with; and if it were not for the habit of rising in coveys, the birds would have a poor chance on this first day of their new experience.

Having finished the roots, the party proceeds to work another part of the farm in the same methodical way from boundary to cover, and with the same results; again every covey is flushed, shot into, thinned, and left with some wounded. In the course of the day probably every field on the estate is walked over; every covey has received its first painful lesson of the warfare that has now begun; and there are few coveys that do not contain birds which have received something more than mental impressions of the conduct of the new species of biped, which walks in an extended line, makes a great noise, inflicts severe pain, and is altogether a phenomenon to be carefully looked out for and avoided. From the sportsman's point of view the day has been a success. Birds plentiful and not too wild; a satisfactory number of cartridges have been used; a good bag, pleasant company, sufficient exercise; on the whole, a day to be marked with a white stone has been added to the stores of his memory. In a week's time, or it may be less, the process is repeated in exactly the same way: the coveys see the same extended line walking across the fields in the same way, making the same noise, inflicting the same

pain ; and they very soon show that their lessons have not been unheeded. Some of them begin to rise at a greater distance, and the reply to this is that some of the sportsmen begin to take longer shots. I feel sure that a large number of those who shoot either don't know, or won't recognise, the space over which the shot of an ordinary gun spreads between fifty and eighty yards. We have all seen wonderful long shots, and have heard the chorus of praise when a bird or even a hare has fallen as 'dead as mutton' at eighty yards: the real element of success in the shot was the intrusion of a single pellet in a vital spot, due almost entirely to luck, the sole merit of the shooter being that he held his gun sufficiently straight to enable the charge to cover his quarry; in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the bird or animal would have gone away wounded.

But there is no need to take these extreme cases. With an ordinary twelve-bore a bird will get away five times out of six at any distance beyond sixty yards ; and no shot ought to be fired which would not in the majority of cases bring down the bird if the aim was good. In partridge shooting the use of long shots is more serious than in any other, because the partridge flies in coveys ; and however much we may try to pick out outside birds, it is seldom that there are not others within the area reached by the shot when more than fifty yards off ; and, of course, between fifty and eighty this area is enormously increased, whilst the power to wound remains. Every sportsman should try his gun on a sufficiently large target at varying distances between forty and eighty yards, because he will thereby acquire knowledge which will be invaluable to him, not only with reference to wounding game, but in connection with the care he should use in firing when dogs or men are in front of him.

If there is any truth in the description given above of the ordinary method of conducting partridge shooting in the early days of September, it is scarcely surprising that birds become rapidly unapproachable. The early bags contain representatives of every covey on the estate, and consequently there are none left later on in that state of ignorance which is bliss to the sportsmen. And now that the birds are becoming wild, and methodical beating is only rewarded by the sight of distant coveys skimming hedges, the early lessons of childhood begin to assert themselves, and much more trouble is taken in 'marking and following' ; the possible coveys left behind are not heeded, because they



RISING WILD

would almost certainly get up out of shot ; so a covey once up is marked and followed. But it is too late : the birds have received their lesson, and following them is only occasionally successful. The mischief was done on the first day ; the easy unintelligent shooting on that day was bought at a very dear price ; the prospects of the whole season were injured by the ruthless indifference as to what coveys the bag was made from. I don't mean to say that any party of shooters can be expected to let a covey rise within shot without salting them ; but what should rejoice a sportsman most at the close of each day, and more especially in the early days, is that his sport has been obtained from a few coveys and a large part of his ground has been undisturbed. And there is no doubt that, if this method is adopted from the very beginning, more sport will be got, more birds bagged, and more satisfaction received. In the first place, the sooner the owner of the shoot becomes acquainted with his coveys the better. If he can walk over his ground a few times in August without a gun and observe the localities frequented by different coveys, he will acquire useful knowledge ; he will associate certain coveys with certain fields, and know pretty well where they are at certain times. But supposing he lives at a distance and cannot do this, he can avoid disturbing every field each time he shoots ; at least he can try to get his sport without methodically disturbing the whole ground. He can practise what he and all sportsmen acknowledge to be the true method ; he can mark and follow his birds from the beginning.

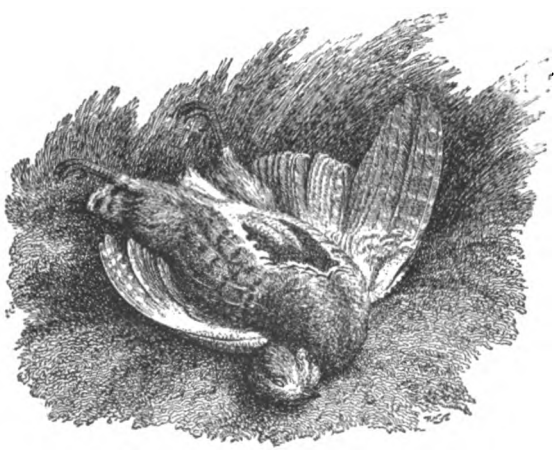
Let us picture for a moment the plan of campaign on the first of September from this point of view. Instead of taking the beaters with the guns, the master places them in carefully selected hedges, which command the probable flight of the first covey. Everything depends on very accurate marking. It is not enough to know that the birds have gone to a particular field of roots or patch of clover ; the exact spot in the cover on which they settled must be known. The sooner the guns can reach this spot the better, because nothing flurries birds more than being quickly disturbed ; but there are one or two things to be considered first : the captain of the shoot must have a clear notion in his mind as to the best direction in which to try and drive the birds ; the shape of the ground, the direction of the wind, and the distance of the boundary will be the main points to consider ; having settled this, he will have to move his markers, so that he may receive accurate information as to their

next resting-place; and then he will arrange his guns in the way most likely to accomplish his object. Being the first of September, he will probably walk right into this covey in shelter and take another toll; and it is to be hoped that long shots at the retreating birds will be refrained from on this and every succeeding shooting day. They are the most unsatisfactory feature of a day's shoot, and do more to injure future prospects than anything else. On this occasion it will probably be found that one or two birds will separate from the rest and seek shelter alone; these will, of course, be carefully marked down whilst the main body is again followed, the same precautions as before being observed. If the covey can again be quickly disturbed and shot into, the birds will almost certainly become bewildered and lose all cohesion, when careful marking will enable the gunners easily to account for them. In the early part of the season especially, and to a large extent all through the season, single birds under the influence of fright lie like stones and offer an easy prey to the sportsman.

Naturally the course of true sport does not always run as smoothly as here described. The birds occasionally score a success, and leave the sportsmen mopping their brows and thinking bad words; the boundary fence is a fertile source of annoyance, and partridges seem to have an uncanny knowledge of its exact situation; but this is all a part of the game. It is an absolute fact, admitted by all, that partridges do not fly far; that by carefully marking their settlement and quickly following them they can be bustled; that after one or two bustlings they become bewildered; that once bewildered they separate, and that separated they are easily approached. Moreover, it is acknowledged that the whole process of pitting yourself against one particular covey is replete with the excitement the sportsman loves. As you approach the known place of settlement you are on tenter-hooks lest any undue noise on your part should flush them prematurely: when you know you are within gun-shot your nerves are so highly strung that the sudden whirr of their rising almost destroys your power of aim; and this goes on during the whole pursuit, so that the quantity of emotion infinitely exceeds all that can be produced by walking across fields on the chance of running up against an unknown covey.

And suppose the partridge wins the trick, by playing the boundary fence or by sheer superior skill; you have had your sport and your exercise, and you feel that the return match

is still to come ; at any rate, this feeling will come when the first little ruffling has subsided and the boundary fence has lost the adjective you were tempted to add to it. On the other hand, you will sometimes win the trick—more often than not, let us say. Then comes the joy of the victor. First and foremost, you have triumphed over a plucky and intelligent opponent ; you have outmanœuvred a skilful player ; by the sweat of your brow you have followed the suggestions of your intellect, and a well-filled bag of bonny brown birds attests the fact ; you have had a most enjoyable two or three hours sport, due not to luck but to a careful observation of the rules of the game, for which you deserve no small credit. And best of all, on mature consideration, your sport has only injured the future prospects of the shoot to the extent of the number of partridges you have bagged from one covey—you can't have your cake and eat it too. But as far as the other coveys go, which under the other system will all have been disturbed and shot into, they remain for another day ; even those which you have flushed in following your covey have been allowed to go away unharmed, and have learned from the impunity they have experienced not to distrust you for the future. No ground, not even roots and clover, has been disturbed, except that over which your covey has taken you. At any rate, if the birds that are left do become wild, your conscience is free. They have neither been thinned nor wounded, and yet you have had sport and a bag.



THE ELDER'S ROUND

BY EDWIN BRYAN

IF you have never visited the links of Kilwellan, you have still a treat in store. Hoylake men know them well, and at Easter and Whitsuntide the boat from Liverpool to Belfast brings over many a party of golfers glad to renew their acquaintance with the charming little watering-place on the shores of County Down. To begin with, the course is a fine one. The turf is excellent, and the lies are good, provided you keep straight. There is plenty of variety too, for no two holes are at all alike, which cannot be said of some more famous links. And the seventh hole is perhaps the prettiest pitch shot in all golf.

Kilwellan is by no means a duffer's paradise, for you will meet with severe punishment if you go off the line, and the sand-hills are high and the bunkers deep, so that if you manage safely to surmount the 'Alps' and the 'Himalayas' and the 'Matterhorn,' and escape that dreadful 'Purgatory' bunker at the second last hole, and find that your card shows a net 80, you may deservedly treat yourself to whiskey and soda at the club-house, and consider that you have a '2 to 1 on' chance for the medal.

But the whole charm of Kilwellan does not lie in the golf. The little village crowded in between the sea and the huge hump of Slievemore has a beauty of situation hard to surpass. If you don't golf, and are fond of climbing, there is the whole Mourne range for you to choose from, with many bits where you can conveniently break your neck, if you are so minded. If you wish to cycle or walk there are good roads in plenty running through lovely scenery. You will find at Kilwellan that former rarity in Ireland, as excellent an hotel as any man could desire. And on a clear May morning, with perhaps an exhilarating suspicion of frost in the air, if you take your stand

on the second green, and look first along the sweeping curve of Dundrum Bay and watch the white breakers rolling up the yellow sand ; and then seaward, and catch the Isle of Man faintly outlined on the horizon ; and then mountain-ward, and see Slievemore and Slieve na-geeha soaring grandly out of their dappled belt of pine and larch, with the gloomy Black Valley cutting up between them ; and then inland, and feast your eyes on the flooding billows of yellow gorse : then indeed you will feel—and particularly if you have just won the hole in three—that life is worth living.

One of the most regular frequenters of Kilwellan is, or rather was, Jacob Malone, popularly known as 'The Elder.' You are not to imagine that Jacob is a Presbyterian—far from it. But there was once a Presbyterian who desired to become an elder, and approached his minister on the subject. The minister did not think highly of his claims, and questioned him as to his ability to perform the various duties of the post. With regard to each in turn the candidate had to confess himself deficient. 'Well, John,' said the minister at last, 'can you tell me any duty of an elder you think you could perform ?' 'Weel,' said John, 'A cud aye *object !*'

And that expresses Jacob to a T, for Jacob is the most crooked and cantankerous mortal in Ireland, be the second who he may. He is the real 'conscientious objector,' and none other is genuine. He objects to everything. And he opposes everything. It is sufficient to make a statement in Jacob's presence to ensure the immediate receipt of a flat and unvarnished contradiction.

I met him one autumn morning, as he was going to the links.

'Good morning, Mr. Malone,' I said ; 'sharp frost last night.'

'There was not !' was Jacob's polite reply.

'Well,' I said, 'I didn't see it myself, as I am not an early riser, but several men told me there was quite a sharp frost.'

'Sir !' replied Jacob, glaring at me, 'allow me to tell you that it is not every man who is a judge of frost !'

What are you to do with a man like that ?

Jacob is an enthusiastic golfer—of a kind. He is well over fifty-five, his beard is getting decidedly grey, and as he only took up golf a year or so ago he is not very proficient. But by dint of long and arduous hours spent in delving in bunkers and digging up of much turf with irons, and slicing of balls into all

sorts of weird and out-of-the-way hazards, he has at last arrived at the dignity of a recognised handicap.

He was started at first on the limit mark of thirty, whereupon he objected that to be placed at thirty among the ruck looked even worse than to have no handicap at all. He harped so persistently on the theme that he was a long way better than a thirty handicap, that the harassed committee at last gave in, and hilariously cut him down to twenty at one fell swoop. Whereupon he objected more strongly still.

Jacob's great ambition is to win a monthly medal, a feat which he will have much difficulty in achieving, as his handicap is at least six strokes too severe, and he shows no signs of improvement. Still he went very close to the medal once, as you shall hear.

One medal Saturday last October, after a wet forenoon, I had an early lunch at the hotel and strolled over to the railway station, which is just on the edge of the links. There were no golfers left in Kilwellan at that late season, but the midday express from Belfast generally brought down a crowd, among whom I counted on finding a partner.

To my great surprise, when the express rattled in not a single golfer got out. Disconsolately I wandered across to the club-house, and found the secretary working at his books.

'Morrow, Wilson,' he said as I entered, 'many of the boys down by this train?'

'Not a soul,' I replied: 'I can't imagine what's up.'

'Oh!' he said, 'I expect it's still raining in Belfast. And besides, this is the day they launch the *Titanic* at the Queen's Island. I hardly thought we should have many down.'

'What a nuisance!' I exclaimed, 'I'm off to England again on Monday, and I should like a decent round to finish up with. Will *you* come out?'

'Awfully sorry,' he answered, 'but I really can't. I have some business in Downpatrick, so I'm going to run over by the 2.30 and bike back. But I tell you what, Wilson,' he added with a twinkle in his eye. 'The Elder wants a partner, and I believe you'll find him somewhere near at hand.'

'Nonsense, Magee!' said I. '*I'm* not going to play with The Elder! I don't want my head snapped off!'

'Well,' said Magee, 'if you don't I fear you'll have to do without a round. Besides, he seems mild-mannered to-day—for him—and you really might do worse. It's a pity to waste your last afternoon.'

I considered the matter for a moment. Playing a round with The Elder was hardly good enough, but still, as Magee had said, it was a pity to waste the afternoon.

'Well,' I said at last, 'here goes for The Elder! Where is he?'

Inquiry from the caddies clustered round the club-maker's hut elicited the fact that Mr. Malone had last been seen in the neighbourhood of the second last green.

Now the second last green is well sheltered from the public gaze, and although every golfer knows that disqualification is the penalty for playing a stroke on any green previously to playing a medal round, still I was hardly surprised, as I turned the corner, to see the worthy Elder standing on the green, close to the edge, and addressing his ball with a wooden putter.

He had drawn back his club for the stroke, and was in the very act of bringing it down, when he heard my shout. He started and turned round guiltily.

I walked up to him. 'Mr. Malone,' I said, pretending to have noticed nothing, 'do you mind playing a round with me for the medal?'

'Not at all,' he replied, replacing his putter in the bag, 'it will afford me great pleasure.'

I trusted that the pleasure would be common to us both, but I had my doubts.

'Do you know,' said The Elder, as we turned back, 'I was very nearly doing a stupid thing. I had for the moment forgotten the rule about not playing on the greens before a competition, and I had just drawn back my putter to strike the ball when I heard your shout.'

He looked at me inquiringly, evidently wondering how much I had seen.

I only said 'Memory plays us queer tricks sometimes,' for I was pretty sure he had had many puts before I appeared, but there was nothing to prove it. We walked back to the clubhouse and secured caddies.

My handicap is twelve, and The Elder's, as I have said, is twenty. I drove off and got a fairish ball, leaving myself a nice mashie shot to the hole. Mr. Malone followed with a wild slice into a desert of stones and heather. He examined every club in his bag before he finally decided on his cleek. A violent heave of the body, followed by a mighty 'whack,' resulted, to my great surprise, in a nice clean shot, which landed him on the furthest edge of the green.

I was too strong with my second and lay about five yards beyond the hole. Jacob played a very good approach put (he really puts very well) and lay dead. I failed to get down and the hole was halved in four.

The second hole has an awesome bunker-cliff about a hundred yards from the tee, but once over that you should be down in three more. We both got over safely, The Elder away to the right as before. Here I foozled an easy approach, and again the hole was halved, this time in five.

Jacob was in the best of humour so far at being able to hold me, but at the very next hole the cloven foot peeped out.

The third tee is on the top of a sandhill which rises abruptly from the beach. I hooked a long ball into very rough ground to the left, and cursed inwardly, but felt better when Jacob sliced his ball violently down a steep place into the sea.

Under ordinary circumstances he would have been lying on loose sand, but an unusually high tide, aided by the wind, had brought the sea almost to the foot of the sandhills. I looked down and saw The Elder's ball bobbing about in a little creek that ran into the land.

Jacob scrambled down, picked it out, and carefully dropped it on a firm patch of sand on the far side of the creek. He took his heavy iron and, I must say, made an uncommonly good shot, which sent the ball well over the sandhills on to *terra firma* again.

I waited till he climbed up again. 'Good shot, Mr. Malone!' I said patronisingly, with the pleasing feeling that I had gained a couple of strokes on him.

'Yes,' he replied, panting, 'I consider that—to be—a very serviceable—second.'

'Third, I suppose you mean?'

'No, sir!' he retorted sharply, 'I said "second," and I mean "second!"'

'I beg your pardon,' I replied, 'you have played two strokes and you lose a penalty stroke for lifting out of water.'

'Not out of casual water!' said The Elder, preparing to move on.

'Casual water!' The sea casual water! I thought I should have dropped from astonishment!

'Mr. Malone,' I said, trying to repress a laugh, 'you don't seriously mean to say that you consider the Irish Sea to be casual water!'

'Casual water,' replied The Elder, pulling out a book of

rules, 'is thus defined by the rules of golf, approved by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, September 26, 1899 :—" Casual water shall mean any temporary accumulation of water (whether caused by rainfall or otherwise) which is not one of the ordinary and recognised hazards of the course "—.'

'But,' I interjected angrily, 'the sea is *not* a temporary accumulation of water!'

'So much, taking the sea at large, I am prepared to admit,' he replied, cocking his head on one side, and wagging his forefinger at me, 'but the particular portion of the sea in which my ball was lying is purely temporary. Not for forty years, that is to say, not since a date long prior to the establishment of these links, has the tide risen to within two feet of its present height. As a fall of six inches would lay bare the creek into which I played my ball, I contend that my ball was therefore lying in casual water.'

I was thoroughly angry by this time, considering the prospect of a round with an opponent of such an argumentative turn.

'At any rate,' I said, 'I shall count it *three!* You may count it *two*, if you like, and Magee can decide the point when we return.' And I strode off in high dudgeon to look for my own ball.

I found it lying badly in heather, which did not improve my temper—or my play. I got it out at the second attempt, and eventually was down in six. Jacob foozled along and took eight, according to my counting, or seven, according to his own.

We played in dogged silence, as far as possible, for the next three holes. I had gained about five strokes on Jacob, and was getting back my equanimity, when another row occurred.

The seventh hole is a very nice little pitch over a considerable bunker, requiring a high shot and a very dead fall. My boy made a high tee, and I took my mashie in hand. During the preliminary waggle I knocked my ball off the tee.

'Stroke gone!' said Jacob, laconically. 'Tee my ball, boy—just here.'

'Mr. Malone,' I said, 'this is carrying a joke too far! Every child knows that if you knock your ball off the tee while addressing it it doesn't count.'

'Certainly,' said Jacob, 'but you were not addressing it.'

'In the name of goodness!' I shouted, 'what was I doing then?'

'Listen to this,' said The Elder, pulling out his book of rules again. 'Definition (p) :—"Addressing a ball shall mean that a player has taken up his position and *grounded his club.*" Now you had taken up your position, but you had *not* grounded your club. I was watching you.'

'Whoever framed that definition was an ass!' I cried.

'Possibly,' said Jacob, with a sweet smile, 'but we must play the strict game, you know.'

I restrained myself with considerable effort.

'Look here!' I said, 'in case you may be right, I will play my ball from its present lie, but I will *not* count the stroke against myself until Magee tells me I must!'

'He will have no option,' replied Mr. Malone, 'I shall enter the stroke on my card.'

I cleared the bunker all right, but failed to get the dead fall, and took four. Jacob did the regulation three.

I gained another stroke on him before the turn, and our respective scores read 46 and 51, according to my reckoning, 47 and 50, according to Jacob's. The arithmetic was getting complicated. Coming home we both played badly. No further discussions occurred, but few and short were the words we said! At the sixteenth hole I was eight strokes ahead.

The second last hole is a nice drive to the green, but requires a good carry to clear 'Purgatory,' a yawning chasm out of which a lightly built ladder conducts you again to the upper world, if so be that you have had the misfortune to fall into the abyss.

I cleared it safely and saw my ball stop about twenty yards to the right of the green. Jacob's ball was a 'rocketer,' and just failed to carry the bunker, dropping through the rounds of the ladder.

I could not help expressing a good deal of mock sympathy. Jacob only glared at me as he descended into the chasm.

'It's all right!' he shouted, as he approached the ball. 'You haven't won yet! I'm beautifully teed up!'

I laughed.

'You may be,' I said 'but I don't see what good it's going to do you, with that ladder in the way.'

'Don't you?' he snarled. 'Just wait a moment!' And he began tugging at the ladder for dear life. But both ends were fastened to firm stakes, and the carpenter had done his work well. I chortled.

'It's no go, Mr. Malone,' I said, sitting down on the edge

of the bunker, and watching him with a pleased smile. 'You had better take it back and tee it, and lose two.'

He made no answer, but turned to his caddie. 'Go to the club-maker's shop, boy,' he shouted, 'and borrow a saw!'

'My dear sir,' I exclaimed, 'are you dreaming? You can't go and cut down the club fixtures to get at your ball!'

'Can't I, indeed?' he yelped, 'go, boy!'

The boy departed chuckling, and out came the book of rules again.

'Look here!' cried The Elder, 'listen to this! Rule 13, exception 3:—"Steps or planks placed in a hazard by the Green Committee for access to or egress from the hazard *may be removed*, and if a ball be moved in so doing it may be replaced without penalty." What do you say to that?'

'I say,' I answered, 'that the framers of that rule never contemplated the violent demolition of club property——'

'I don't care!' said Jacob.

'— And furthermore, I say that the Green Committee will demand that you make good the damage.'

'I shall do nothing of the sort!' cried The Elder, 'I am exercising my just and lawful privilege, and I won't pay a halfpenny! Ah! here's the boy! Hurry up!'

The boy handed Jacob the saw, and he set to work with vigour. In a couple of minutes the ladder was sawn in twain, and a few vigorous wrenches tore the two parts from the supporting stakes, although the caddie declined to assist, having the fear of being 'warned off' before his eyes.

As Jacob had said, his ball was beautifully teed up, and to my great disgust a neat wrist shot landed him within a foot of the hole. I made a gallant attempt to get down in two, but failed, and The Elder got there in three to my four! I felt exceedingly annoyed.

I managed to pull the stroke back again at the last hole, and the final scores read on my card: Wilson, 100—12—88; Malone, 108—20—88. The Elder's card showed: Wilson, 101—12—89; Malone, 107—20—87.

'At last!' exclaimed the Elder, 'I have won a monthly medal!'

'Not so fast, Mr. Malone,' I replied, 'if I am right we have just tied.'

'My dear sir,' said Jacob, 'you can't go behind the rules. I am content to leave it to Magee.'

We found Magee in the club-house, just returned and looking very hot.

'Hallo!' he cried, 'have you only just finished? You must have been playing a deuced bad game. Who won?'

'That is what we want you to decide,' I answered. 'Perhaps I had better explain, and Mr. Malone will correct me if I go wrong.'

Mr. Malone sat down and ordered a glass of beer, looking very much pleased with himself, while Magee listened attentively to my tale.

He was highly amused till I came to the destruction of the ladder.

'By the Lord Harry!' he shouted, 'that's beyond a joke! Do you mean to tell me,' turning to Malone, 'that you actually sawed up the 'Purgatory' steps to get at your damned ball? Well, of all the cheek——'

'So far as I understand,' I interrupted smiling, 'Mr. Malone was quite within his rights there. I make no objection on that score, and prefer to leave him to settle matters with the committee——'

'As he certainly will have to do,' said Magee.

'But,' I went on, 'we want your ruling on the two disputed points—casual water, and addressing the ball. Is the sea casual water?'

'Certainly not. Most decidedly not.'

Then The Elder arose and explained his case, emphasising his point with the glass of beer, till he had slopped most of it on the floor.

'I maintain,' he said, 'that in the exceptional case of an abnormally high tide, a portion of the sea is and must be casual water!'

'Nonsense!' said Magee sharply. 'The sea varies in height, of course, but it's always there, and so it can't possibly be casual water. I give that against you, Mr. Malone.'

'You are manifestly wrong, sir,' said Jacob, 'but even so, I win. That makes me only 88 to Mr. Wilson's 89.'

'That depends,' I said. 'Did I lose a stroke, Magee, when I knocked my ball off the tee?'

'I shouldn't say so. Let me look at the rule.' Very funny definition,' said Magee at last, after a careful perusal. 'Did you not ground your club, Wilson?'

'No,' I replied. 'I confess that I omitted that important preliminary.'

'Well,' said Magee. 'According to the strict letter of the rule, if you didn't ground your club you weren't addressing the

ball, and therefore you lose a stroke. But I won't decide till I write to St. Andrews. There's evidently something wrong with the wording.'

'You have already decided, sir, that according to the strict reading of the definition, Mr. Wilson loses a stroke,' said Mr. Malone firmly. 'And I therefore claim the medal.'

So saying he buried his nose in his second glass of beer.

'Tarry a little, there is something else,' I said. 'Magee, I shouldn't have said anything if I had been beaten in a sportsmanlike manner, but—*I* claim the medal! Mr. Malone disqualified himself by playing a stroke on one of the greens before the competition began! I saw him myself.'

The Elder choked in his beer and spluttered violently.

'It's a lie, sir!' he shouted. 'You couldn't possibly have seen—I mean to say, you saw me bringing down my club to strike the ball in a moment of forgetfulness, as I told you, but you never saw me strike it!'

'You are condemned out of your own mouth!' I cried. 'To use your own words, you can't go behind the rules! Magee, will you please read out the definition of a stroke?'

Magee did so, with a naughty little twinkle in his eye.

'Definition (m): "A stroke shall be any movement of the ball caused by the player, except as provided in rule 4, *or any downward movement of the club made with the intention of striking the ball!*" Pretty clear, Mr. Malone, isn't it? Wilson is quite right. The medal goes to him.'

The Elder was furious! He pranced violently to and fro, threatening all manner of things. He would write to the Irish Golf Union! He would write to St. Andrews! He would write to Tom Morris! He would have justice somehow!

He may have done all these things. I don't know and I don't care. If he did, I fancy the replies must have been unsatisfactory, for we never heard anything more of the matter except that an unsympathetic committee insisted on his paying for the ladder, whereupon he immediately migrated to Portrush, where I wish them joy of him!

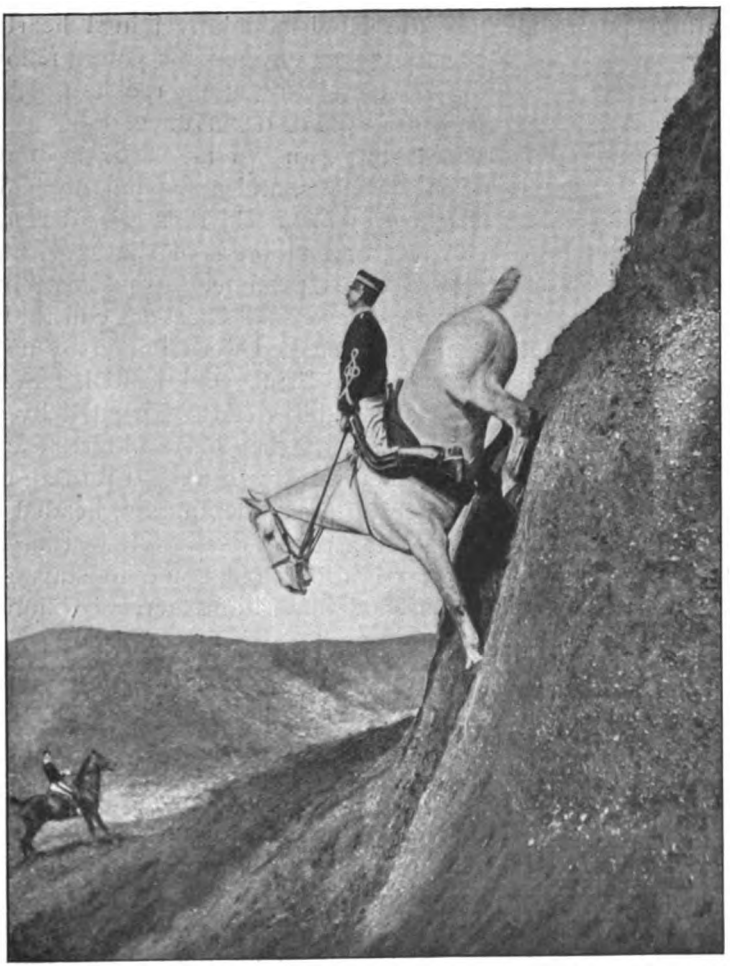
WITH FOX AND HOUNDS IN THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA

BY EDWARD C. STRUTT

HUNTING in Rome is merely one of the incidental amusements of the place, an elegant distraction from too much archæology, a healthy and invigorating diversion from the gossip of aristocratic *salons* and from the intellectual sadness which is apt to invade the mind during an uninterrupted course of sightseeing. Though probably as large an amount of pleasure is derived from hunting in the Campagna as can possibly be had from horses and hounds, the true connoisseur may be disposed to sneer at his first experience of the Roman pack. It is only fair, however, to add that fox-hunting has had endless difficulties to contend against in Rome ever since its introduction in 1842, when that accomplished sportsman Lord Chesterfield was so struck with the picturesque grandeur and sporting possibilities of the Roman Campagna that he imported his own pack of hounds from England, and for the first time made the undulating plains and wooded ravines round the Eternal City musical with the soul-inspiring *Tally-Ho!*

The astonishment caused by the 'mad Englishman's' whim

was not confined to the foxes of the Campagna or to the shaggy shepherd dogs and no less shaggy masters ; in Roman society, Lord Chesterfield's *capriccio*, as it was styled with indulgent amusement, excited boundless surprise and wonder. At first



the local 'nobility and gentry' were merely spectators, driving out to the meets in their carriages, but it was not long before the younger members of the *élite* were electrified by the spirit of the chase, and when the first season closed there were already not a few Roman noblemen who rode to hounds as straight and as pluckily as even Lord Chesterfield and his veteran English huntsman could wish. Foremost amongst these adepts was

Prince Odescalchi, and it was to his care that Lord Chesterfield, after what he described as the most enjoyable year he had ever spent in Rome, confided the pack. Thanks to Prince Odescalchi's initiative, a Roman Hunt Club was founded, the younger scions of the nobility clubbing together in order to carry on the exhilarating sport, in which the English colony joined heartily, but the members, for the most part enthusiastic young fellows, entered into the spirit of the chase with such reckless ardour that serious accidents were of frequent occurrence.

A dashing young Englishman, known as Bertie Mathews, was killed over a big rail in the fifties, and a Roman nobleman having shortly afterwards broken his neck, Pius IX. interfered, at the intercession of the wives and mothers of the sportsmen, and strictly forbade the dangerous pastime. A party of irrepressible young Englishmen, however, had excellent contraband sport in spite of the papal interdict, and were joined by not a few Romans, including the present Prince Odescalchi. For a considerable time the entreaties addressed to Pius IX. by the young patricians of the Eternal City that he would restore to them their one manly amusement met with a stern refusal, and it was with the greatest difficulty that a deputation, headed by Prince Colonna, obtained at last a repeal of the veto. Pius IX. evidently understood that fox-hunting had come to stay, and with his usual good sense ceased all opposition, merely cautioning the delighted sportsmen against reckless riding.

We do not know whether the Pope's paternal advice was followed; suffice it to say that hunting was taken up again with renewed ardour, never to be interrupted by papal or royal vetoes to the present day.

Formerly there was no fixed M.F.H., the members of the Roman Hunt taking it in turns to hunt the pack for a year at a time. Some twelve years ago, however, Don Guilio Grazioli was elected permanent Master, and on his resignation was followed by Don Agostino Chigi, who was killed at Adona, and finally by Marquis Lucien de Roccagiovine, the present Master. In the fifties the hounds were hunted by an Englishman, Mr. Knight, a magnificent sportsman, and another Englishman, Capt. F. Brown Young, also a first-class sportsman, occupied the same position in 1871. The huntsman and whip were always English until the present Master got it into his head that Italians would do just as well, and dismissing the English huntsman promoted his own coachman to that responsible post.

But fox-hunting is an essentially English sport, and any

departure from its ancient rules and customs is sure to destroy its true character and to turn the noble pastime into a lamentable farce. For those who are accustomed to the hearty ring of a British *Tally-Ho!* and who love the quaint cheery language of the huntsman to his hounds, nothing can be more ludicrous than the Italian substitutes, or feeble and incorrect imitations of fox-hunting *patois*. The hounds themselves seem to feel that there is something wrong; they are depressed and slack, usually following the scent half-heartedly and with none of

their accustomed *entrain*. Besides, an Italian coachman whose sphere of action was, till yesterday, restricted to the box of his master's carriage, can hardly be expected to learn by intuition that complicated science which forms the lore of a good huntsman, although he may be, as in the present case, a splendid horseman and plucky rider to hounds.

The lack of a properly qualified and experienced huntsman is all the more felt as the country is by no means an easy one to hunt with satisfactory results, although foxes are plentiful. The Roman Campagna consists chiefly of an open undulating plain extending towards the Alban Hills, and westward to the Mediterranean, but here and there may be found deep ravines and thickly wooded hilly country, as, for instance, at Monte

Mario and at Tre Fontane, outside the Porta San Paolo In the opinion of most experts, however, the Campagna is too open, the fences being merely *staccionate* or rails, and very easily negotiable stone walls. As there is nothing to stop your hounds they are very apt to run away from the field. This difficulty is rectified, however, by the fact that Roman foxes seldom, if ever, run straight, preferring to ring round like a hare.

A dwarf foxhound or harrier would be the best kind of

hound to hunt this country. In the seventies Captain Brown Young had some excellent sport with a neat little cry of beagles which he imported from England and who proved invaluable, standing the climate well, and, although slow, affording good fun, as the hardy little beggars hunted anything from a hare to a rat with equal zest

The second line of the old toast,

> Hounds stout and horses healthy,
> *Earths well stopped* and foxes plenty,

is but partly realised in this undulating country, dotted with crumbling ruins and broken by gigantic aqueducts. Although foxes are plenty enough, the most zealous earth stopper in the world would be baffled by this subterraneanly riddled expanse.

'Gone to earth' is one of the standing disappointments of Roman hunting.

Some parts of the Campagna are completely undermined by catacombs and by the *pozzolana* caves, which stretch away in every direction. Accidents have frequently happened, both man and horse suddenly disappearing in a mysterious manner below the surface. A young Irish officer, son of the late Sir Robert Gore Booth, once had a narrow escape. He had just got off his

horse after a long day's hunting, and was leading the tired animal by the bridle, when, to his surprise, the earth suddenly gave way underneath the horse's feet, and his mount sank into a deep pit. It was impossible to save the animal, which had to be killed. A similar incident occurred last year near the Anio River, when the pack, while trotting to the meet, went off in full cry after a cat, which led them to their doom, eleven hounds toppling into a deep hole before they could be whipped off.

The Roman hunting season begins on November 15 and closes on March 15. During the season, which is preceded by a very inadequate show of cub-hunting, the hounds meet twice a week, on Mondays and Thursdays, usually at some spot not

more than four or five miles outside the gates. Notwithstanding this insignificant distance, the present Master has adopted the system of invariably carting the hounds out to the meet, which is both unnecessary and unsportsmanlike.

There is always a fair muster at the meets, as fox-hunting has become quite fashionable in Rome, and the English colony invariably brings a numerous contingent into the field. The favourite and undoubtedly the most picturesque meet is the Tomb of Cecilia Metella, on the ancient Via Appia, both on account of its historical and romantic associations and owing to the surrounding country, which is gently undulating and intersected here and there by stone walls, some of the stiffest in the whole Campagna. It is a pretty sight on a fine winter morning to see hundreds of well-appointed equipages and long strings of fine hunters filing out of the mediæval Porta San Sebastiano, and forming an endless procession on the Appian Way. But, although very well attended as a rule, a modern meet cannot be compared with those of thirty or forty years ago, when there would be fields numbering from two to three hundred, including such personages as the ever to be-lamented Empress Elizabeth of Austria and her sister the Queen of Naples, both accomplished horsewomen, Russian princes galore, and a plentiful sprinkling of French officers, besides the *fine fleur* of the Roman aristocracy and of the English colony. When King Humbert was only Crown Prince he frequently attended the meets of the foxhounds, invariably accompanied by the late Marquis Origo, Master of the Horse, to whom his Majesty was indebted for his very creditable horsemanship. When the Prince first came to Rome he still rode in the Piedmontese military fashion—viz., like a pair of scissors, and although very plucky, he had great difficulty in keeping his seat when jumping the stiff rails of the Campagna. An assiduous course of fox-hunting, however, under his mentor's able guidance, soon changed his style of riding, and, after somewhat more than the regulation number of croppers, Prince Humbert rode to hounds as straight as might be expected of one who had taken to the noble sport so late. As to his father, King Victor Emmanuel, he despised fox-hunting, and only shot foxes when he came across them during his solitary expeditions in the Campagna.

Just at present the Roman Hunt cannot boast of any princes or empresses, but the Duke of Aosta and the Count of Turin never miss a chance of having a run with the hounds whenever they happen to come to Rome during the season, and the list of

regular members comprises some of the oldest names in Europe. Don Prospero Colonna, now Syndic of Rome, has never allowed his social or official duties to interfere with his favourite sport, and a fair daughter of the ancient house of Caetain, Donna Giovannella, now Baroness Grenier, shares with the Master's wife, *née* Baroness de Wagner, the reputation of being the pluckiest and most graceful horsewoman in Italy. It is curious that the engagement of Mdlle. de Wagner to Marquis Lucien di Roccagiovine, and that of Donna Giovannella Caetain (whose

mother, by the way, is an English lady), both took place in the hunting field.

Among the most prominent members of the Roman Hunt are Don Balassarre Odescalchi, son of the first Master ; Don Guilio Grazioli ; Marquis Teberi ; young Don Enzo Odescalchi, who made his *début* last year ; and nearly all the secretaries and military *attachés* of the different embassies, foremost among them Colonel Needham. When Lord Dufferin occupied the post of British Ambassador in Rome, he seldom missed a meet, and was usually accompanied by his son, Lord Terence Blackwood. Another well-known figure of the Roman Hunt is the poet and writer Gabriele d'Annunzio, who took up the sport with characteristic enthusiasm three years ago, and usually rides a

very tall black hunter with great spirit, if not with consummate horsemanship.

Then there are the young officers of the Tor di Quinto military riding-school, who are regularly driven down to the meets in a couple of omnibuses under the supervision of their superiors, as hunting is obligatory for them and forms part of their curriculum. Perhaps that explains their apparent lack of enthusiasm for the exhilarating sport. It must be admitted, however, that they are all magnificently mounted and that they take their fences with a pluck and coolness which a veteran fox-hunter might justly be proud of and which reflects the greatest credit on their instructors. Ten years ago it would have been difficult to find one cavalry officer in a dozen who could ride in the real sense of the word, but since the Tor di Quinto School was founded, the younger generation of officers deserve to rank among the finest horsemen in Europe. Great praise is due to the late Captain Brascorens di Savoiroux, who was unfortunately killed by his horse falling on him while jumping, to Marquis di Roccagiovine (who is a cavalry captain in the reserve), and to Lieutenant Caprilli, for having brought about this eminently satisfactory change.

We have said that the officers are admirably mounted, and this need not surprise us when we consider that the War Ministry sends a special commission over to Ireland every year to buy hunters, which are given to the young officers on the instalment system, a trifling sum being deducted from their salary until the amount be refunded. In this manner many an impecunious subaltern finds himself the proud possessor of a hunter which he could not possibly have afforded to buy for cash.

Those who remember the Roman Hunt of thirty or forty years ago cannot but be struck with the immense progress which has been made in the matter of horseflesh. In the good old days a well-bred, fast, sure-footed Irish hunter was as much of a *rara avis* in Rome as Pegasus might have been, had that winged steed suddenly alighted in the midst of the Campagna. The devotees of fox-hunting had to be content with Roman nags, which, although less showy and unquestionably more slow, did their work uncommonly well. They were for the most part small, scraggy-looking creatures, but gifted with extraordinary staying powers, and after getting their second wind would, at the close of a hard day's hunting, run a well-bred horse to a standstill. And as for jumping, there was very

little that could stop the cat-like little beggars. They did not clear a five-barred gate or a stiff stone wall with the easy swing of a well-bred hunter, but over it they would climb or scramble somehow, and the practical result was the same.

Even among the native horses, however, there were not wanting those that cut a very good figure from a *showy* point of view. These were chiefly the results of cross-breeding with the Castilian, Arab and English breeds. Pope Leo XII. was

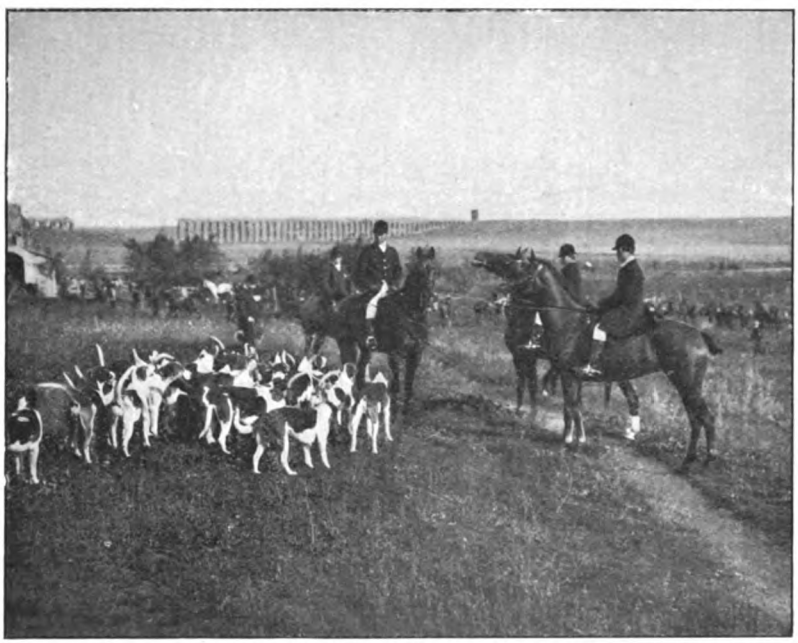
the first to encourage the venture, and soon the leading *mercanti di campagna* or gentlemen farmers, such as Csarini, Piacentini, Polverosi, Tittone and Silvestrelli, had famous breeds of splendid horses, now unfortunately extinct.[1] But even those improved hunters could hardly have withstood the present tremendous pace which has been introduced in fox-hunting.

A word about the hounds will not be out of place here. The pack is usually composed of from twenty-four to thirty couples, imported from England, as it has been found that

[1] Prince Odescalchi, Prince Doria, and Don Guilio Torlonia have taken up breeding of late with very satisfactory results.

breeding is not a success. Don Guilio Grazioli tried it, but although he bred some very handsome hounds they all proved sickly and shortlived. The kennels are at the Villa Renazzi, outside the Salaria Gate, and although rather limited the accommodation is fairly good.

The hounds appear to stand the climate very well, but it is easy to see that they begin to feel the heat a good deal towards the end of the season and are not half so buoyant and high-spirited as in their native country. Jaundice epidemics are not



infrequent, and in 1872 the greater part of the pack succumbed to the malady, so that Lord Petersham, afterwards Earl of Harrington, brought over his own hounds for the season.

From the pedestrian's point of view, hunting in the Roman Campagna is not wholly devoid of dangers, although these are more than compensated for by the pleasure of the magnificent walks and grandeur of the scene. Foremost among the enemies who beset his path is the fierce shaggy *pecoraro* or shepherd dog, considerably larger and in some cases more dangerous than the wolf, with whom he is accustomed to fight in the mountains, whither he returns during the summer with the flocks. If isolated, it is not difficult to tackle the brute with a few well-

directed stones, but when half a dozen of these huge dogs form a pack pedestrians are in serious danger. Not long ago a German artist who was out sketching barely escaped with his life and a pair of very badly torn trousers. But he had his revenge. As soon as he was able to leave his bed, he borrowed all the rusty old armour he could find in his friends' studios, and hiring a *vettura*, he drove out to the scene of his ignominious defeat. When he alighted he was armed *cap-a-pie* like a warrior of old, and thus accoutred walked straight into the midst of his ferocious enemies. For some time after that the *pecoraro* dogs of surrounding Campagna were badly in want of a dentist.

Another awkward customer for the pedestrian to meet is the *vaccina* or bull of the Campagna, a morose, fierce animal, which will pursue a man with the greatest determination and obstinacy. When in herds these *vaccina* adopt the usual strategy of wild cattle, forming a ring in which they seek to imprison their hapless victim, afterwards tossing or crushing him to death.

But with the most elementary care and prudence both these dangers may be easily avoided. Whether on foot or on horseback, hunting in the Campagna is one of the most enjoyable and exhilarating of pastimes. There cannot live the man with soul so dead as not to feel that riding, mere riding in the Roman Campagna is one of the rarest treats of life. What a country to gallop over! What a horizon of hills to look out to! What a sky to have above you! But were we to dilate on the marvellous prospect it has been our good fortune so often to survey we should forget the fox altogether, and what began with sport will end with sentiment.

THE THROWING QUESTION

BY P. F. WARNER

SINCE Edgar Willsher was no-balled by Lillywhite nearly forty years ago for getting his arm above the shoulder, which was then contrary to the law, no greater stir has been caused in cricket circles than the decision of the county captains to prohibit certain bowlers from bowling next season in first-class cricket, and warning others on the ground of the doubtful character of their deliveries.

I yield to no one in my desire to see throwing abolished in first-class and other cricket, but I cannot agree that the method adopted by the captains was the most judicious one.

In the first place, have not the captains acted *ultra vires?* In my humble opinion they have done so, for they have practically altered the laws of the game, and no power on earth can do that excepting the Marylebone Club. They have, so to speak, acted over the heads of the umpires, who, according to Rule 43, are 'the sole judges of fair or unfair play.' But, by their recent ruling, the captains, and *not* the umpires, have debarred certain men from bowling next season, while others are warned. I have heard it urged as an argument against this view that the umpires were afraid to do their duty and no-ball men of doubtful delivery—for a bowler has to be, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion—and that therefore something had to be done. That the umpires are afraid to do their duty I deny is the case at the present time; it may have been so a few years ago, but it is certainly not the fact now. Within the last two or three seasons we have seen the umpires constantly no-balling men. Phillips, as every one knows, has taken up a

strong position, but other umpires besides Phillips have not been afraid to no-ball men—notably Titchmarsh, W. A. J. West, Sherwin, and White, who, when with Lord Hawke's team in South Africa, no-balled a bowler at Grahamstown for throwing; and it requires some courage to do that. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that the umpires—or some of them—are afraid to no-ball men, my remedy for this is that these umpires should be dropped, and others found who would do their duty. The umpires cannot complain that they are not supported, for they *are* supported most loyally by the county captains, and, above all, by the Marylebone Club, with all its great weight and authority. If the present decision is carried out, we shall find that the umpires will wait for the captains to say who is to be no-balled and who is not. They will not do so of their own accord, for they will say, 'Oh, it's all right; the captains will prohibit so-and-so from bowling next summer, and so I needn't trouble to no-ball him.' The umpires must be made to understand that they are the responsible persons, and that they must do their duty unflinchingly; and I maintain that by this recent decision such a happy state of things cannot be arrived at.

Again it is quite illogical to rule that Mold *(exempli gratia)* is not to bowl next season. I have played against Mold many times, and though he undoubtedly does 'chuck' one now and then (with due respect to Mr. A. N. Hornby, who thinks that Mold has never thrown a ball in his life!) still he can bowl as fairly as any one in the world if he wishes to, and if he can bowl fairly then he ought to be allowed to bowl, *but*—the moment he throws no-ball him instantly. Mold, like Tyler, has only been no-balled once, yet Mold is suspended, and Tyler only warned. Why? Jones, the Australian, was no-balled by Phillips, but he wasn't suspended from bowling. On the contrary he bowled all through the last Australian tour in this country, and his action was generally regarded as perfectly fair. He was no-balled—took the lesson to heart, and did not do it again. Mr. C. B. Fry (Captain 'Chuckley' and Mr. 'Shy' as a wit of an umpire nicknamed Captain Hedley and Fry) used to throw disgracefully. He was no-balled more than once, altered his action, and in the only match I saw him bowl last season his action was quite fair. Captain Hedley and Roche do not, I think, satisfy Rule 48, but to illustrate how people differ over this question I will quote the case of Geeson, the Leicestershire cricketer, who has been suspended. In a

certain M.C.C. match at Lords last summer one of the umpires was told to watch Geeson's delivery particularly, and to report on its fairness. At the end of the match, the umpire—a man who has no-balled men before—reported officially that in his opinion Geeson's action was fair ; and yet in spite of this report we find the captains suspending Geeson. Are the captains any better judges of a suspicious delivery than the umpire in question? I think not. I have never seen Quaife bowl, but Captain Bradford was no-balled by both umpires in the same match, so in his case it cannot be said that the umpires did not do their duty. He threw and was promptly no-balled, and I maintain that the umpires will in future act in the same way towards any other bowler. Five or ten years ago cricketers were somewhat apathetic on this subject, and the umpires were undoubtedly afraid to do their duty; but knowing, as they do know now, that they will be supported in any action they may take, I feel sure that they will do their duty and no-ball men who, in their opinion, do not satisfy Rule 48.

In an excellent letter to the press on December 26, Mr. W. J. Ford writes: 'Are we storing up trouble for ourselves when the Australians visit us again? The trouble is to my mind most imminent, seeing that the question has already been raised as to the fairness of the newly discovered aboriginal bowler Marsh, who, no-balled on one day, bowled with his arm in splints on the next day and bowled as fast as ever! The Australians may bring him over in a year or two ; if the county captains bar him the friction will be intense; if his action is really doubtful and he is not barred, Mold and others will have strong ground for complaint.' Thus speaks one of the best judges of the game of cricket, and I suggest to the captains the putting of all the doubtful bowlers' arms in splints, for thus equipped no human being can possibly throw! But seriously, I think that the best way to put down what throwing exists, is to form a committee of the county captains, *with the sanction of the Marylebone Club*, who are the only law-makers of the game, and on any one being reported by the umpires for throwing, a vote be taken, and if unfavourable, the cricketer be suspended for a week; if brought up a second time fined and suspended for a fortnight; a third time he should be disqualified for the season. This is the suggestion of Mr. F. R. Spofforth, the famous Australian, in a letter which appeared in 'Wisden' for 1898. By this ruling a cricketer would have full warning of the penalty for throwing, and would not suddenly find himself suspended as

in the case of Mold who has played first-class cricket since 1889 and only once been no-balled.

Now what on earth induced the captains to publish the names of the 'suspects'? That course cannot do anything but harm, and is grossly unfair to Lockwood, Bland, Tyler, F. G. Bull, and W. W. Lowe, the men in question. One result of this will be that, say, when Yorkshire are playing Surrey at Bradford or elsewhere, and Lockwood bowls, *e.g.*, Hirst out in the middle of an exciting match, the crowd or a section of them will not unnaturally shout, 'Did you throw that one, Lockwood?' 'Take him off; he throws!' 'Hard luck, Hirst!' and remarks of that kind. How much better it would have been to have kept the whole matter a secret; for a scene of the above description, which is by no means unlikely, will be not only disgraceful in itself, but unfair to the bowler, and unpleasant for all parties. Here I should like to say that I have always considered Lockwood one of the fairest bowlers I have ever seen, and I cannot remember hearing any cricketer that I know questioning his delivery.

The captains, of course, acted in what they thought the best interests of the game, and they are undoubtedly doing good in endeavouring to eradicate this throwing nuisance. That I do not question; but what I do question is whether the methods they adopted were the wisest ones. I think not; but I feel sure that they will accept these criticisms in the spirit in which they are written—namely, a desire to do the best in my small way for the most glorious of all games.

FOOTBALL

BY CAPTAIN PHILIP TREVOR

DURING the past thirty years football has changed—degraded some of us would say—from a pastime into an industry, and, of course, this is chiefly the case with Association football. We are irrevocably committed to professionalism in the Association game, and each day numbers more adherents to the doctrine which tells us that 'whatever is is best.' But, though this be so, legalised professionalism has made no converts in the sportsmanlike element of society, for the necessity therefor has yet to be proved. Analogies drawn from the administration of the game of cricket are obviously erroneous and misleading, and indeed even apparent similarity of procedure in no case amounts to what may fairly be called an analogy.

As a matter of fact the methods of administration as applied to the two games are widely different, and the judicial handling of football affairs is far too often suggestive of the police court. Detective work, warnings, fines, &c., constitute a large part of the business of the executive, and the football sins of mankind are steadily building up a mass of repressive laws which would do justice in quality and quantity to the statute book of a Stuart sovereign. It is not contended by any of us that these pains and penalties are unnecessary. They are, of course, the logical outcome of the first step that was taken on the wrong road. The revival after a lapse of nearly two thousand years of the gladiator system has been attended, however, by the reduction of chicanery to a fine art; and the old-world people, could they arise to-day and become aware of all the possibilities connected with the paid performer, would stand aghast at their own pristine simplicity. The reckless bravo of the short sword, it is on record, was often saddened at the prospect of being compelled

to try to slay his antagonist; but it is not on record that he ever endeavoured to purchase victory or defeat, or that secret agencies did so on his behalf. He played to win or lose in a simple direct issue, and there is no evidence that he was ever 'manipulated.' Not the least of the many objections to professionalism in football is that its adoption has called into being a race of creatures who fatten and batten upon those grosser weaknesses of human nature which that adoption is responsible for dragging out of the quiescent mud in which for the time being, at any rate, they were decently buried. There is no necessity to elaborate this point, or to quote sordid instances by way of illustration. Everything that is undesirable in the system which is in vogue is directly traceable to the *fons et origo mali*. Nor has the skill attained by the professional football-player done a great deal to justify his existence.

Strict and unintermittent training is of course an absolute necessity for success in a series of games in which there is an hour and a half's actual play, and the simplest method of ensuring such training is to put the athlete under supervision, especially when that athlete is not in a position to object to such control. Were the amateurs as much in earnest for success by reason of their love of their game as the professionals are by reason of various practical considerations, they would forego the lounge in the smoking-room, the pestilent omelette, and the early cup of tea, not to mention other more dangerous foes to victory. In point of actual knowledge of the game the leading amateur has practically nothing to learn from the leading professional. In point of physique, stamina, pluck, big-heartedness, speed, and *finesse* the former may easily be the superior of the latter. Only in the matter of training and practice does the advantage appear to lie with the professional; whilst sufficient practice and enough training are certainly obtainable (given the necessary amount of self-sacrifice) by the amateur who avoids interference with the duties of his trade, calling, or profession.

My own conviction emphatically is that, were it their set purpose to do so, the amateurs could more than hold their own with the professionals at Association football, even though the latter continue to devote themselves body and soul—I use the words advisedly—to the game, or rather to the industry.

The feature—I might say the charm—of Englishmen in relation to their games is summed up in the term of 'sense of proportion.' Our 'Blues' do not sink into obscurity, talking cricket and football during their after manhood in clubs and public-

houses. They become generals and legislators; they adorn the Bar and the Bench, and they have even been known to leaven the episcopate and the peerage. Games with them have been merely incidental, and the day which sees athleticism get out of its place as the corrective and safety-valve of a working race may also see an undesirable change in the characteristics of that race. The greatest Association football player whom we have as yet seen is Mr. G. O. Smith, an amateur, and an amateur, too, whose prominence is not limited to the football field. It is not a matter of supreme importance to inquire whether or no Mr. Smith is at his best at the moment; but the greatest compliment to his abilities lies in the fact that many and many a centre-forward in the ranks of the professionals continues striving to acquire the art of putting those finishing touches to an attack by means of which Mr. Smith has made history. And it is not in one particular method or manœuvre alone that Mr. Smith has achieved distinction. He is a leader of men, a controller of the game, and a particularly happy example of the player who exhibits, in an eminent degree, those mental and physical qualities the combination of which is absolutely essential to greatness.

As regards the various positions of the chief League clubs, the inevitable swing of the pendulum has, as usual, done its work. Notts Forest and Newcastle United are in the van, whilst the Blackburn Rovers and Preston North End, which were once names wherewith to conjure, lag in the rear. But one's interest in the varying fate of the contestants is limited by the knowledge that in the long run the question of winner or loser is dominated by the question of finance. Lean and sinewy players change ownership after the manner of fat and beefy cattle, and all around we hear the chink of gold.

That Association football will survive as an institution there is no shadow of a doubt, but there is one risk which it runs even from its own point of view. We know that when the litigants have ceased from combat the lawyers creep in and steal the prey. The time may yet come when the professional football player will discover that he has, at much personal inconvenience, been pulling the chestnuts out of the fire for his masters to munch.

Rugby Union football, on the other hand, possesses an absorbing interest, for it is fighting for its very existence. Only a very few years ago the game appeared to have taken root in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales; but it is in

England, the land of the 'predominant partner,' that the fate of the present struggle must be mainly determined. England's predominancy, however, it should be noted, is a mere numerical quantity. There are more players in England than there are in Scotland, Ireland and Wales, and at that the predominancy ends. Early in the nineties a distinct deterioration in the calibre of the leading players was noticeable, and it should be remarked that even then for several seasons we had been engaged in 'marking time.'

This failure to progress has too often been attributed to the great defection which ended in the establishment of the Northern Union. Such, however, is not an accurate explanation. We certainly lost some valuable Yorkshire players by reason of the great schism, but the disability under which—I of course write as an English Rugby Unionist—we laboured at the time was merely temporary as regards prominent individual players; and, were we to-day to make up our grievances, I doubt if there is a single Northern Unionist who is good enough to win his International cap. Frankly and bluntly, the Northern Union has not, even from the point of view of its promoters, proved a success. The players themselves, in the main, regard the various executives with suspicion, and the public who make the system possible by their entrance money do not permit those executives to forget that they are on their trial. Under the circumstances the *non possumus* attitude of the English Rugby Union is to be deeply regretted. Personally, when (even in the seclusion of a railway carriage) I pass through a town in which there is a Northern Union club, I feel inclined to hide under the seat. I see in every porter and guard the bogey of a Rugby Union official, and I turn white at the very sight of the ticket collector. Will he ask me where I got the money to purchase that 'third return'? Will he cross-examine me as to whether there was a Northern Unionist standing near me as I booked, and did his great coat rub up against mine? Possibly the booking-clerk himself was a Northern Unionist, and—oh, the harassing reflection!—he handed me my change. There is no hope. I am a leper, and a leper too for ever and for ever. Every day we read letters from those who have become unwittingly diseased which cry to the prophets of Danes Inn for a Jordan or an Elisha to wash them clean. Certainly, of all the epidemics of modern times, Northern Union leprosy is the most insidious in its attacks. A friend of mine who, both at a public school and at the University, made a name as a football player, found

himself, on account of business engagements, dumped down in a Northern Union town during the winter months. He had to choose, he tells me, between no football and proscribed football. Being a healthy young Englishman, he was not long in making up his mind, and many a good—if unscientific—game he enjoyed in consequence. Then he went down as an old boy to play against his old school, and in a flash, he says, he afflicted twenty-nine people with official leprosy. Those twenty-nine, he assures me, on the following Saturday played in twenty-nine different games, whereby the number of his victims rose to eight hundred and forty-one. These eight hundred and forty-one again went forth to football fields in the length and breadth of the land, and the total, seven days later, had amounted to—well, neither his mathematical head nor mine could stand the strain of calculation at this point. It is in point of fact really difficult to treat the attitude adopted towards professionalism by the Rugby Union with any degree of seriousness. If you are instituting a select cult, you may refine as much as you like in the matter of regulations. The tenets of one famous society, we know, entailed walking down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily in one's mediæval hand, but even the perpetrators of this pleasantry scarcely hoped to bind any one who did not of his own free will agree to make a fool of himself. The authorities at Danes Inn should bear this fact in mind. It is harmful for any corporate body to make itself obnoxious, but it deals its own death-blow when it makes itself ridiculous.

The Northern Union cannot well survive if conducted on its present lines, for the paid player must necessarily, in view of the future of the labour market, demand higher wages; whilst already in certain parts of England there is unfortunate evidence that the interest taken in Rugby Union football is waning.

What therefore is wanted at the present time is a respite from legislation. For some seasons the Rugby Union army has gone into winter quarters, and has not actively prosecuted the campaign against the Northern Union. With another decade of masterly inactivity we may not only discover that we are no longer at war, but we may even almost succeed in forgetting that there has been a war at all.

In one sense the present time is auspicious. Subsequent to the big battle with the foe in the North, the Western army, after the ultimatum had been sent to President A. J. Gould,

was badly defeated in Wales. We cannot just now dig up the hatchet again and brandish it in the faces of the Welshmen, for we should necessarily lie under the imputation of resentment at the undoubted fact that their football is infinitely superior in point of actual play to our own. No good purpose is served by winking and blinking at this matter. There is as much veiled professionalism to-day in Wales as ever. Possibly there is more than there was in the past, only the veils used are of better texture and therefore conceal more effectually. No amount of skilful manœuvring on our part will cause those veils to fall into disuse. We may rend a few and we may capture a few, but others more cunning will be forthcoming to meet an emergency which must always exist. Truly veiled professionalism is the De Wet of the football field.

Pleasanter is it to turn one's eyes in the direction of the play and the players.

Scotch and Irish football may be dealt with very summarily. The Rugby Union game is abortive in its missionary efforts in England and Wales, for it is in these two countries respectively that the fight for existence must take place. The slump in English football appeared to have reached its lowest point in 1898, and since then there has been a slow but by no means a continuous improvement. Once again, however, we appear to be at a standstill. Indeed, those who have given the matter their careful consideration (and who are not unendowed with a sense of proportion) will, I think, agree with me that there is no English Rugby Union football player of the present time who has claims for inclusion in the book of history. What is true of the individual is also true of the various combinations of individuals. Two years ago Gloucester had a side that merited all the praise which was bestowed upon it. A year since Cambridge University (thanks to a generous sprinkling of Scotsmen) had an even better side; but the dawn of the new century sees us quite without a leading club. In Wales matters are very different, and one may parenthetically remark that the Englishman is an obstinate being, or, more properly speaking, the obstinacy lies at the door of those who are in authority over him. Conviction comes but slowly to Boards, Committees and corporate bodies of sorts, and in two very different fields many of the great in the land are blind to the efficacy of Welsh tactics. There is no conceivable reason why an English three-quarter line should not learn to play like a Welsh three-quarter line. Academically one can advance a legion of logical arguments to

prove that to do so is both an imminent and a natural possibility. The broad fact, however, remains that there is no leading English side whose three-quarter line is not immeasurably inferior to the three-quarter line of a leading Welsh club. Nor is this state of affairs one of recent existence. The Welshmen have never once lost the grip which that king of football players, Mr. Arthur Gould, established for them a dozen or more years ago.

Incidentally one may note a latter-day tendency to compare Mr. Gwyn Nicholls (undoubtedly the greatest player of the time) with Mr. Gould, and to compare him, moreover, to the detriment of the latter. *Le roi est mort: vive le roi!* It is a cry to which we are all inclined to give vent at times, for we have all short memories. 'Lest we forget,' however, will some one at intervals impress the fact upon us that Mr. Gould invented and perfected the game at which Mr. Nicholls is so great an adept? A beautiful copy or a close understudy naturally throws us into raptures when we have not seen (or, having seen, have failed to appreciate) the original.

Mr. Gwyn Nicholls is a brilliant exception, but the reassuring feature of Welsh football at the moment is that it does not depend for success upon any individual factor. The chief characteristics of the leading Welsh fifteens are their equalisation of talent and their reality of combination; and combination, it will be readily admitted, is an effect which, to quote a happy little couplet, 'We very often read about, but very seldom see.' At half-back the Welshmen are as fortunate as in the three-quarter line. Undoubtedly, Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Phillips are the two best half-backs of the day, but they are by no means the only first-class half-backs which Wales can produce. 'Forward,' the Welsh trait, is stronger than ever, and the collective power now possessed by a pack of Welsh forwards is full of instruction to us in England. A few years since, Welsh packs had the alphabet of the game to learn, and I stoutly maintain that it is to English, and not to Scotch or Irish, forwards that their improvement is due. Progress is hopeless so long as we neglect to glean hints from our opponents, and very aptly have the Welshmen recognised the value of this truism. Their present methods of wheeling, packing and breaking up they have borrowed from this country greatly to their own advantage. They have much to acquire yet in the art of foot-work and of sustaining continuous rushes in the open, but their mobility is already immeasurably greater than it was formerly, and, when

they have fully mastered the fact that it is his feet and not his hands upon which a forward must place chief reliance, further improvement may be a matter of some difficulty. It is quite impossible to say who is the best forward in Wales, and it is doubtful if the most penetrative critic would be capable of placing the first half-dozen.

A leaf taken by England out of the Welsh three-quarter book is what is required to steady football in this country, for our game is certainly shaky on its legs. In these days, entrance-paying crowds—however much partisanship may do in individual cases—insist on having good value for their money, and without public support the life of no organisation in England is worth a month's purchase. Ominous indications, too, of the signs of the times have recently been forthcoming. In three separate instances during the last two years the money spent—and spent judiciously too—in preparation for the attendance at Rugby Union matches of first importance has not been recovered from the public. Nor was the disappointing attendance on those occasions due to bad weather or defective railway arrangements. Frankly and simply the programme did not attract. 'Will these fellows be worth looking at?' was the blunt question which holiday makers put to each other; and it was with ruthless practicality answered in the negative. Enthusiasm cannot be made to order; it must be compelled by the excellence of the fare provided. If there is a good dog-fight on one side of the road and a bad football-match on the other side of the road, we know in which place the crowd will be gathered together. Strenuous efforts, therefore, must be made to improve the calibre of play in this country, and after all we are in no want of models. Let us frankly bid the Welshmen come over and help us. We can get dry-shod into their land, and therefore foolish and prejudiced feelings of insularity need not prevent us from suing for a little practical instruction; but improve we must unless we mean to play our chief matches in enforced camera.

Roughly, then, we require quiescence in administration and activity in the actual field.

And if we need still to look abroad for hints, our very good friend Hamlet the Dane has already provided us with the necessary watchword—

The play's the thing.

A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph sent in representing any sporting subject. Ten other prizes will also be given away each month, each of them consisting of an original drawing by one or other of the artists who illustrate the Magazine. Good clear pictures are of course necessary, and when possible the negative should be sent as well as the print. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each negative. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects, and these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, athletics are practised. Racing and steeplechasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. All matters of Public School interest will be welcome.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright on all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

THE DECEMBER COMPETITION

The First Prize in the December competition has been divided among the following competitors: Mr. E. Griffiths, St. Columb; Mr. J. Smith, Blackpool; Mr. F. Griffiths, St. Columb; Mrs. Bradbury, Clayton West, Yorkshire; Mr. E. A. Culligan, East Griqualand; Mr. J. B. Dunning; Mrs. Baldwyn, Heatherlea, Hants; and Miss C. M. Bacon, Earlstone, Newbury. Original drawings have been sent to a number of other competitors.

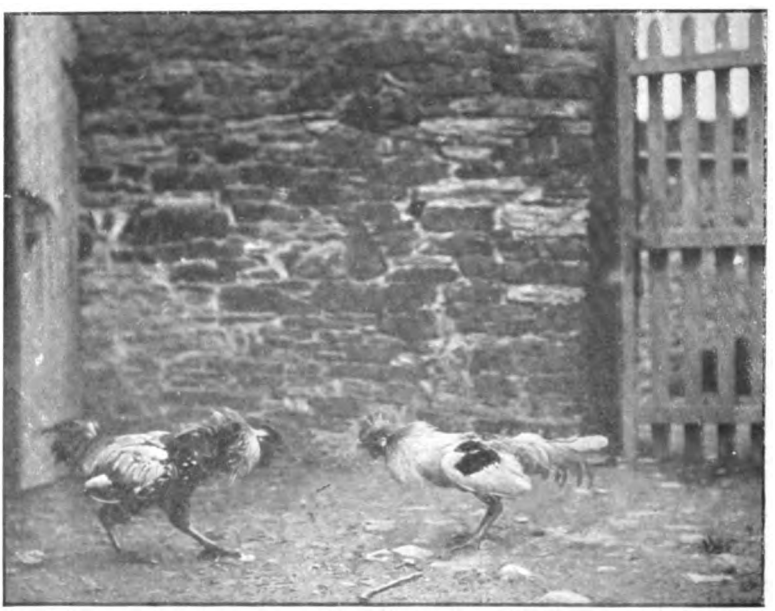
RABBITING

Photograph taken by Mr. E. Griffiths, St. Columb

R
UNIV. OF MICH.

POINTER WINDING BIRDS IN STUBBLE

Photograph taken by Mr. J. Smith, South Beach, Blackpool

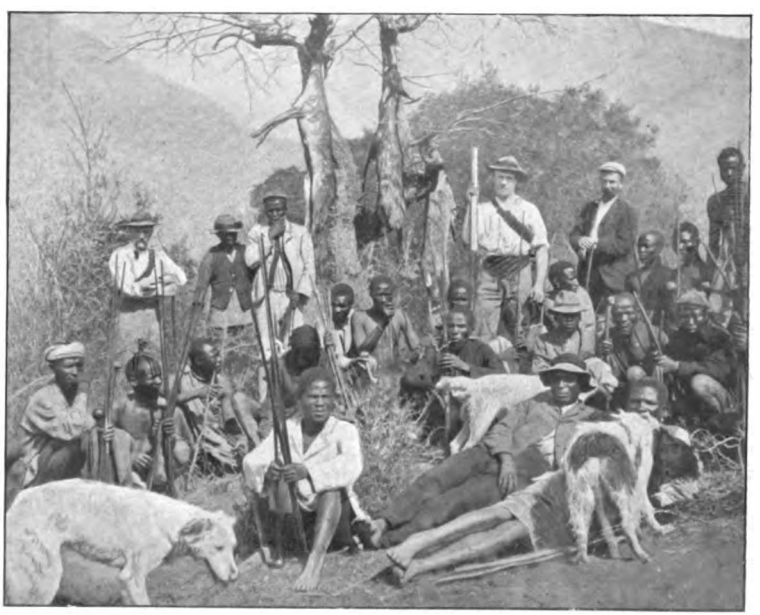


ON THEIR OWN ACCOUNT

Photograph taken by Mr. F. Griffiths, St. Columb

A TANDEM

Photograph taken by Mrs. Bradbury, Clayton West, Yorkshire



A HUNTING PARTY IN PONDOLAND, SOUTH AFRICA

Photograph taken by Mr. E. A. Culligan, East Griqualand, South Africa

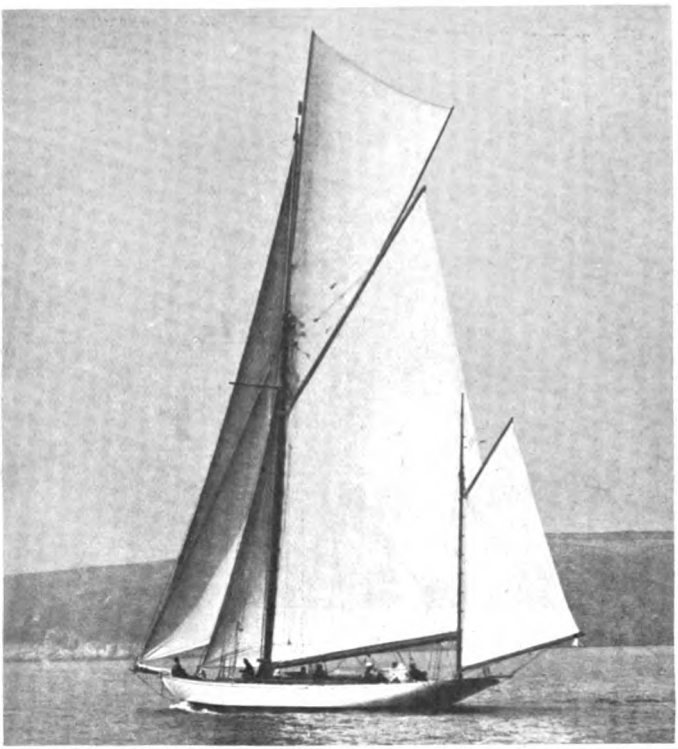
UNIV OF MICH.

THE FIRST KILL OF THE SEASON WITH MR. TOMLINSON'S HARRIERS

Photograph taken by Mr. J. B. Dunning

DRIVING

Photograph taken by Mrs. Baldwyn, Heatherlea, Hants



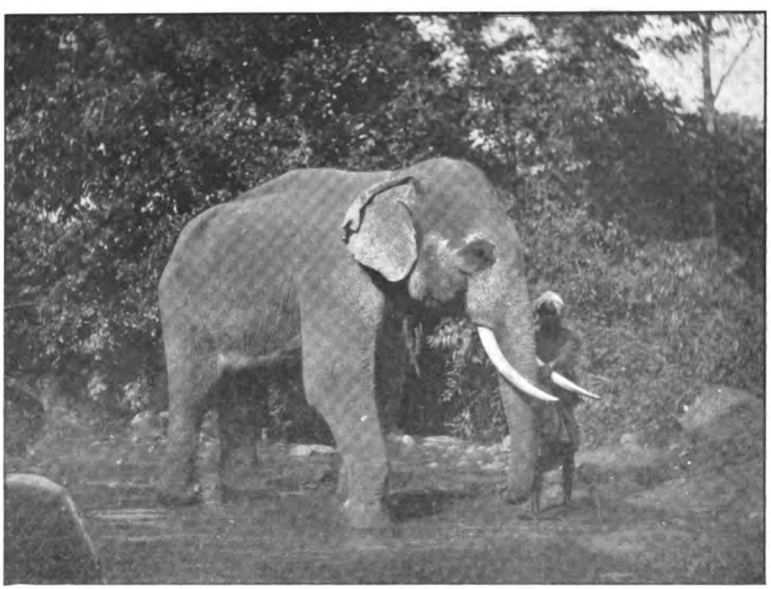
'CARESS' YAWL, 78 TONS. OWNED BY PROF. T. H. BILES
Sailing for £80 Prize presented by the Royal Yacht Squadron, Cowes Regatta, 1900
Photograph taken by the Hon. Loïs Yarde Buller, Lupton, Devon

'QUEENIE,' AND HER SEVEN POINTER PUPS
Photograph taken by Miss C. M. Bacon, Earlstone, Newbury

UNIV. OF MICH.

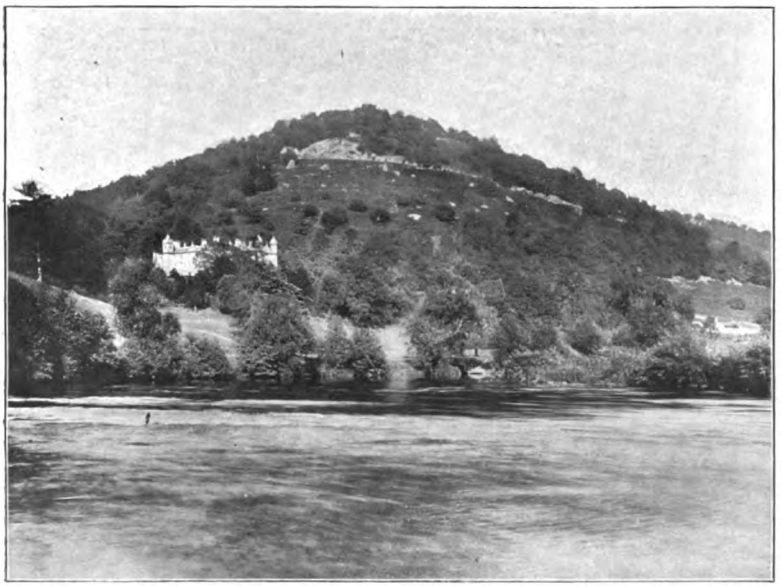
AFTER A SUCCESSFUL COURSE

Photograph taken by Lady H. Molyneux, Dale Ford, Cheshire



A CEYLON TUSKER

Photograph taken by Mr. W. Hardy, Gillardstown, Ceylon



A CELEBRATED SALMON POOL ON THE RIVER WYE, RUNNING THROUGH THE ESTATE OF J. MURRAY BANNERMAN, ESQ.

Photograph taken by Miss Nina Rumsey, Rockbeare Grange, Exeter

A FINE CATCH OF SILLOCK AT LYNGEN FJORD, NORTH NORWAY

(Over 1300 Fish were taken out of this Net, weighing on an average 8 to 10 lb.)

Photograph taken by Mr. Anthony Dod, Edgeworth, Birkenhead

UNIV. OF MICH.

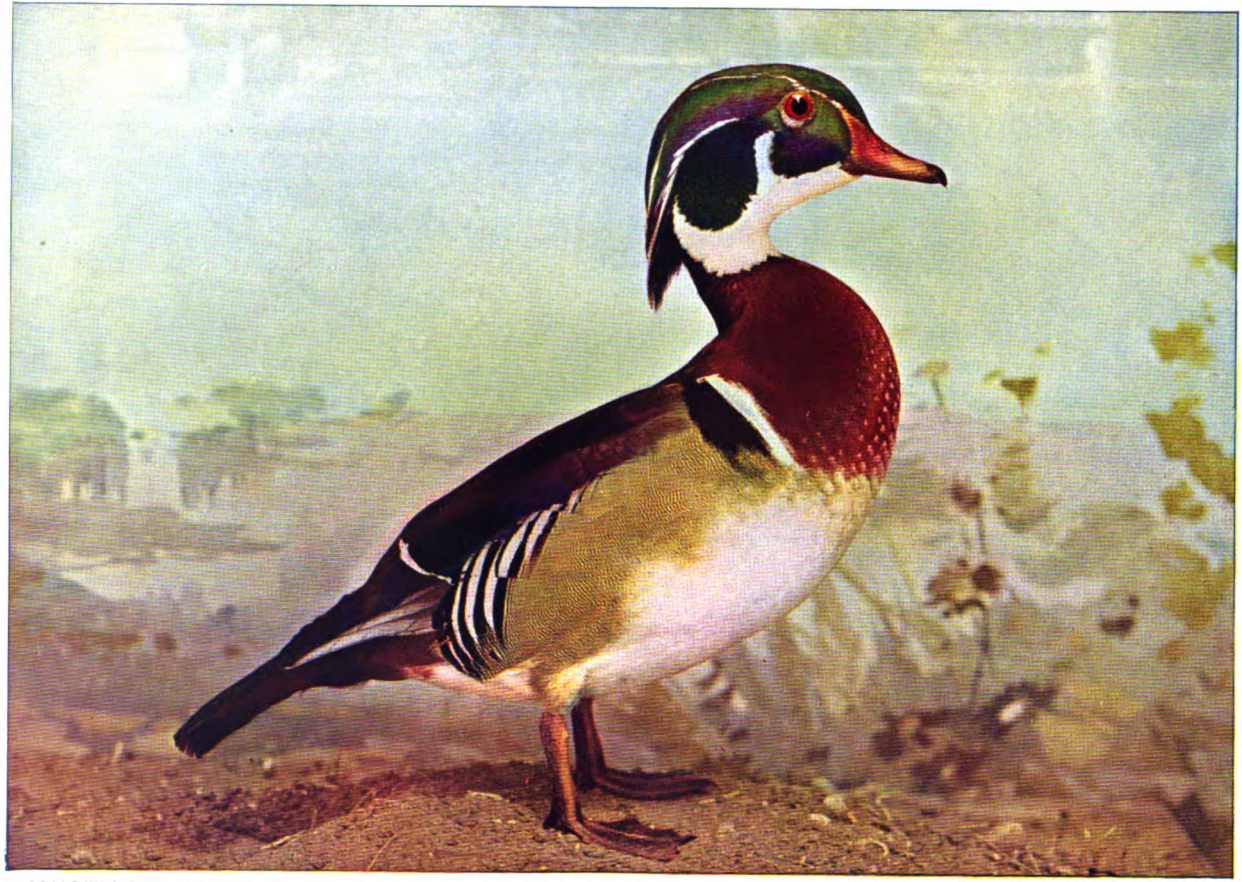
A TAME MEERCAT

Photograph taken by Captain G. V. Davidson, R.A., Natal Field Force South Africa

AFRICAN BIG GAME HUNTERS

Photograph taken by Mr. Norman B. Smith, Milner Street, S. W.

UNIV OF MICH.



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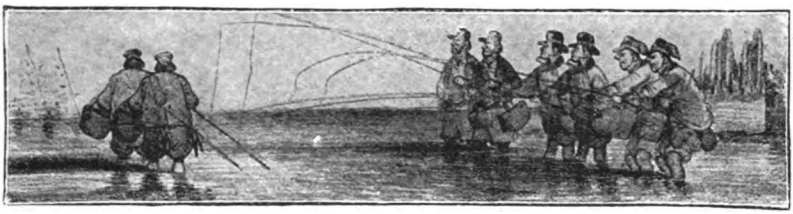
FROM "BIRDS THAT HUNT AND ARE HUNTED," BY NELTJE BLANCHAN.

WOOD DUCK.

THE COLOURED PICTURES

THE coloured pictures this month [illegible] appears at the [illegible] way worthy of [illegible] of his species [illegible] regarded by [illegible] opinions [illegible] tive is [illegible] English turf. 'The [illegible] English landscape, picturesquely [illegible] recent beat. 'Well With [illegible] typical picture of an English hunting field. 'The [illegible] however, takes us to America. *Aix sponsa*, to give [illegible] [illegible] as the Summer Duck, the [illegible] the Wood Widgeon, the Tree Duck, and the [illegible] [illegible] most beautiful creature of [illegible] of all American birds. It has no [illegible] in Europe or Asia, differing therein from the great [illegible] of other American ducks. These birds arrive from the [illegible] already mated in April, and select for a home sometimes an abandoned hole where an owl, a [illegible] pecker, a squirrel or a blackbird has nested, or, such a place not being available, the birds make a nest for themselves. Wood ducks are said to 'become attached to their [illegible] to return year after year to the same hole to nest, [illegible] approaching civilisation, the diversion of a water-[illegible] for factory purposes, the whistle of the locomotive. Very often they will fearlessly enter a farmyard to pick up the grain placed [illegible] for domestic fowls. In autumn they assemble in flocks [illegible] southern migration. A well-known writer on natural [illegible] declares that the Wood Duck is far too beautiful a bird [illegible] for food; but it is one of the most palatable of its [illegible] usually shot wherever it is found.

WOOD DUCK



THE COLOURED PICTURES

THE coloured pictures this month include Bend Or as he appears at the paddocks at Eaton, a horse who seems in every way worthy of reproduction, as one of the best-looking animals of his species ever seen, and the sire of Ormonde, who is regarded by many persons—this is a subject upon which opinions are always likely to differ, and so the actual superlative is avoided—as one of the best horses that ever ran on the English turf. 'The Keeper's Corner' is a characteristic bit of English landscape, picturesquely set out with the result of a recent beat. 'Well With Them' needs no description, as a typical picture of an English hunting field. 'The Wood Duck,' however, takes us to America. *Aix sponsa*, to give him his scientific name, is also known as the Summer Duck, the Bridal Duck, the Wood Widgeon, the Tree Duck, and the Acorn Duck, and is described as the most beautiful creature of his species in the United States, if not of all American birds. It has no counterpart in Europe or Asia, differing therein from the great majority of other American ducks. These birds arrive from the south already mated in April, and select for a home sometimes an abandoned hole where an owl, a woodpecker, a squirrel or a blackbird has nested, or, such a place not being available, the birds make a nest for themselves. Wood ducks are said to 'become attached to their home, and to return year after year to the same hole to nest, regardless of approaching civilisation, the diversion of a water-course for factory purposes, the whistle of the locomotive.' Very often they will fearlessly enter a farmyard to pick up the grain placed there for domestic fowls. In autumn they assemble in flocks for the southern migration. A well-known writer on natural history declares that the Wood Duck is far too beautiful a bird to be killed for food ; but it is one of the most palatable of its species and is usually shot wherever it is found.

NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

THE subject of Lord William Beresford's sincerely lamented death has of course been exhaustively treated in many quarters, but it is impossible to write about contemporary sport without making reference to the loss of one of the very best all-round sportsmen of the generation. For some time before the malady seized him he had been looking extremely ill, and considering the buoyancy of his disposition his reply, 'Not very grand, old man!' to an inquiry about his health, showed too plainly that his looks revealed the truth. The afternoon before his death a telegram was received at Hurst Park saying that though he had passed a bad night his strength was well maintained; but anticipation of the worst could not be dismissed, as the severe fall he met with four years previously had rendered the complaint from which he was suffering peculiarly dangerous to him. I have known many men who were widely popular on the turf, but never one for whom such an affectionate regard was so widely entertained. Though he was not such a master of humorous expression as is his brother Lord Marcus, Lord William had a particularly keen wit and a characteristically quaint way of summing up a situation; he always seemed delighted to do any one a good turn, and warmly to appreciate any attempt to render him a service. It is no figure of speech to say that his loss will be severely felt. Perhaps no man who went racing last year would be more severely missed.

It is natural to speak of Lord William's personal character and to lament the disappearance of his genial presence before writing of what he did in the racing world, though this was certainly more than merely remarkable. It was he who practically introduced the American methods of training and riding which have been so extraordinarily successful. Something of the same sort had been tried before. Iroquois was trained by an American

when he secured the Derby and other races, and Simms, with the forward American seat, had won races at Newmarket and elsewhere. I well remember the first time Simms rode at headquarters, when we were inclined to deride his performance, till he jumped off and came in alone with a very fair field and some of our best jockeys behind him. On the whole, however, these early experiences were not very encouraging, and many people were inclined to believe that Lord William was making a mistake when he threw in his lot with Transatlantic styles and customs. I recollect Sloan's arrival at Newmarket, and a talk to some of our own jockeys about him before he had ever worn silk in England. One of the best of our own men was derisive about the American seat, after watching Sloan at exercise on the Heath ; but all the same 'He can ride, you know!' the English jockey was shrewd enough to add ; though another of our own men demonstrated to me on his own hack why it was that an American jockey could have little control over his horse when getting up his whip to finish, the English critic not then realising the American underhand style of using the whip. It is a matter of history that Lord William was absolutely on the right tack, and it was a bold thing indeed to depart from tradition as he did and find out a new way to continuous victory. But from whom could one expect boldness if not from a Beresford? And it did not need his Victoria Cross, gained by one of the bravest deeds ever done in warfare, to prove that no bolder man ever lived than 'Bill Beresford.'

It was naturally supposed in 1899, when Lord William won no fewer than sixty-nine races, worth in all £42,796, that he must have had a brilliantly successful year. The Duke of Westminster was ahead of him in the list of winning owners with only £35 short of £44,000 ; but this large sum was the result of sixteen successes only, and it was exceedingly surprising to learn that Lord William had had a bad year. The failure of Sibola in the Oaks, when Sloan for once rode a very poor race and was beaten a head by Musa, was the heaviest blow of the season ; for the rest, though so many good things came off, others that seemed equally good went down. How desperately hard it is to win money by backing horses has rarely been more strikingly demonstrated than by the result of Lord William Beresford's racing experiences during the season before last. Those who have had most experience of the turf, however, will be least astonished, for it is wonderful how quickly

men who have been carrying all before them go out when their luck ceases—though, of course, Lord William is not an instance of this, as he was far too wise and wary ever to get out of his depth. I call to mind going down to Newmarket to a July meeting, not very long ago, in a railway carriage in which was the plunger of the period, who showed me his book with a long array of four-figure wins on one side and very few losses on the other. Nothing was easier, he assured me, than to win money if one had certain qualifications and advantages (which he fortunately possessed); and after the first two races that day he had added very largely to his store with two real dashes. 'Will he last till the end of the year?' a friend who was talking to me suggested as the plunger turned away having told us of his continued success. I thought it improbable, and, as a matter of fact, that all-victorious backer was hopelessly broken before the Houghton meeting. Such a result is, however, by no means singular. It is not very long ago since a dashing young owner made a meteoric appearance on the Turf, carrying off, amongst other races, first the St. Leger and then the Cesarewitch, this latter one of the events on which a man who plunged and had faith in his star was likely to win a fortune; but two years afterwards the colours of the owner in question had finally disappeared from the racecourse.

Last year, in the February number, before the weights for the Grand National were published, I suggested that it would be easy to pick the winner in fifteen tries. Only six of the horses selected went to the post, and my lot included the first, third, fourth and fifth, whilst Hidden Mystery, another of the six starters, was knocked down, and so, as a great many persons thought, prevented from achieving an almost inevitable victory. I missed the second, Barsac, after much consideration as to whether I would have him in the fifteen or give Cathal another chance. This year I am inclined to think that the winner might be discoverable in a smaller number. I am of course writing before the weights are out, and handicappers sometimes do odd things; but assuming that the burdens are reasonably adjusted, my little lot this year would include Manifesto, Ambush II., Hidden Mystery, Romanoff, Levanter, Uncle Jack, Covert Hack, Cushendun, Bloomer, and Fanciful, which makes ten. It is doubtful whether Romanoff will stand, and I have heard a whisper to the effect that Hidden Mystery is not the soundest horse in training. Rumour has it at the time of writing that the Duke of

Westminster will bid for Uncle Jack and that the horse is expected to fetch four thousand guineas; but I am not convinced that he will stay the course nor is he the best of jumpers. Before the Manchester Steeplechase last year I had a long talk with Lord William Beresford about that race, and he was by no means confident of the success he so easily achieved, backing two other horses as well as his own—the Uncle Jack in question. Model is an old slave whose victory would astonish many people; still he jumps well, stays apparently for ever, and such animals sometimes effect a surprise. Bloomer is another possibly moderate animal who keeps on winning. Ambush was, I thought, rather lucky to win last year, and as he must have well over 12 st. this time, I should not fancy him very much; still a National winner is always to be respected. Cushendun's failure at Manchester last year scarcely suggests success at Liverpool, and he has never been over the course, but he is an improving young horse and jumps well. Of those I have not named I leave out Barsac, because I think he grows more and more disinclined to try. Cathal is, I fear, too old; Timon has been too long under suspicion and Grudon seems to be training off. I shall have another opportunity of referring to the race next month.

I have little space in this number to resume the question of the quantity of the different sorts of game killed, about which I have had many letters, including a particularly interesting Game-book from one of those small manors to which I have made reference. The owner occasionally, but not always, has kept account of every cartridge he used and the result; thus, for instance, in the season 1892–3, he expended 376 shots and killed 155 head; two years later 386 cartridges accounted for 132. The point we have discussed is the proportion of the various birds and beasts. Last season this Game-book records the bagging of 258 pheasants, 273 partridges, 7 hares, 219 rabbits, 8 woodcock, and one 'various'; and these figures seem to be about maintained. In 1893, for instance, there were killed on the estate 295 pheasants, 223 partridges, 17 hares, 229 rabbits, and 11 woodcock, affording many pleasant little shoots for autumn and winter days. Of the woodcock there should have been twelve. A note in the book states that the writer brought one down, his dog found it and carried it to him, when, just as he was taking it, the bird flew away and was seen no more. On the first page of this book is the famous

record of the game killed by Lord de Grey from 1867 to 1895, and this is worth reproducing in case the reader has not come across it. It begins with 2 rhinoceros, 11 tiger, 12 buffalo, 19 sambur, 97 pig, 186 deer and 381 red deer. Coming to more familiar creatures there are 47,678 grouse, 89,401 partridges, 111,190 pheasants, 2077 woodcock, 2735 snipe, 1393 wild duck, 94 black game, 45 capercailzie, 26,417 rabbit, 26,747 hares, 8424 'various,' making in all 316,699. It would be interesting to have the figures up to date, and if Lord de Grey has kept them they may possibly be obtainable for another number.

There were several odds and ends to which I wanted to refer this month, but considerations of space render my references necessarily brief. Three 'Constant Readers' and a variety of others who, I hope, are not inconstant, want to know something more about 'C. C. W.'s' roulette system, particularly the nature of the progression which led to the results tabulated in the last number. Whether my friend C. C. W. would be inclined to let us further into his secret I do not know, but I shall hope to return to the matter on a future occasion. I fancy, however, that as he has found his discovery remunerative he will scarcely be inclined to give it away; though for my own part I am still sceptical about systems, and shall not be surprised at any time to hear from him that after going strong for a certain period he has met with the melancholy fate of Humpty Dumpty. Another thing that deserves mention is a particularly useful Hunting Diary edited by Mr. T. F. Dale, and published at the *Land and Water* Office on behalf of Messrs. Thomas, the Hunting Outfitters of Brook Street. This is something more than a trade publication, as it contains some really serviceable hints on hunting matters, and bits of shrewd advice which are too often neglected, together with reproductions of the buttons of the various hunts, winners of the Peterborough Foxhound Shows, a hunting map showing the centres of the sports throughout England and Wales, and in addition to tables, &c., useful information, and reproductions of Mr. Cecil Alden's quaint illustrations of hunting subjects. I wanted also to say a few words about the series of natural history tableaux lately completed at the Crystal Palace, including upwards of fifteen hundred animals arranged to form a collection of singularly realistic pictures. To the student of natural history these are not only interesting but valuable.

The Badminton Magazine

THE TIGER-CHARM

BY A. PERRIN

THE sun, the sky, the burning dusty atmosphere, and the waving sea of tall yellow grass seemed molten into one blinding blaze of pitiless heat to the aching vision of little Mrs. Wingate. In spite of blue goggles, pith sun-hat, and enormous umbrella, she felt as though she were being slowly roasted alive, for the month was May, and she and her husband were perched on the back of an elephant, traversing a large tract of jungle at the foot of the Himalayas.

Colonel Wingate was one of the keenest sportsmen in India, and every day for the past week had he and his wife, and their friend Captain Bastable, sallied forth from the camp with a line of elephants to beat through forests of grass that reached to the animals' ears; to squelch over swamps, disturbing herds of antelope and wild pig; to pierce thick tangles of jungle, from which rose pea-fowl, black partridge, and birds of gorgeous plumage; to cross stony beds of dry rivers—ever on the watch for the tigers that had hitherto baffled all their efforts.

As each 'likely' spot was drawn a blank, Netta Wingate heaved a sigh of relief, for she hated sport, was afraid of the elephants, and lived in hourly terror of seeing a tiger. She longed for the fortnight in camp to be over, and secretly hoped that the latter week of it might prove as unsuccessful as the first. Her skin was burnt to the hue of a berry, her head ached perpetually from the heat and glare, the motion of the elephant made her feel sick, and if she ventured to speak her husband only impatiently bade her be quiet.

This afternoon, as they ploughed and rocked over the hard uneven ground, she could scarcely keep awake, dazzled as she was by the vista of scorched yellow country and the gleam of her husband's rifle barrels in the melting sunshine. She swayed drowsily from side to side in the howdah, her head drooped, her eyelids closed. . . .

She was roused by a torrent of angry exclamations. Her umbrella had hitched itself obstinately into the collar of Colonel Wingate's coat, and he was making infuriated efforts to free himself. Jim Bastable, approaching on his elephant, caught a mixed vision of the refractory umbrella and two agitated sun-hats, the red face and fierce blue eyes of the Colonel and the anxious, apologetic, sleepy countenance of Mrs. Wingate, as she hurriedly strove to release her irate lord and master. The whole party came to an involuntary halt, the natives listening with interest as the sahib stormed at the memsahib and the umbrella in the same breath.

'That howdah is not big enough for two people,' shouted Captain Bastable, coming to the rescue. 'Let Mrs. Wingate change to mine. It's bigger, and my elephant has easier paces.'

Hot, irritated, angry, Colonel Wingate commanded his wife to betake herself to Bastable's elephant, and to keep her infernal umbrella closed for the rest of the day, adding that women had no business out tiger-shooting; and why the devil had she come at all?—oblivious of the fact that Mrs. Wingate had begged to be allowed to stay in the station, and that he himself had insisted on her coming.

She well knew that argument or contradiction would only make matters worse, for he had swallowed three stiff whiskies and sodas at luncheon in the broiling sun, and since the severe sunstroke that had so nearly killed him two years ago, the smallest quantity of spirits was enough to change him from an exceedingly bad-tempered man into something little short of a maniac. She had heedlessly married him when she was barely

nineteen, turning a deaf ear to warnings of his violence, and now, at twenty-three, her existence was one long fear. He never allowed her out of his sight, he never believed a word she said; he watched her, suspected her, bullied her unmercifully, and was insanely jealous. Unfortunately, she was one of those nervous, timid women, who often rather provoke ill-treatment than otherwise.

This afternoon she marvelled at being permitted to change to Captain Bastable's howdah, and with a feeling of relief scrambled off the elephant, though trembling, as she always did, lest the great beast should seize her with his trunk or lash her with his tail, that was like a jointed iron rod. Then, once safely perched up behind Captain Bastable, she settled herself with a delightful sense of security. He understood her nervousness, he did not laugh or grumble at her little involuntary cries of fear; he was not impatient when she was convinced the elephant was running away or sinking in a quicksand, or that the howdah was slipping off. He also understood the Colonel, and had several times helped her through a trying situation; and now the sympathy in his kind eyes made her tender heart throb with gratitude.

'All right?' he asked.

She nodded, smiling, and they started again ploughing and lurching through the coarse grass, great wisps of which the elephant uprooted with his trunk, and beat against his chest to get rid of the soil before putting them in his mouth. Half an hour later, as they drew near the edge of the forest, one of the elephants suddenly stopped short, with a jerky, backward movement, and trumpeted shrilly. There was an expectant halt all along the line, and a cry from a native of 'Tiger! Tiger!' Then an enormous striped beast bounded out of the grass and stood for a moment in a small open space, lashing its tail and snarling defiance. Colonel Wingate fired. The tiger, badly wounded, charged, and sprang at the head of Captain Bastable's elephant. There was a confusion of noise; savage roars from the tiger; shrieks from the excited elephants, shouts from the natives; banging of rifles. Mrs. Wingate covered her face with her hands. She heard a thud, as of a heavy body falling to the ground, and then she found herself being flung from side to side of the howdah, as the elephant bolted madly towards the forest, one huge ear torn to ribbons by the tiger's claws.

She heard Captain Bastable telling her to hold on tight,

and shouting desperate warnings to the mahout to keep the elephant as clear of the forest as possible. Like many nervous people in the face of real danger, she suddenly became absolutely calm, and uttered no sound as the pace increased and they tore along the forest edge, escaping overhanging boughs by a miracle. To her it seemed that the ponderous flight lasted for hours. She was bruised, shaken, giddy, and the crash that came at last was a relief rather than otherwise. A huge branch combed the howdah off the elephant's back, sweeping the mahout with it, while the still terrified animal sped on trumpeting and crashing through the forest.

Mrs. Wingate was thrown clear of the howdah. Captain Bastable had saved himself by jumping, and only the old mahout lay doubled up and unconscious amongst the *débris* of shattered wood, torn leather, and broken ropes. Netta could hardly believe she was not hurt, and she and Captain Bastable stared at one another with dazed faces for some moments before they could collect their senses. Far away in the distance they could hear the elephant still running. Between them they extricated the mahout, and, seating herself on the ground, Netta took the old man's unconscious head on to her lap, while Captain Bastable anxiously examined the wizened shrunken body.

'Is he dead?' she asked.

'I can't be sure. I'm afraid he is. I wonder if I could find some water. I haven't an idea where we are, for I lost all count of time and distance. I hope Wingate is following us. Should you be afraid to stay here while I have a look round and see if we are anywhere near a village?'

'Oh no, I shan't be frightened,' she said steadily. Her delicate, clear-cut face looked up at him fearlessly from the tangled background of mighty trees and dense creepers; and her companion could scarcely believe she was the same trembling, nervous little coward of an hour ago.

He left her, and the stillness of the jungle was very oppressive when the sound of his footsteps died away. She was alone with a dead, or dying, man, on the threshold of the vast, mysterious forest, with its possible horrors of wild elephants, tigers, leopards, snakes! She tried to turn her thoughts from such things, but the scream of a peacock made her start as it rent the silence, and then the undergrowth began to rustle ominously. It was only a porcupine that came out, rattling his quills, and, on seeing her, ran into further shelter out of sight.

It seemed to be growing darker, and she fancied the evening must be drawing in. She wondered if her husband would overtake them. If not, how were she and Jim Bastable to get back to the camp? Then she heard voices and footsteps, and presently a little party of natives came in sight, led by Jim and bearing a string bedstead.

'I found a village not far off,' he explained, 'and thought we'd better take the poor old chap there. Then, if the Colonel doesn't turn up by the time we've seen him comfortably settled, we must find our way back to the camp as best we can.'

The natives chattered and exclaimed as they lifted the unconscious body on to the bedstead, and then the little procession started. Netta was so bruised and stiff she could hardly walk; but, with the help of Bastable's arm, she hobbled along till the village was gained. The headman conducted them to his house, which consisted of a mud hovel shared by himself and his family, with several relations, besides a cow, and a goat with two kids. He gave Netta a wicker stool to sit on and some smoky buffalo's milk to drink, while the village physician was summoned, who at last succeeded in restoring the mahout to consciousness and pouring a potion down his throat.

'I die,' whispered the patient feebly.

Netta went to his side, and he recognised her.

'A—ree! memsahib!' he quavered. 'So Allah has guarded thee. But the anger of the Colonel sahib will be great against me for permitting the elephant to run away, and it is better that I die. Where is that daughter of a pig? She was a rascal from her youth up; but to-day was the first time she ever really disobeyed my voice.'

He tried to raise himself, but fell back groaning, for his injuries were internal and past hope.

'It is growing dark.' He put forth his trembling hand blindly. 'Where is the little white lady who so feared the sahib, and the elephants, and the jungle? Do not be afraid, memsahib. Those who fear should never go into the jungle. So if thou seest a tiger be bold, be bold; call him "uncle" and show him the tiger-charm. Then will he turn away and harm thee not——' He wandered on incoherently, his fingers fumbling with something at his throat, and presently he drew out a small silver amulet attached to a piece of cord. As he held it towards Netta, it flashed in the light of the miserable native oil lamp that some one had just brought in and placed on the floor.

'Take it, memsahib, and feel no fear while thou hast it, for no tiger would touch thee. It was my father's and his father's before him, and there is that written on it which has ever protected us from the tiger's tooth. I myself shall need it no longer, for I am going, whereat my nephew will rejoice; for he has long coveted my seat. Thou shalt have the charm, memsahib, for thou hast stayed by an old man, and not left him to die alone in a Hindu village and a strange place. Some day, in the hour of danger, thy little fingers may touch the charm, and then thou wilt recall old Mahomed Bux, mahout, with gratitude.'

He groped for Netta's hand, and pushed the amulet into her palm. She took it, and laid her cool fingers on the old man's burning forehead.

'Salaam, Mahomed Bux,' she said softly. 'Bahut, bahut salaam.' Which is the nearest Hindustani equivalent for 'Thank you.'

But he did not hear her. He was wandering again, and for half an hour he babbled of elephants, of tigers, of camps and jungles, until his voice became faint and died away in hoarse gasps.

Then he sighed heavily and lay still, and Jim Bastable took Mrs. Wingate out into the air, and told her that the old mahout was dead. She gave way and sobbed, for she was aching all over and tired to death, and she dreaded the return to the camp.

'Oh! my dear girl, please don't cry!' said Jim distressfully. 'Though really I can't wonder at it, after all you've gone through to-day; and you've been so awfully plucky, too.'

Netta gulped down her tears. It was delicious to be praised for courage, when she was only accustomed to abuse for cowardice.

'How are we to get back to the camp?' she asked dolefully. 'It's so late.'

And, indeed, darkness had come swiftly on, and the light of the village fires was all that enabled them to see each other.

'The moon will be up presently; we must wait for that. They say the village near our camp lies about six miles off, and that there is a cart-track of sorts towards it. I told them they must let us have a bullock-cart, and we shall have to make the best of that.'

They sat down side by side on a couple of large stones, and listened in silence to the lowing of the tethered cattle, the

ceaseless, irritating cry of the brain-fever bird, and the subdued conversation of a group of children and village idlers, who had assembled at a respectful distance to watch them with inquisitive interest. Once a shrill trumpeting in the distance told of a herd of wild elephants out for a night's raid on the crops, and at intervals packs of jackals swept howling across the fields, while the moon rose gradually over the collection of squalid huts and flooded the vast country with a light that made the forest black and fearful.

Then a clumsy little cart, drawn by two small, frightened white bullocks, rattled into view. Jim and Netta climbed into the vehicle, and were politely escorted off the premises by the headman and the concourse of interested villagers and excited women and children.

They bumped and shook over the rough, uneven track. The bullocks raced or crawled alternately, while the driver twisted their tails and abused them hoarsely. The moonlight grew brighter and more glorious. The air, now soft and cool, was filled with strong scents and the hum of insects released from the heat of the day.

At last they caught the gleam of white tents against the dark background of a mango-grove.

'The camp,' said Captain Bastable shortly. Netta made a nervous exclamation.

'Do you think there will be a row?' he asked with some hesitation. They had never discussed Mrs. Wingate's domestic troubles together.

'Perhaps he is still out looking for us,' she said evasively.

'If he had followed us at all, he must have found us. I believe he went on shooting, or back to the camp.' There was an angry impatience in his voice. 'Don't be nervous,' he added hastily. 'Try not to mind anything he may say. Don't listen. He can't always help it, you know. I wish you could persuade him to retire; the sun out here makes him half off his head.'

'I wish I could,' she sighed. 'But he will never do anything I ask him, and the big game shooting keeps him in India.'

Jim nodded, and there was a comprehending silence between them till they reached the edge of the camp, got out of the cart, and made their way to the principal tent. There they discovered Colonel Wingate still in his shooting clothes, sitting by the table, on which stood an almost empty bottle of whisky. He rose as they entered, and delivered himself of a torrent of

bad language. He accused the pair of going off together on purpose, declaring he would divorce his wife and kill Bastable. He stormed, raved, and threatened, giving them no opportunity of speaking, until at last Jim broke in and insisted on being heard.

'For Heaven's sake be quiet,' he said firmly, 'or you'll have a fit. You saw the elephant run away, and apparently you made no effort to follow us and come to our help. We were swept off by a tree, and the mahout was mortally hurt. It was a perfect miracle that neither your wife nor I was killed. The mahout died in a village, and we had to get here in a bullock-cart.' Then, seeing Wingate preparing for another onslaught, Bastable took him by the shoulders. 'My dear chap, you're not yourself. Go to bed, and we'll talk it over to-morrow if you still wish to.'

Colonel Wingate laughed harshly. His mood had changed suddenly.

'Go to bed?' he shouted boisterously. 'Why, I was just going out when you arrived. There was a kill last night, only a mile off, and I'm going to get the tiger.' He stared wildly at Jim, who saw that he was not responsible for his words and actions. The brain, already touched by sunstroke, had given way at last under the power of whisky. Jim's first impulse was to prevent his carrying out his intention of going after the tiger. Then he reflected that it was not safe for Netta to be alone with the man, and that, if Wingate were allowed his own way, it would at least take him out of the camp.

'Very well,' said Jim quietly, 'and I will come with you.'

'Do,' answered the Colonel pleasantly, and then, as Bastable turned for a moment, Mrs. Wingate saw her husband make a diabolical grimace at the other's unconscious back. Her heart beat rapidly with fear. Did he mean to murder Jim? She felt convinced he contemplated mischief; but the question was how to warn Captain Bastable without her husband's knowledge. The opportunity came more easily than she had expected, for presently the Colonel went outside to call for his rifle and give some orders. She flew to Bastable's side.

'Be careful,' she panted; 'he wants to kill you, I know he does. He's mad! Oh, don't go with him—don't go——'

'It will be all right,' he said reassuringly. 'I'll look out for myself, but I can't let him go alone in this state. We shall only sit up in a tree for an hour or two, for the tiger must have come and gone long ago. Don't be frightened. Go to bed and rest.'

She drew from her pocket the little polished amulet the mahout had given her.

'At any rate take this,' she said hysterically. 'It may save you from a tiger, if it doesn't from my husband. I know I am silly, but do take it. There may be luck in it, you can never tell; and old Mahomed Bux said it had saved him and his father and his grandfather—and that you ought to call a tiger "uncle" ——' she broke off half laughing, half crying, utterly unstrung.

To please her he put the little charm into his pocket, and after a hasty drink went out and joined Wingate, who insisted that they should proceed on foot and by themselves. Bastable knew it would be useless to make any opposition, and they started, their rifles in their hands; but, when they had gone some distance and the tainted air told them they were nearing their destination, Jim discovered he had no cartridges.

'Never mind,' whispered the Colonel. 'I have plenty, and our rifles have the same bore. We can't go back now; we've no time to lose.'

Jim submitted, and he and Wingate tip-toed to the foot of a tree, the low branches and thick leaves of which afforded an excellent hiding place, down-wind from the half-eaten carcase of the cow. They climbed carefully up, making scarcely any noise, and then Jim held out his hand to the other for some cartridges. The Colonel nodded.

'Presently,' he whispered, and Jim waited, thinking it extremely unlikely that cartridges would be wanted at all.

The moonlight came feebly through the foliage of the surrounding trees on to the little glade before them, in which lay the remains of the carcase pulled under a bush to shield it from the carrion birds. A deer pattered by towards the river, casting startled glances on every side; insects beat against the faces of the two men; and a jackal ran out with his brush hanging down, looked round, and retired again, with a melancholy howl. Then there arose a commotion in the branches of the neighbouring trees, and a troop of monkeys fought and crashed and chattered, as they leapt from bough to bough. Jim knew that this often portended the approach of a tiger, and the moment afterwards a long, hoarse call from the river told him that the warning was correct. He made a silent sign for the cartridges; but Wingate took no notice: his face was hard and set, and the whites of his eyes gleamed.

A few seconds later a large tiger crept slowly out of the grass, his stomach on the ground, his huge head held low.

Jim remembered the native superstition that the head of a man-eating tiger is weighed down by the souls of its victims. With a run and a spring the creature attacked its meal, and began growling and munching contentedly, purring like a cat, and stopping every now and then to tear up the earth with its claws.

A report rang out. Wingate had fired at and hit the tiger. The great beast gave a terrific roar and sprang at the tree. Jim lifted his rifle, only to remember that it was unloaded.

'Shoot again!' he cried excitedly, as the tiger fell back and prepared for another spring. To his horror, Wingate deliberately fired the second barrel into the air, and throwing away the rifle, grasped him by the arms. The man's teeth were bared, his face distorted and hideous, his purpose unmistakable—he was trying to throw Bastable to the tiger. Wingate was strong with the diabolical strength of madness, and they swayed till the branches of the tree crackled ominously. Again the tiger roared and sprang, and again fell back, only to gather itself together for another effort. The two men rocked and panted, the branches cracked louder with a dry splitting sound, then broke off altogether, and, locked in each other's arms, they fell heavily to the ground.

Jim Bastable went undermost, and was half stunned by the shock. He heard a snarl in his ear, followed by a dreadful cry. He felt the weight of Wingate's body lifted from him with a jerk, and he scrambled blindly to his feet. As in a nightmare, he saw the tiger bounding away, carrying something that hung limply from the great jaws, just as a cat carries a dead mouse.

He seized the Colonel's rifle that lay near him; but he knew it was empty, and that the cartridges were in the Colonel's pocket. He ran after the tiger, shouting, yelling, brandishing the rifle, in hopes of frightening the brute into dropping its prey; but, after one swift glance back, it bounded into the thick jungle with the speed of a deer, and Bastable was left standing alone.

Faint and sick, he began running madly towards the camp for help, though he knew well that nothing in this world could ever help Wingate again. His forehead was bleeding profusely, either hurt in the fall or touched by the tiger's claw, and the blood trickling into his eyes nearly blinded him. He pulled his handkerchief from his pocket as he ran, and something came with it that glittered in the moonlight and fell to the ground with a metallic ring.

It was the little silver amulet. The tiger-charm.

THE TIGER ROARED AND SPRANG.

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[illegible] he cried excitedly, as the tiger fell back [illegible] another spring. To his horror, Wingate [illegible] the second barrel into the air, and throwing [illegible] grasped him by the arms. The man's teeth [illegible] his face distorted and hideous, his purpose un[illegible] he was trying to throw Bastable to the tiger. [illegible] was strong with the diabolical strength of madness, and they swayed till the branches of the tree crackled [illegible]. Again the tiger roared and sprang, and again fell back, only to gather itself together for another effort. The two men rocked and [illegible], the branches cracked louder with a dry splitting [illegible] broke off altogether, and, locked in each other's [illegible] fell heavily to the ground.

[illegible] undermost, and was half stunned by the shock. [illegible] in his ear, followed by a dreadful cry. [illegible] Wingate's body lifted from him with a jerk, [illegible] blindly to his feet. As in a nightmare, he [illegible] bounding away, carrying something that hung [illegible] great jaws, just as a cat carries a dead mouse.

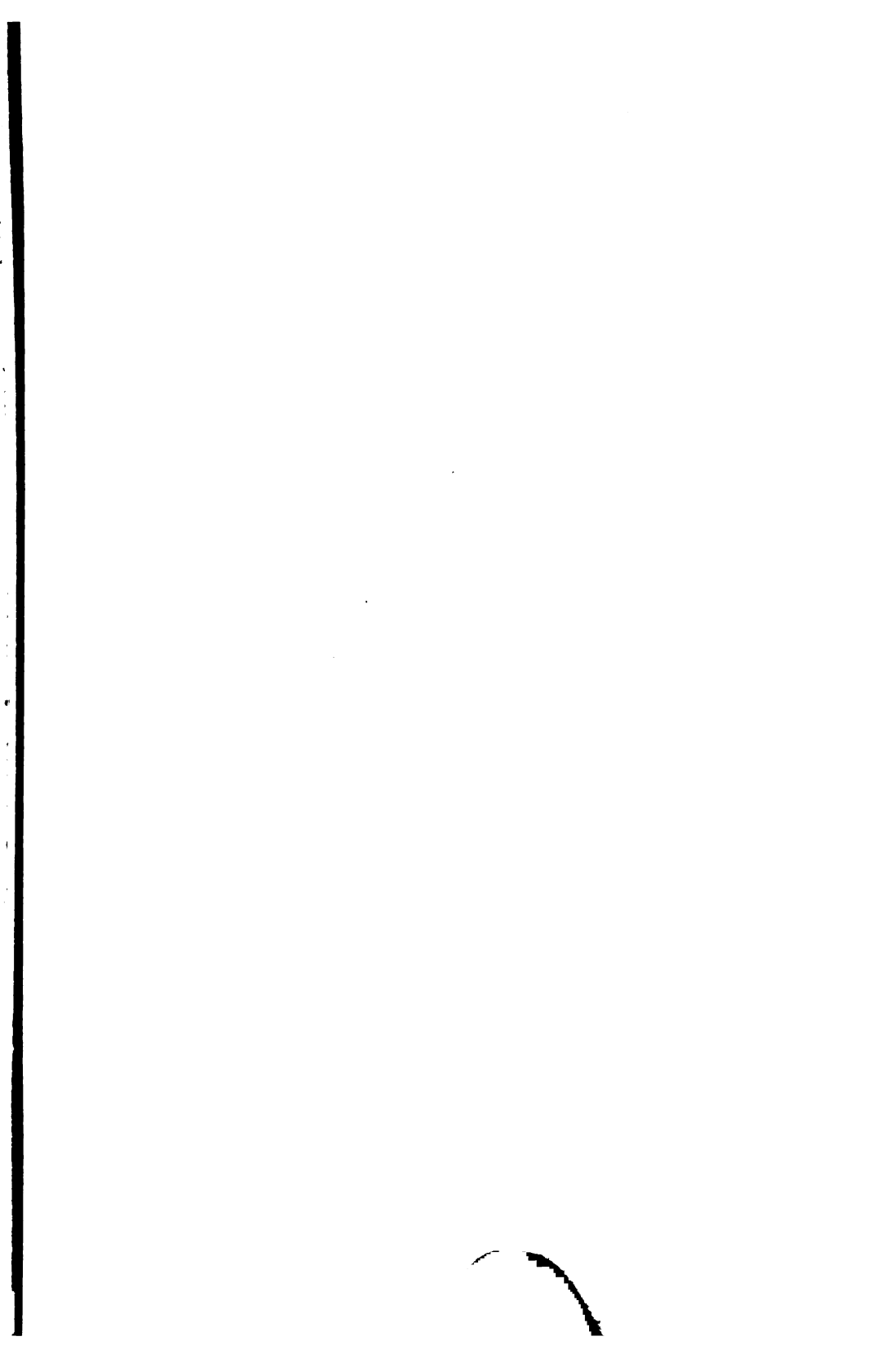
[illegible] the Colonel's rifle that lay near him; but he [illegible] empty, and that the cartridges were in the Colonel's [illegible]. He ran after the tiger, shouting, yelling, brandishing the rifle, in hopes of frightening the brute into dropping its prey; but, after one swift glance back, it bounded into the thick jungle with the speed of a deer, and Bastable was left standing alone.

Faint and sick, he began running madly towards the camp for help, though he knew well that nothing in this world could ever help Wingate again. His forehead was bleeding profusely, either hurt in the fall or touched by the tiger's claw, and the blood trickling into his eyes nearly blinded him. He pulled his handkerchief from his pocket as he ran, and something came with it that glittered in the moonlight and fell to the ground with a metallic ring.

It was the little silver amulet. The tiger-charm.

THE TIGER ROARED AND SPRANG.

UNIV OF MICH



THE KEEPER'S ROUNDS IN WINTER

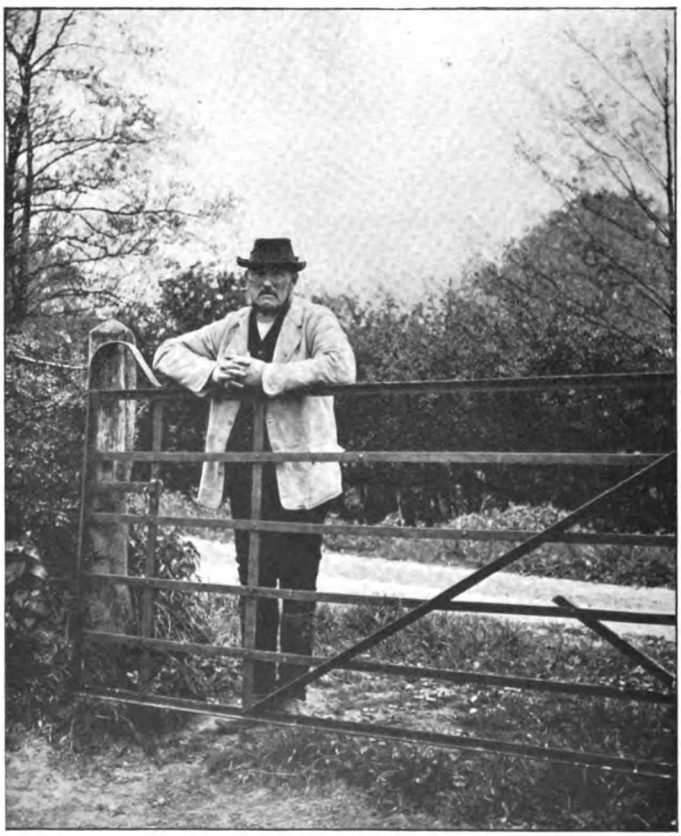
BY DARBY STAFFORD

THE keeper has an ideal residence—in summer; though it must be admitted that the endeavour to reach it across country this winter morning involves much hard walking and considerable floundering, for the snow lies deep and fills many a rut and hollow, into which the foot suddenly sinks, to the traveller's danger and discomfort. But the beauty of the snow-clad fields and woods is worth taking a long walk and undergoing some discomfort to behold.

The writer is more of a naturalist than a sportsman, though he handles a gun occasionally; and a wise naturalist always makes friends of those men of the woods, the keeper and his assistants; knowing that, as a rule, they are civilly willing to aid him in his observations and collecting. Here and there may be found a grumpy 'velveteens,' but generally the keeper enters into the naturalist's enthusiasm, and is ready to make him practically free of the woods (except during breeding time) and to put him up to many a 'wrinkle,' out of pure good fellowship; for he knows that a true Nature-lover may be

trusted not to disturb his game, or to abuse the privilege of being allowed to roam at large.

The keeper to whom the writer paid a visit on the snowy morning above referred to possesses all the excellences, and but few of the failings, of his class. His most disappointing characteristic is an obtuseness to argument concerning the



OFF DUTY, BUT WATCHFUL

preservation of some of the rarer kinds of birds and beasts, which in his judgment come under the head of 'vermin.' He is the sworn enemy of such, and is deaf to all pleas on their behalf. And, considering that he is employed to keep up as large a head of game as possible, no doubt he is right, from his standpoint, in destroying all known feeders on his birds and their eggs ; yet one could wish that a few of the scarcer hawks, for example, now so rapidly being exterminated, might be

allowed to take a reasonable toll on the plentiful live-stock of the covers. However, the keeper does not see it in that light at all, though, to pay him grateful tribute, he is always ready to send in for preservation any rare birds that fall to his gun. His courtesy in this respect is appreciated the more because the naturalist knows full well how great would be his satisfaction in adding their bodies to his private collection of gibbeted malefactors, at which a glance will be taken presently.

On the subject of foxes he is sound—from a true keeper's standpoint. He never shot a fox in his life—not even by accident—though there has sometimes been tremendous provocation; but he loves Reynard not at all. It is his boast this morning that 'the Big Wood' has never been drawn blank by the hounds since he has been in charge of the estate; but he makes the boast with a wry lip, as if to say, 'I have done my duty—confound it!'

Of the annoyance, and worse, caused by two-legged poachers other than birds he has had his share. There are collieries a few miles away, and occasional poaching excursions to the estate are paid by the more adventurous among the colliers. But the worst raids are made by the rascals with no sense of sport in them who drive over from a large manufacturing centre a score or so of miles away; desperate villains, who care as little for the life of a watcher as for that of a hare or pheasant. Some years ago a terrible affray occurred in this very 'Big Wood,' in which one keeper was killed outright and another crippled for life. Since that fearful event it has been a standing order on the part of the owner of the estate that his watchers are not to run any risk of their lives in protecting his game. But there is a flash in the keeper's eye—to which an answering grunt comes from one of his assistants who is standing by—as he speaks of that most considerate order, which indicates that it is not of his own safety that he will be likely to think in case of another thieving and murderous raid by his foes, the poachers from town.

It is the February of a severe winter now, snow lying thickly everywhere. When the main road had been left, and the writer began to plough his way through the drifts and snow-filled hollows of the cross-country route, it was soon apparent that, though no human foot had disturbed the smooth white surface since the snow fell, other creatures had been that way, and among the tracks of innumerable rabbits and a few hares, with here and there the footprints of birds, were traces of their

deadly enemies, and in the windings of the tracks lay evidence of vigorous hunting. That the hunting had not been fruitless was proved by more than one blood-stained patch of snow, with scattered fur or feathers, where cunning fox, persistent stoat or weasel, or swooping hawk had seized its timid prey.

The keeper's gallows or gibbet stands within the wood, a rod or so back from the road, not far from his house, and a

A TERROR TO EVIL-DOERS

détour has been made to see the latest additions to its burden. It was at once realised that the keeper would surely be found in high good humour on the mention of his victims, for he had enjoyed good luck of late. Between two trees are nailed larch poles, each some twenty feet in length. Of their freight this morning the reader will be able to judge from the accompanying illustration. On the upper pole are affixed the bodies, in various stages of decay, of jays, magpies, and hawks and buzzards of sundry species, while on the lower hang the carcases of weasels, pole-cats, and other mischievous and murderous

four-legged outlaws of the wood. Skulls of birds and beasts, their bodies having decayed and dropped away, are there by the score; and a third and lowest pole, broken from its support at one end, and partly resting on the ground, bears token that it also once carried its full freight of gibbeted poachers.

The bunchy-looking black object on the middle pole is—dare it be said, in view of possible lady readers?—the bushy tail of a magnificent Persian cat, of prize-winner breed: the finest, the keeper says, that he ever saw. But let madam, who holds up her hands in horror, be assured, without a moment's delay, that the handsome Persian was not wantonly slain, but

THE WILD CAT'S END

was reluctantly executed in pursuance of the law. He had fallen from high estate and had taken to evil ways with the lowest of feline blackguards. Among cats, as among humans, it is sadly true that the Latin poet's lament concerning the fatal easiness of descent and the extreme difficulty of ascent holds good. It is easy to fall, but hard to rise; and when once the domestic pet, dear to his mistress's tender heart, has taken to poaching, his reclamation is most difficult, if not absolutely impossible. Often the strange sleepiness and lethargy of a favourite pussy, as he lies in seeming innocence on the hearthrug in the morning, could be explained by the surviving rabbits and pheasants in the coverts not far away. Perchance they could tell the mystified mistress what her supposedly immaculate pet has been doing in field and wood during the previous night. When the domestic cat finally cuts himself

loose from civilisation, and, forsaking his home, takes to the woods for good and all, no poaching animal does more mischief or is more irreclaimable. Hence the aristocratic Persian's tail on the keeper's gibbet.

Looking along the same pole, to the right, almost at the end, there may be discerned another tail, short and striped, it being nothing less than the caudal appendage of a real wild cat, an animal almost extinct in England, though still lingering in parts of Wales. The tail was quite fresh, and one of the first

SETTING A PHEASANT-TRAP

inquiries addressed to the keeper had reference to this latest addition to his spoils. He smiled the smile of a satisfied man, and said he had caught 'the varmint' in a trap a few days earlier. The beast, it appeared, had been committing unspeakable depredations in the woods for over two years. Traces had been met with constantly, and glimpses of him obtained now and then, though he was always too wary to come within shot. At last, hard pressed by hunger, his habitual caution had for the nonce forsaken him, and he had been trapped like a common careless tramp of the woods. The writer was taken to view his carcase, nailed to a big tree; an enormous brute he was, as the illustration shows.

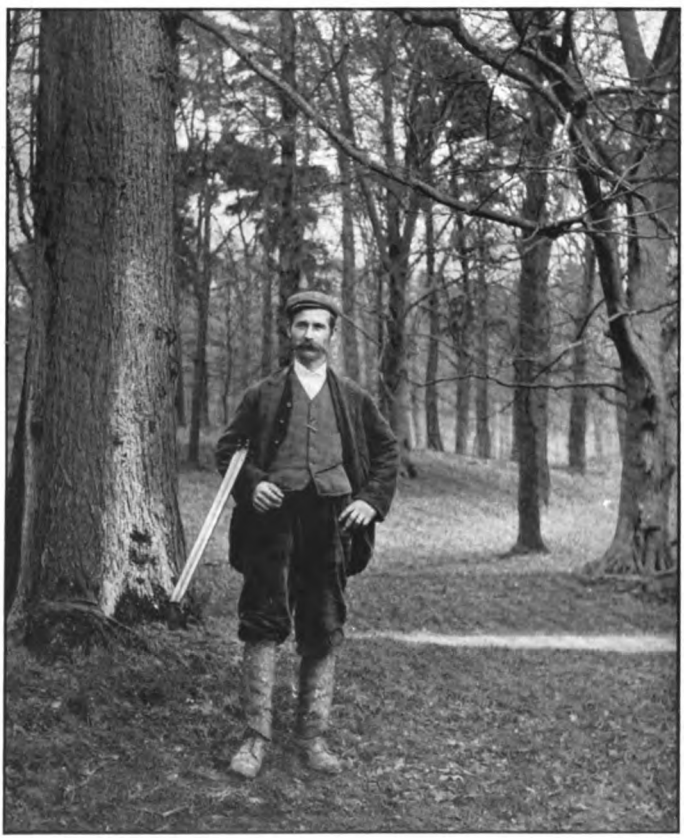
The keeper is found this morning setting a pheasant-trap, and photographed on the spot. The trap is made of hazel twigs (the arrangement of which may be seen in the picture) and so constructed as to secure a hen pheasant without harming her. When the breeding season is approaching, it is necessary to capture a number of the hen birds; hence these harmless traps are set all over the woods, or at least in the places where

AN INGENIOUS PHEASANT-PEN

pheasants are encouraged and accustomed to feed. But the watchful, mischievous wood-pigeons—or 'queese,' as they are termed hereabouts—continually steal the maize with which the traps are baited, and are off and away before the keeper or one of his assistants can approach near enough to pull the string attached to the stick which props up the trap. Near the pheasant-trap may be seen another of a heavier and more deadly kind, designed for the destruction of obnoxious birds, and baited accordingly. The keeper is on his rounds, with pockets full of Indian corn for the replenishing of his traps, as

the writer comes across him in the woods. The round is finished in company.

One of the illustrations of this article shows another of the keeper's 'dodges'—an ingeniously constructed pheasant-pen. It is banked round, and has within it sundry little shelters



ONE OF THE UNDER-KEEPERS

built of boughs, beneath which the shy birds can take refuge from hovering hawk or prying eye, and is surrounded with wire netting attached to trees and upright posts. As the pen is approached this morning, a great fluttering causes the keeper to exclaim, 'Hullo! there's a hen.' She jumps about in terror at sight of a stranger, then rushes to shelter beneath one of the little bowers within the pen; but a reassuring whistle in monotone on the part of the conductor, who really seems to know

and to be known by every creature in the woods, quietens her down, and she peers out warily, keeping quite still.

Near at hand is the fowl-house, in which are kept the domestic fowls destined to supplement the sitting of the hen pheasants ; and, as the season advances, dozens of coops—with foster-mother hens and pheasant chicks—will be placed in a neighbouring space where the chicks can be brought up in safety. This rearing of pheasants is a trying and costly business, demanding a great deal of foresight and unremitting care. The keeper's anxiety at the time the photographs which are here reproduced were taken was increased by the long continuance of hard weather. He wofully remarked that, if the snow continued to lie for many more days, he expected to be compelled to make provision for the artificial feeding of every pheasant in the various covers. Luckily for him and his birds, a thaw set in the next day. The only compensation to him in time of snow lies in the visibility of the footprints of trespassing man or depredating animal.

Many are the tales of exasperating theft of pheasant-eggs that the keeper tells, and his annoyance at the losses is much increased by the more than suspicion that a neighbouring 'velveteens' is not above buying the stolen eggs for the stocking of his own less well-endowed pens and coops. 'But,' says our keeper with gusto, 'I got upsides with him last season. I hard-boiled a few spoiled 'uns, and planted 'em where I knew his touts 'ud find 'em. I reckon that lot didn't hatch much.'

On his way home the writer passes round by 'The Pool,' as it is locally called, though in size and beauty it is worthy of a more imposing title. It is now frozen over completely, except just round the island in the centre, where the wild fowl of many kinds have managed to keep the water open by constant movement. The black patch fringing the island in the middle represents a solid mass of water-fowl, the various species having laid aside their usual jealousies and hostilities in face of common condition of hardship. As the writer stands to watch the three or four swans on the ice at a little distance from the island, several tufted-duck fly over on their way to join the rest of the fowl ; but the ordinary wild-duck, ever shy and suspicious, have caught sight of the intruder, and, rising in a large flock, go off, with whistling wings and loud quackings, in their rapid wheeling flight, accompanied by a couple of wild geese. The rest seem undisturbed. It strikes the observer, as he gazes at the frozen pool, that others besides the keeper are eagerly looking for a thaw, and will welcome it when it comes.

BIG GAME SHOOTING AND EXPLORATION IN RHODESIA

Being an Account of an Expedition to the San-Yati River, Matabeleland

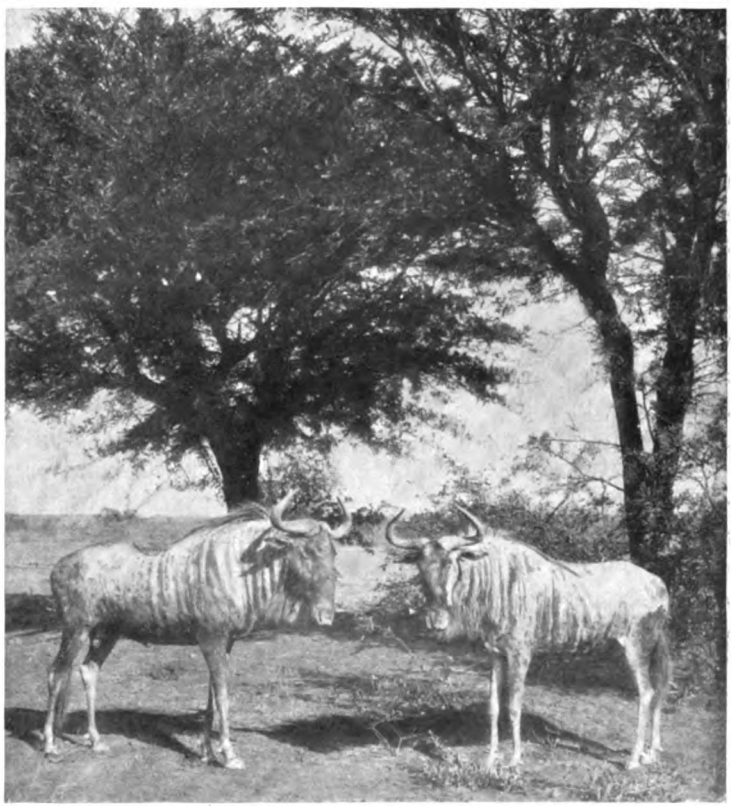
BY WM. W. VAN NESS, F.R.G.S., M.A.I.M.E.

(*Continued*)

WE saw fresh spoor of lion along the bank of this river, and heard them roaring during the night, but they were some distance away. Another day's trek without accident brought us to our destination on the San-Yati river, and we pitched our camp near the old site of what was once Chief Gowie's kraal. The natives in the neighbourhood informed us that this kraal had been abandoned some years before, owing to a number of the inhabitants having been killed by lions. On several occasions they were attacked and dragged out of their huts by these man-eating brutes, two or three of which were said to be still roaming about the neighbourhood, in addition to a large herd of younger lions. The natives in this vicinity live in mortal terror of these animals, which is hardly to be wondered at considering the number of casualties. They seldom or never leave their huts after dark, and when they retire for the night never forget thoroughly to bar their doors with heavy logs.

Two natives were attacked during our stay in this camp, one of whom, a native chief residing about twenty miles away, was dragged from his hut and devoured ; the other man was

badly mauled. It seems that the latter, who lived in a kraal about two miles below our camp, heard his dog barking, and on going out to see the reason of the disturbance, was immediately pounced upon, and only escaped with his life through the pluck of one of his wives, who came to his assistance with a burning brand, and succeeded in frightening the lion away, but not



BLUE WILDEBEESTE ANTELOPE—BULL AND COW

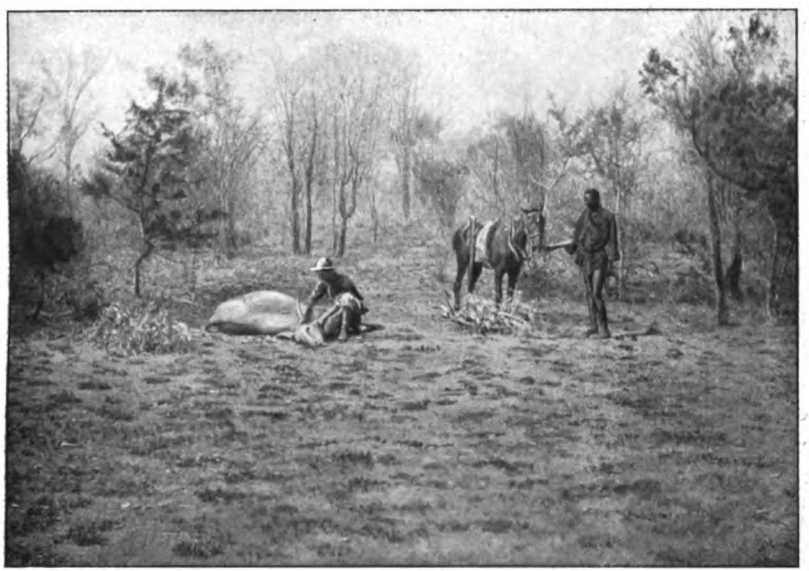
until after it had succeeded in chewing off one of her husband's hands and badly mauling him about the legs.

Our stay here was not destined to be without excitement and a bit of adventure, as you will hear later. On our arrival our first work consisted in making a strong skerm, or enclosure of thorn-bushes, in which to corral our cattle and horses to protect them from the lions and other wild beast which roamed the country at night. We then made ourselves as comfortable as possible combined with safety. It was while prospecting and

exploring this locality that we had some excellent big game shooting, and several things occurred. Our meat supply was now running short, and on the early morning of the second day we sent Jim out to see if he could locate any game. He had only been gone a short while when he returned in a breathless state of excitement, saying that he had seen a large herd of eland about two miles away. The horses, which were out grazing at the time, were immediately rounded up, and in a very short space we were up-saddled and off at a canter, Jim running in the lead. We had taken the wind into consideration, and made our course so as to approach the herd up wind to keep them from getting our scent. No word was spoken. On reaching the spot where they were last seen we pulled our horses up to a slow walk, and took advantage of all the available cover, which consisted of thick clumps of mimosa bushes, dotted here and there in what would otherwise have been an open flat country. The new green grass in these open glades was springing up from the old burnt stubble, and it was on this that the eland were quietly feeding. They were now well in sight, and made a pretty picture with their light fawn-coloured coats with dark points, quietly grazing in a bright green carpeted glade, surrounded by the darker foliage and yellow blossoms of the flowering mimosa, this crowned with a bright Italian-blue sky. Seen through a brilliantly clear atmosphere, this really formed a spectacle which would be hard to excel. We noted a clump of bush, which if we succeeded in reaching without being seen should put us within about two hundred yards' range, so we made a *détour* to our left to get this clump in line, thus to cover our approach.

We then quietly dismounted, and leading our horses, began stalking. Owing to the soft, springy nature of the ground, which muffled the noise of the horses' hoofs, we were enabled to reach this cover unobserved; and handing Jim my horse to hold, I crawled very quietly round one side to get the herd in sight. A go-away bird, which had been flitting about in the bush over our head, much to my annoyance at this moment started screeching. This bird, which is the bane of the African big-game hunter, is of a grey colour, and very much resembles a cockatoo. When alarmed it starts screeching, the noise resembling the high-pitched voice of an old woman saying 'Go away!' from which it derives its local name. I found that this noise invariably warns and alarms any game which may be within hearing distance, and this was no exception. The eland

suddenly stopped grazing, pricked up their ears, and looked in our direction. One big bull came out a little in advance of the herd and stood, turning side on as if to run, when I immediately took advantage of his position and fired at a point just behind the shoulder. Off he went with the others in a cloud of dust, but only succeeded in going a short distance when down he dropped, and was quite dead in a few minutes. Jumping on my horse to give chase, I had galloped about three hundred yards when the whole herd stopped, apparently to take their



ELAND BULL

bearing. I slid to the ground, had a second shot, and down went another eland right in his tracks. The bullet, as I afterwards found, had smashed his shoulder and penetrated his heart, death being almost instantaneous. I think that I might have been able to kill one or two more, but this would have been wanton slaughter, as we had now sufficient meat to feed us and our native workmen for several days. Quite satisfied with our morning's sport, we returned to camp to satisfy our ravenous appetites with a hearty breakfast.

It was several days after this that we started out as usual to continue our sampling of a large deposit of auriferous gravel about four miles up the river, and in due course we arrived at the spot. The day was exceptionally hot. We had finished

our lunch and, after our morning's work, were enjoying a pipe of Boer tobacco under the shade of a friendly acacia, pending the arrival of one of our natives whom we had sent for water with which to wash some gravel which we were testing for gold. The boy seemed to be away longer than was necessary, so I volunteered to go and see what had become of him. I followed his spoor along one of the numerous dongas (ravines) which led to the river, and found him cutting his way through a thicket of wait-a-bit thorn, which had completely blocked his passage down to the water. I pulled out my knife and gave him a hand. It was slow work, but at last we succeeded in forcing a passage after having to crawl on our hands and knees for about fifty yards. We were just rising to our feet, when to my utter astonishment I saw a huge lion and lioness directly in front of us, lying together alongside a small pool under the shade of a willow bush. They did not seem to be particularly disturbed by our appearance, but rose slowly to their feet, the lion standing behind the lioness and looking over her back. I took a rapid survey of my position to see if there was a friendly tree or other safe point to which I could retire in case of emergency. It would have been impossible to beat a hasty retreat through the passage which we had just come ; our right and left were hedged with thorn almost up to where the lion stood, so the only thing for it was to trust to my rifle and face the music. There was a small ridge of sand just in front of us, and behind this I took cover. My rifle was a single-barrel .303, with Martini-Henry action, so that it was of the utmost importance that I should load as quickly as possible after having fired my first shot. To this end I loosened several cartridges in my belt, then taking deliberate aim at the lioness, which was the better exposed of the two, I drew a careful bead and fired. She sprang straight in the air with a terrific roar, staggered away for about twenty yards and fell dead.

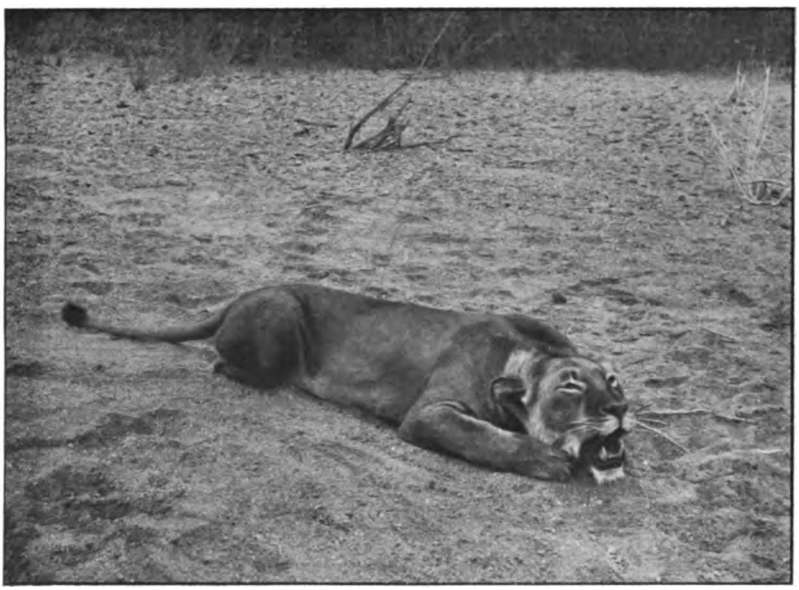
The lion came straight toward me with long bounds. I am not sure whether he really meant to charge me or was simply clearing through fright ; but whatever his intentions were, the effect on me was the same, as I felt decidedly uncomfortable. I managed, however, to slip another cartridge in without a hitch, and waited my opportunity. The beast had now reached within twenty yards, and was just gathering himself for another spring when I let go the second shot. I think I hit him in the shoulder, for he roared with pain, and made

off in the thick bush on my right. I had known of too many fatal accidents through following wounded lions to hanker particularly after pursuing this old stager, so coo-ed to the balance of the party who were forcing their way through the thorn-bush, as they had heard the roar of the lions following my shots, and were coming to the rescue. They afterwards said that, judging from the noise the lions made, they had fully expected to find me chewed into mincemeat. As soon as they arrived we cautiously approached the lioness, but found her quite dead, and then started to search for the wounded lion. We picked up the blood-spoor at the point where I had seen him disappear, but owing to the jungle of thorn-bush being too thick to penetrate, had to give it up.

It was now too late to skin the lioness before dark, so we concluded to spend the night in the neighbourhood and perform this task early in the following morning, thinking also that we might be able to pick up the spoor of the lion again in a more open portion of the jungle. This place seemed to show every indication of being a regular habitation of lions, as we had seen the fresh spoor of several others, including a lion, a lioness and two cubs; so we concluded it would be a bit healthier for us to vacate before night, and pitch our camp on the higher and more open ground. To prevent the carcass of the lioness being mutilated by wild dogs or hyenas which were plentiful in the neighbourhood, we covered it with thorn-bush and built a huge bonfire close by. There is very little twilight in the tropics; when the sun drops behind the horizon, darkness sets in almost immediately, as was the case on this occasion. Andrews and I remained behind to build the fire, the others going ahead to pick out safe camping-ground. It was quite dark when we were returning through the passage which we had previously cut through the thick thorn-bush. We were both crawling on our hands and knees; I was slightly in advance when suddenly from just on our left came a deafening roar, followed by the crash of breaking twigs. Then there was a scramble! We could not rise to our feet on account of the thorn overhead, so had to scratch along on our all fours. Andrews said that he couldn't see me, or see his way for the dust I kicked up, and he finally wound up by getting himself hopelessly tangled. I had no idea that his vocabulary was so extensive.

When once you are caught in this thorn there are only two ways of getting yourself loose: one is quietly to back

out and unhook yourself, and the other is to tear through it. This was no time for backing out and unhooking, so he took the other course, with the result that he left his hat, together with part of his shirt and a bit of his trousers, and we then made a run for the camp fire, which was burning brightly some distance away. We must have made rather an amusing tableau in the bright light of the fire, judging from the mirth we created, for I thought the others would have split their sides with laughter. There was I all covered with dust and



THE LIONESS

perspiration, and poor old Andrews a sight indeed—he looked as though he had passed through a threshing machine! After all it was a very ridiculous and comical experience, so instead of losing our tempers we decided to join in. We enjoyed a hearty dinner out of eland steak and baked potatoes, cookies and coffee, and after spinning a few yarns over our pipes, rolled up in our blankets, forgot the existence of lions, and in a few minutes were sound asleep.

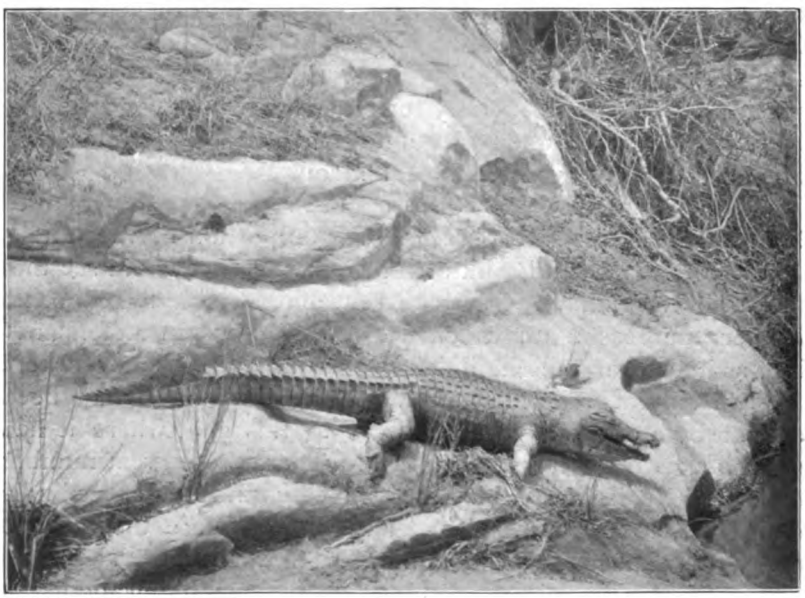
We were up the next morning at break of day, had a cup of coffee, and went back to where I had shot the lioness to skin her and see if we could find any trace of the wounded lion. When we arrived we found that the lioness had vanished!

There was a broad track across the sand where she had been dragged, and we also noted the perfectly fresh spoor of two lions which had dragged her. We immediately followed this up to a thicket of long reeds from which we heard the growl of several lions, and we tried to catch sight of them to get a shot, but were unable to do so as they retired on our approach into the thick reeds. Our rifles ready, we forced our way into where the lioness had been dragged. We were just in time to save the skin, for the lions had already begun to devour her ; they had indeed succeeded in spoiling part of the skin, as they had bitten several large pieces out of her side. We dragged her out into the open, posed her for a photograph, took a snap-shot and skinned her. My bullet, a Jeffery split, had smashed one rib, passed through and literally torn her heart into a pulp, broke another rib, and lodged just under the skin on the other side. Her death must have been instantaneous.

After we had skinned her we went in quest of the wounded lion, picked up his spoor in a more open portion of the jungle, and followed it to the bank of the river where we could see that he had been drinking. From there we could trace the spoor no farther, the reason for which we were not long in understanding, as there on the sandbank in the middle of the river were the partially devoured remains. While drinking it had been caught by a crocodile, and dragged to this spot where it had furnished a meal for these brutes. There are a great number of crocodiles in the river in this locality, and it is exceedingly dangerous to approach too near the banks where the water is deep. Several natives and a number of their cattle and goats have been taken by these reptiles in this neighbourhood, and one of our favourite dogs had a remarkable escape from one. We were returning to camp one afternoon after a long day's tramp, and on arriving at a pool of water near the mouth of a small tributary of the San-Yati, this dog rushed down to get a drink, when suddenly there was an awful howl, and on investigating the cause we found the poor beast struggling in the clutches of an enormous crocodile. As only the nose of the latter was out of the water we were unable to shoot him. The dog, however, by a most marvellous bit of luck, and after a severe struggle, managed to escape, but not until after he had been most fearfully mauled. After returning to camp, and dressing his wounds with a solution of permanganate of potash, we returned to the pool and dropped in a large charge of dynamite, the explosion of which gave the 'crock' such a shock

that he rose to the surface ; I immediately let drive with a dum-dum bullet and shot him through the head. He then sank, but on returning the next morning we found him lying on a bench of rock alongside of the pool quite dead.

We were never short of fresh meat during our stay here, as the country was teeming with big game, and any number of guinea-fowl, pheasant, partridges, wild duck, and geese. Among the numerous buck we shot was a rare variety, known as the Zambesi bush buck, differing from the ordinary species in being

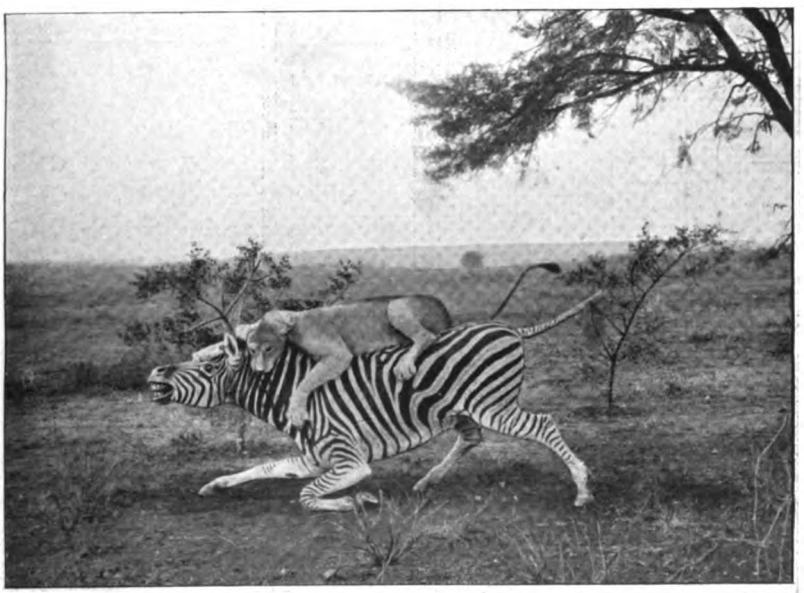


CROCODILE WHICH MAULED OUR DOG

a light reddish-fawn colour, and in addition to the white spots of the common variety, having white markings across the back. They are an extremely pretty buck, and we were fortunate in bagging both a doe and a ram. We were seldom left ignorant of the presence of lions, for we heard them roaring almost every night. Sometimes they were a great distance off, but on several occasions they came up to within a few yards of the camp and kicked up an awful row.

It was early one morning, after they had given us an unusually noisy serenade, that Jim, who had been out on a reconnaissance, came back with the news that he had found a big zebra stallion which had been badly mauled by lions. We

immediately proceeded to the spot, which was only a few hundred yards away, and there standing in the thick bush was the poor brute quietly bleeding to death from a nasty wound in its neck, which had penetrated the jugular vein. I shot it to put it out of its misery, and on closer examination found that it had been fearfully mauled, and had numerous other fresh wounds, also some old scars and some other wounds which were just healing, showing that this was the third time it had been attacked. It must have made a plucky fight to have

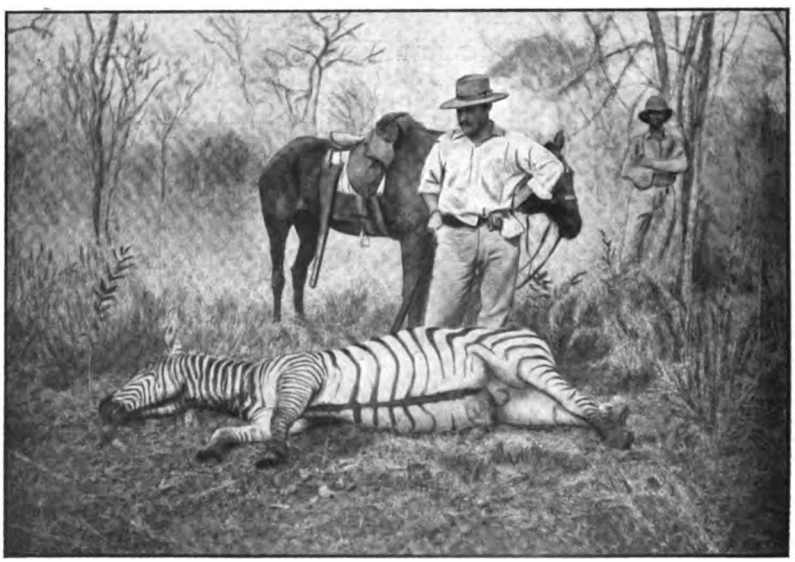


BADLY MAULED

escaped. If you examine the photograph closely you will see the wound on its neck quite distinctly, also one on its near hip.

The end of our third week's stay here was at length reached; we had completed our investigation, and were preparing to strike camp previously to starting on our return journey. The lions were getting more daring, they were coming closer to our camp, and Andrews, who had been out early that morning shooting guinea-fowl, came suddenly upon seven of the brutes sunning themselves on the sand in the dry portion of the river bed. He had only a shot gun, loaded with No. 4 shot, so wisely refrained from the temptation of risking a shot, and when we returned with our rifles they had cleared, but we found their spoor where

they had gone into a thick jungle of reeds and bush. In order to draw them out of this cover we decided to try a drag, so just before dark we took a fresh piece of buck-meat from the jungle to a point under a tree in the top of which the natives had previously built a strong platform of sticks tied together with bark and covered with straw. On this platform Koffinki and I sat and waited, taking turn about watching. It was nearly twelve o'clock when we heard a noise down below—only a big spotted hyena. Then came several jackals, and a wild dog or two, which started snarling and snapping over our bait, and



KILLED BY A LION

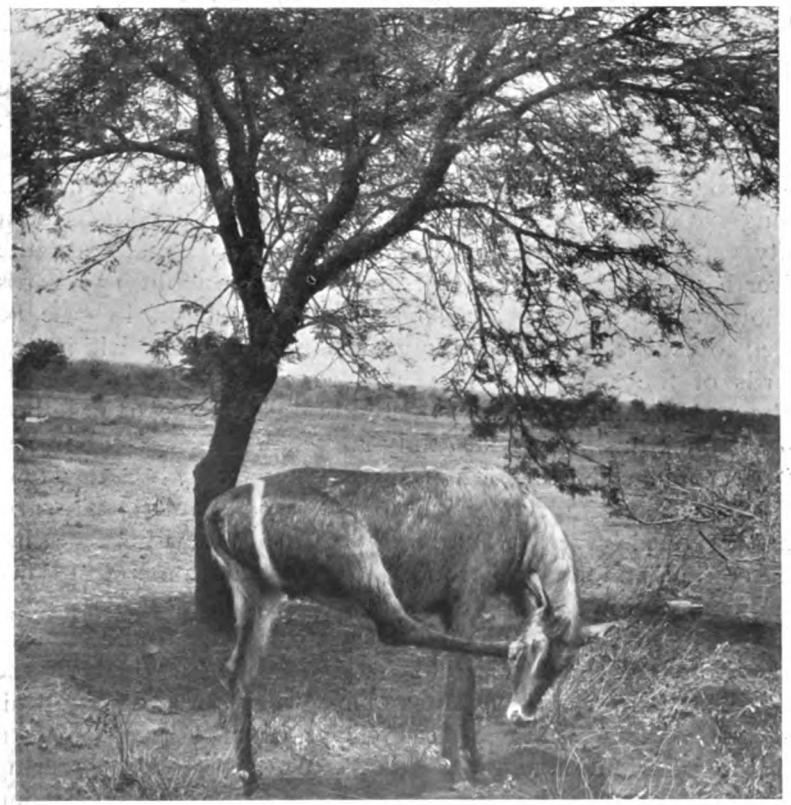
finally succeeded in devouring the lot. We were thoroughly disgusted at this issue of our elaborately laid plans, so abandoning our vigils we stretched out our weary limbs and were soon fast asleep, the straw on the platform making a very comfortable bed.

We had slept for several hours when I was suddenly awakened by the report of a rifle shot about a half-mile down the river. I sprang up and listened ; it was quite light ; the sun was just on the point of rising, the atmosphere was clear and crisp, not a breath of wind and not a leaf on the trees was moving. There was a hushed stillness all around ; it was one of those mornings peculiar to Africa when sound would travel

on the clear, still air with a distinctness and a vibrating clearness unequalled in any other country in which I have travelled, and the call of a pheasant and quack of a wild duck I have often heard over a mile distant. I held my breath and listened, hoping to hear some noise which would give me a clue to the cause of the shot. It came from the direction where we had lost sight of the lion in the jungle, and it was probably Jim who had fired it, for I told him to keep a sharp look-out at this point. I was not kept long in suspense. Another sharp report came, immediately followed by a roar. We sprang to the ground like monkeys, and were not long in reaching the spot. On our approach Jim explained in an excited whisper that he had wounded a very large black-maned lion which he said was lying close by, pointing to a narrow strip of thick bush about fifty yards away. Koffinki circled around to a point on the river bank between a high cliff and the river, about 150 yards below where the lion lay, so as to head him off in case he tried to escape ; Jim and I approaching cautiously within ten yards of the spot, and, listening, we could hear the beast's laboured breathing quite distinctly, but were unable to see him in the thick bush. We stealthily approached still closer to see if we could sight him, when I unluckily trod on a dry twig which broke with a snap. There was a growl and a crash, and he had gone ! We found a large pool of blood where he had been lying, and had no trouble in tracing its spoor, which we cautiously followed along this strip of reeds, then across a small open space to another patch of reeds, where we found another large patch of blood where he had been resting just on the entrance to these reeds. The spoor then followed a game trail into the thicket. Jim was just behind me, and I approached on my hands and knees to the entrance of this trail and was peering through the reeds in the hope of catching sight of him, when Jim gave a cry of alarm, caught me by the collar and literally threw me backward for some yards. He was just in the nick of time, for another second and the lion would have been on top of me : he had made a spring and landed almost on the very spot where I had been kneeling. Before we could gather ourselves together and get a shot he had vanished. I shall never forget Jim's plucky devotion on this occasion, for it was this, combined with his cool presence of mind and quick action, which had undoubtedly saved me from a horrible death.

Our blood was now up, and we intended to bring this brute to book if such a thing were possible. To this end we sent to

camp for Koffinki's big black dog, which would take up the lion's spoor and give us warning of its whereabouts, so that we should not again be taken by surprise. The dog arrived; we put him on the scent, which he followed into the jungle. He had gone about twenty yards when he stopped and began to growl. We waited for an attack, but neither the dog nor the



WATERBUCK COW

lion seemed to wish to take the initiative, so after waiting for some time our patience was exhausted, and we determined to bring things to a climax. Jim and I forced our way in from one direction, and Koffinki from another. This encouraged the dog, who sprang at the lion, but one stroke of the brute's huge paw sent him flying. The lion then made for him. We heard them come crashing through the reeds; we could not see two yards in front of us, so concluded that the wisest policy was to retreat to an open space and await their appearance. For this

we made a scramble. Jim got tripped up from the undergrowth and lost his rifle; the dog ran between my legs and threw me over. There were Jim, I and the dog rolling over each other and the lion just on our heels! We were emphatically in a mess. It was by the greatest luck in the world that the lion ceased his charge just before he reached us, or we should undoubtedly have been badly mauled. He must have been exhausted by the large amount of blood he had lost to have made such a half-hearted charge. We had been unable since the dog arrived to get so much as a glimpse of him, so we concluded the wisest thing to do was to abandon the hunt for that day, and return the next morning, when in all probability we should find him dead.

While breakfasting early the next morning Jim called our attention to a number of vultures circling over the spot where we had last heard of the lion. This is one of the surest signs of a kill, as shortly after any animal is lying dead in Africa these birds seem by a kind of instinct, combined with a marvellous sight, to be able to locate the quarry, which, unless you are exceedingly sharp, they will devour before you can arrive on the scene. We had our horses immediately up-saddled, and galloped off so as to reach the spot before they had spoiled the skin. We were, however, too late. Some wandering natives, who had camped in the vicinity, had previously found the carcase and taken the skin and claws, which they prized very highly. We were sadly disappointed and disgusted, and returned to camp thoroughly crestfallen at having lost our second lion trophy. It was an enormous brute, and its skin would have been something like a record.

That afternoon we struck camp and the next morning began our return trek. Our homeward journey was void of any incident of special note, with the exception of coming across some fresh elephant and rhinoceros spoor, until we reached Doveras Kraal, when our bullock driver succumbed to fever, from which he had been suffering for the past few days. We buried him under the shade of a big acacia tree, and, as was the custom of his tribe, we placed his earthly belongings on his grave. These items consisted of an old pipe, tobacco-pouch of rock-rabbit skin, an old army great coat, and a whip-stock. He had been a bright, light-hearted, conscientious and faithful servant, and we were very much saddened by his death.

After leaving here we met a party of Zambesi natives who had been working in the Transvaal mines, and were returning

to their kraal. They informed us that the Dutch and English were fighting. This was in the latter part of November, and was the first news that we had heard of the outbreak of the war.

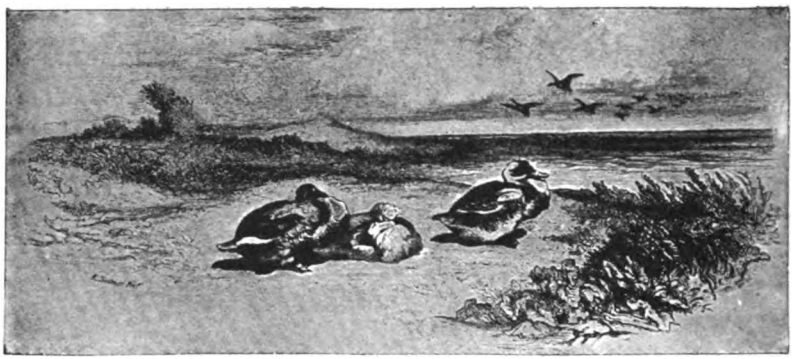
We then pushed on as quickly as possible, for the rains were setting in and the rivers would soon be impassable; indeed, by the time we reached Hartley Hill the roads were in such a swampy condition, and the rivers so swollen, that we concluded to change our route and make for Fort Salisbury,

OUR CAMP IN THE SUBURBS OF SALISBURY

which was 160 miles closer than Buluwayo. After five days' hard trekking, one capsize, and many stickfasts, we arrived in Salisbury, where our little party disbanded.

We had all thoroughly enjoyed our expedition, and unanimously agreed that there were fewer pleasanter or more interesting ways of spending a portion of one's life than an exploration and big-game shooting in the wilds of Rhodesia, a country abounding in great hidden mineral wealth, a climate which is unexcelled, a soil capable of making it sustaining, and last, but not least, a population of hardy, well-born, energetic sons of Britain of whom any country should be proud. These are the class of intrepid pioneers who are the

able lieutenants of their great leader, Cecil John Rhodes, in his grand scheme for the expansion of the British Empire, and who, riding straightaway over every obstacle, is slowly but surely laying the foundation of a great colony with a brilliant future, destined shortly to be classed among the greatest agricultural and gold-producing countries of the globe.



A SABBATH-DAY'S JOURNEY IN THULE

BY THE HON. A. E. GATHORNE-HARDY

To avoid misconception, let me begin by defining my terms. I am writing in a country where Sunday, the first day of the week, is emphatically still 'the Sabbath,' and my Sabbath-days' journeys are strolls taken on that day, when my leisure is employed in the study and observation of animate and inanimate nature without any ulterior designs of acquisition, destruction or sport. Here, where the Sassenach visitors' week-days are entirely devoted to recreation and amusement, I have no sympathy with those who cannot forbear for one day in the week from outraging the feelings, or prejudices if they prefer the term, of the inhabitants by introducing golf and other games and sports, harmless and innocent though they may be. Paul of Tarsus was a gentleman as well as a saint, and what he taught and practised about meat offered to idols may well be imitated by those whose views differ from the prevailing sentiment, or whose individual consciences allow greater freedom of action. There is a sandy bay not far from where I am now writing where, last year, I found some capital prawns in the pools among the rocks which surround it. Famous fellows they were, big and well flavoured; and, as the place was easy to get at, I made prawning there rather a favourite interlude, when I could conveniently fit in an hour at the proper time of tide. I did not know that I was doing any harm; but shortly afterwards a violent gale arose, and the Atlantic rollers dashed with their full force upon that unlucky

shore. Tangle and wreckage strewed the beach, and myriads of unfortunate jellyfish were washed right up on to the grass of the links adjoining, where they remained in decaying masses two or three inches deep. Worse than this. Not merely were the lobster fishermen, who ply their trade among the dangerous reefs outside, unable to put to sea, but they lost all their gear, for the force of the gale lifted the heavy stones to which their cruives were anchored, and drove pots, floats, boxes and all ashore, dashing them into pieces against the rocks. And I was responsible for this calamity! which fortunately did not result in any loss of life. 'They are saying,' said a timid voice in unaccustomed English, 'that it will not leave off blowing as long as Mr. Hardy goes on disturbing "Traigh na toibre fuare."' Failing to see any obvious connection between my prawning and the gales, which I had attributed to the equinox, I made inquiries and found out that the Bay was considered especially sacred, and that none of the fishermen in the island ever dug for bait there or turned up the soil. I heard two versions of the origin of this superstition—one, that the spot was the scene of a great prehistoric battle and that the dead were buried near the bay; another, that it was a place where drowned sailors were frequently washed ashore before the lighthouse now interposed between it and America 'spoiled the island for wrecks.' Now I do not believe in the connection between my proceedings and the gale, but since then I have thought it better to get my prawns elsewhere.

But the Sabbatarianism, so inimitably satirised by Hood in his immortal 'Ode to Rae Wilson,'

> That bids you baulk
> A Sunday walk,
> And shun God's works, as you should shun your own,

is nearly obsolete at this close of the nineteenth century, and if I and my dog choose to sally forth fairly early in the morning after breakfast it is nothing to nobody. I take my lunch in my pocket, as I have a rooted antipathy to taking my midday meal in the house in the Highlands, and Ben will enjoy his with a better appetite if he has to wait for it, as he generally does until our return together in the evening. If I carry a telescope slung across my shoulder, I am only imitating the Sunday costume of every professional stalker, who would as soon walk to kirk without his knickerbockers as without so essential a part of his costume. I also carry a mackintosh slung in a case, but it is

more to sit upon than to wear. Probably there may be showers, and heavy ones, as last night there was the most perfect lunar rainbow I ever saw, a brilliant arch of pale light completely spanning the horizon; and such phenomena portend a storm: but I doubt if I shall need to envelop myself in indiarubber. There are accommodating rocks all over the island, and, whichever way the wind may blow, I can generally find snug shelter from blast and tempest. But it is time we were off, as Ben very clearly indicates by leaping up with unearthly noises something between a bark and a howl, and we make a start just as a wild squall and shower has passed rapidly across the island and given place, at least temporarily, to bright sunshine and brilliant rainbow effects. The hoarse bark of a raven makes me turn my eyes upwards, and I see two old friends winging their stately flight towards the south in the same direction in which I propose going myself. Certainly there is something weird and uncanny in their deep monotonous cry, and that and their carrion diet are quite enough to account for their evil reputation as birds of ill omen; but if I were to retrace my steps whenever I saw a raven I should never get far. This particular pair nearly always manage to show themselves before I have been out half an hour. Sometimes they are soaring round the crags; more often they are off in search of food, and there are always enough dead sheep to supply abundant meals for them and for the great black-backed gulls, who are far worse poachers and more mischievous altogether than the much-maligned corbies. It is curious how deceptive size is in this clear atmosphere; the sound of a raven's bark is unmistakable, but I have often hesitated and doubted whether a distant speck overhead was a raven, a crow, or a jackdaw, until I have heard its bark or some adjacent object has supplied a standard of comparison. When, as frequently happens, a flock of jackdaws make their appearance round their big relation, they look like flies round a bumble-bee or moth, and one wonders how one could have doubted the identity of the raven for a single instant. One particular crag is rather disputed between these birds and a pair of peregrines, and I have seen a good deal of sparring between these antagonists without any very serious results. It is a pretty sight to see the falcon and the raven wheeling round and mounting higher and higher, each trying to get above the other; but, although I have seen the hawk stoop and strike at the corbie, I doubt if it was in earnest, and do not believe it would ever kill or injure so strong and active an antagonist. On another occasion, on the

mainland, I saw a peregrine hunting a raven not very high up in the air, and the latter kept turning his great head sideways and pointing his pickaxe of a beak towards the enemy, but on that, and on every like instance, the two separated, apparently with mutual respect, and sheered off without any damage done.

There is nothing much to see, as we turn along the straight road to the left—a large flock of black game scattered over the green brae above the oat stubble, mostly hens, but a few old cocks strutting round and showing the whites of their tails; and four or five wild blue rock pigeons feeding in the field below. A turn to the south takes us by a winding road across the moorland, and after passing a little ruined chapel on the right, half an hour's walk brings me to what is now a stretch of sand nearly a mile broad, at low water practicable even for carts and carriages to cross. The tide is beginning to rise, and I sit down, and, making myself comfortable, begin to spy. At high water my beach becomes a navigable strait. Ringed plovers, of course in abundance, are busy among the sand-hoppers, trotting merrily about, or rising with a musical cry and taking short flights to new ground. There are redshanks, too, oyster-catchers, curlews, and their smaller cousin, the whimbrel, all busy feeding in the wet sand. They seem to be enjoying a plentiful meal of sandworms, and to be leaving the shellfish and crustaceans alone for the present, as I can distinctly see their beaks buried in the sand just at the edge of the water, in which they paddle like a pack of little children on Ramsgate sand. What a beautiful neat little bird is the oyster-catcher! how conspicuous and striking is the compact suit of black and white, from which it takes its other name of sea-pie, and how bright are its orange-red beak and legs, and the iris of its eye, which I can easily distinguish with my powerful glass! I cannot, however, actually see what they are feeding upon, as the savoury morsels are swallowed before they raise their heads and take another run. My natural history describes them as 'shy and wary birds,' but I certainly have never found them so here. They flutter round myself and my dog, sitting close to us and inspecting us with a mixture of curiosity and impudence, and often, when my course along the sand has taken me straight towards them, they have not condescended to rise at my approach, but have merely scuttled across the nearest shallow pool and resumed feeding operations on the opposite side. They are very common here, and may be found in flocks in every sandy bay; and certainly no one ever dreams of molesting them,

which may account for their tameness. I cannot, however, imagine any one interfering with such engaging little creatures, useless for food and absolutely harmless. Yesterday, while watching a flock during my lunch, I noticed something odd about the gait of two of them which hopped awkwardly about, their slow and ungainly movement contrasting vividly with the graceful and airy run of their companions. On inspecting them with the glass I discovered that each of the pair had lost a leg; but both seemed quite comfortable and were feeding as eagerly, and looked as plump and in as good condition, as any of the others. I was at a loss to account for this maimed condition of birds which had not certainly been intentionally trapped or shot. On mentioning my difficulty to an old fisherman, who was near at the time, he at once, and without hesitation, declared that it was done by the dogfish, which frequently attacked them, sometimes killing and more often mutilating them. This seemed strange to me, as these birds usually wade in very shallow water, but my informant was positive, and I determined to note the explanation for want of a better, but also the authority, which I did not esteem very highly. However, next time I saw my friend and an oyster-catcher in juxtaposition, I pointed the bird out to him and asked him whether he had ever seen it actually attacked by dogfish. He at once replied that the bird I showed him, of which he gave the Gaelic name which I could neither spell nor pronounce, never went into deep water, and that the one-legged specimens must have been mutilated in some other way. The incident illustrates the danger of relying on hearsay evidence, even when *bonâ fide*, especially when your informant is imperfectly acquainted with your language, and I believe many errors in the records of travellers and explorers may be traced to similar misunderstandings. However, my companion persisted in declaring that he had seen shoals of dogfish attack and destroy ducks, small gulls and other swimming birds; and the statement is interesting, although I should not like to accept it as absolutely correct without further confirmation. It is by no means impossible, having regard to the voracity of these miniature sharks; and, of course, the presence of a shoal of fish near the surface must often bring these aërial and aquatic enemies in close and dangerous proximity to one other.

As I walk on the tide is gradually rising, and a seal swims rapidly past me in shallow water. There are rocks opposite where I should be pretty sure to see others if the tide was

higher, but these sagacious creatures do not like to bask out of reach of salt water, and they generally remain at the edge of some fairly deep channel which is interposed as a sort of protective moat between them and any enemy which may seek to approach them from the mainland. As I stroll westward along a narrow peninsula there is nothing very new to attract my attention; a few eiders and mergansers diving and fishing in the channel, and wild ducks and teal rising as I show myself round each new point; a flock of golden plover feeding on the wet sand, while the usual herons, lapwings and kittiwakes, with an occasional black-backed or herring-gull, wing their way overhead or stroll about on the beach or on the links adjoining. But I next open the mouth of the channel, and the long series of rocks and reefs which are interposed between it and the open Atlantic, whose rollers I can now see breaking white over sunken rocks in the distance, and my widened horizon warns me that, although it is still bright overhead, a heavy shower is coming in from the west and it is high time to take shelter. It will be a good opportunity to eat my lunch and smoke a pipe, and afterwards examine the outlying reef with the glass at my leisure.

I manage to find a good comfortable place well sheltered by a friendly rock before the squall is upon me, and watch the pelting storm outside with something of the complacency with which the mariner on shore is said to contemplate the toiling of his less fortunate comrades still at sea. As I consume my sandwich with my dog huddled up beside me, demanding and getting his share of it, I am favoured by a call from an interesting visitor. This is no other than a chough, a bird once quite common in the South of England as well as all round the West Coast of Scotland, but now nearly extinct in Cornwall and Devonshire, and owing his continued existence in the Hebrides, perhaps, in some degree to the positive enactment of County Council by-laws under the Wild Birds Preservation Act which protects him and his eggs absolutely at all times of the year; but even more to the difficulty of discovering his haunts, and to the careful protection of the local lairds and even of their keepers and watchers under their strict injunctions. Harvie Brown ascribes the diminution of their numbers to the peregrines, but I should rather put it down to their own malicious relations, the jackdaws—

A little more than kin and less than kind;

as, if tradition can be trusted, it is demonstrable that the advent of these birds immediately preceded the gradual disappearance of the choughs; and falcons have certainly not increased in numbers since game preservation in the Highlands has come into general operation. Choughs were formerly common enough in Iona and its neighbourhood, and a contemporary of my own informed me that when he was a child they were used for food; but the advent of the first pair of jackdaws, or grey-headed crows, as they were called, is still remembered in the sacred island. Now there is hardly a cliff in the Hebrides which has not a colony of these noisy robbers and egg-poachers, while the poor harmless chough is driven from pillar to post, and has been evicted without compensation for disturbance, from many a place to which he had acquired a title by prescription, and of which he was the original and lawful tenant.

This one, at all events, is determined that I shall have every opportunity of seeing and studying him to advantage; as he is himself intent upon making careful note of the appearance and peculiarities of 'bipes impennis' and 'canis domesticus,' for he flies round and round within a yard or two of my head, as if he had some intention of alighting under the same rock for shelter, observation, and companionship. How well one can earmark all the points of difference which distinguish him from the jackdaws, his natural enemies, and to whom at a distance he bears a strong superficial resemblance! He is decked in glossy and shining black all over, instead of wearing a rusty secondhand dress suit and grey cap like the jackdaw. His wings are longer and his head smaller than the jackdaw's, his beak is curved, and thin and bright scarlet, and his brilliant legs clothed in stockings of the same colour. His disposition is very inquisitive, and a human being in an unwonted attitude is a source of attraction rather than repulsion. My son, who stalks ducks and curlews with a rifle with the same care and in the same serpentine attitudes which the more fortunate possessors of deer forests reserve for larger game, has more than once been watched and accompanied by these curious birds.

There is not much more to be seen from my present resting-place: only a few young eider ducks diving in the heavy surf running round a sunken rock, doubtless after some of the saith or cuddies brought in by the tide, which is now flowing strongly; and some more golden plovers just above the water-line, so, as the shower is over and my lunch and pipe are finished, I may as well shift my ground. As I get near the end of the

peninsula I hear a distant roaring, not unlike that of a stag in October, and distinguish a flock of seals lying in every sort of attitude on a flat rock about five hundred yards from where I now am, and not more than three hundred from the points of the peninsula.

I have had more opportunities than most men of studying these amphibious creatures, but I am never weary of observing them. Here they are the largest wild animal I am likely to see, and can generally be found and watched by any one who knows where to look for them. Years ago—how many I am afraid to say—there was a popular craze, from which the funds of the Royal Zoological Society greatly benefited, for walking in the gardens in the Regent's Park. As the music-hall bard of the time phrased it :

> Walking in the *Zoo*,
> The O.K. thing to do,
> The O.K. thing on Sunday is walking in the *Zoo*.

Most of the smart visitors in those days used to ignore the animals altogether, and parade up and down the central avenue towards the tunnel in two thick parallel columns. There were, however, a leaven of visitors who turned their attention to something more interesting than their own species. I, for one, always enjoyed an afternoon with the animals ; but there were certain among their number which moved my compassion, notably the larger carnivorous birds, and a small slug-shaped amphibian generally to be found reposing on a terra-cotta island in a large washhand basin : the forlorn representative of the British seal. Poor little exile from the Northern seas ! I dare say you were not so unhappy as you looked, as you were certainly kindly treated and your species is easily tamed ; but how little idea you conveyed of the appearance and habits of those more fortunate relations who enjoy freedom, ease and abundance among the reefs and breakers of many a sequestered spot 'far from the madding crowd' and out of the beat of yachts and molestation ! Most of those I am looking at now are enjoying their afternoon siesta, a position in which they do not show to advantage. One great spotted fellow lies on his side with his left fore flapper raised. My glass brings him so close to me that I can distinguish his eyes, his whiskers, and even the little orifice which represents the ear ; and, as I look at him, he raises his head like a dog stretching, and then rolls over on to his back Another seems

balanced on a submerged boulder and has his head and hind flapper curled upwards in a sort of bow; one or two are lying on their bellies and others on their sides, like great sleepy pigs in a farmyard. Not very beautiful creatures certainly, but wait till you see them fishing and playing in the deep channels. How agile and graceful they look, following one another in line, sometimes leaping right out of water head and tail like a salmon, diving and swimming about in the open sea, or lifting head and shoulders out of water and staring with their great dark eyes at some suspicious-looking object, and then either sinking backward with no apparent effort, the extreme tip of their nose being the last object visible, or, if much alarmed, diving forward, showing their back and body like a cormorant; but, in either case, if in a place where they are much molested, not reappearing till at a distance of five hundred or six hundred yards from the dreaded object. I have seen one come up carrying a good-sized grilse in his mouth just as a Newfoundland dog carries a stick in the water, but they are often satisfied with smaller game. They are fond of small crustaceans and medusæ, and I have often seen them in a shallow sandy bay playing about in not more than two feet of water, doubtless in search of prawns, shrimps, and similar dainties. It is not easy to distinguish with a glass such small objects, and I have never actually seen anything smaller than a fish in their mouths. There can be no doubt, however, that they do subsist largely upon shrimps and prawns. Lamont, in his 'Seasons with the Sea-horses,' mentioned that when he opened the stomach of a seal of aldermanic proportions he found in it about a bushel of prawns, evidently just swallowed —so fresh that he might have re-eaten them himself 'but for an unworthy prejudice.' Their principal recreation when basking out of the water appears to be persistent and strenuous scratching, for which the fore flappers into which their arms have developed, seem to be a most efficacious instrument. Parasites are usually looked upon as a sign of dirt, but salt water, at any rate, appears to be no protection against their attacks, as these constantly washed creatures appear to be as greatly plagued as our poor relations in the monkey-house. Even deep sea creatures have their tormentors. I remember one autumn, when I was doing a good deal of dredging, that a scientific correspondent asked me to send him a number of specimens of the rosy feather star, 'as he was making a study of their parasites.' Sometimes, in shallow places, seals swim right on the surface with their hind

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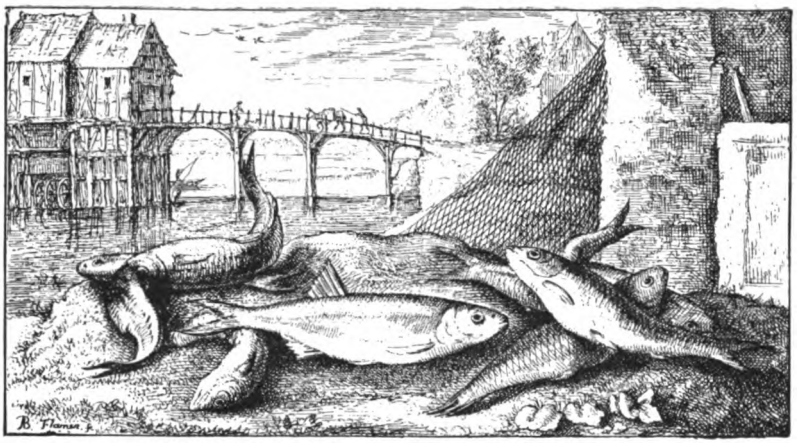
JUST MISSED.

UNIV OF

flappers sticking out of the water behind them, and part of their body showing; or, after a dive, remain for some time with only their pointed noses sticking out, and presumably with their hind flappers and part of their body resting on the bottom. I have seen one in this position yawn two or three times, without altering his attitude, so wide that I could see right down his throat; and he was so like a human sluggard that I could hardly help yawning myself from sympathy.

This afternoon my friends on the rock do nothing very remarkable, except that, when Ben leaves the rabbit-hole he has been fruitlessly scratching at for the last ten minutes, and stands staring on the skyline just above me, one of them sees him and raises his head and gives a melancholy howl exactly like that of a dog tied up for the night in an unaccustomed place. They do not move off, however; nor do they do so even when, before turning to go home, I advance to the edge of the rock and shout and wave my handkerchief. They are good judges of distance and danger, but even on a Sunday it would not be easy to approach within range of them in a boat or from the shore, although they decline to leave their rock at the beck or bidding of a gesticulating and demonstrative visitor three hundred yards away. I am too noisy to be dangerous; and all wild animals are sensible enough to be more suspicious of an imperfectly ambushed enemy than of an obvious and noisy one. So I light a last meditative pipe and wish them good-bye, and half an hour's stroll brings my Sabbath-day's journey to a conclusion.



WHERE THREE RIVERS MEET

BY NINA H. KENNARD

'PETER SCULLY, the postman, is the fellow to give you tips about the fishing. He often runs out of stamps, never of bait ; he seldom has change, he always has tackle ; he is vague about times and seasons at the post-office, but he can tell you to a T when and where the trout will rise. As he looks after my stretch of river, I allow him to cast a fly now and then.'

Thus our host, a retired Indian civilian, who had settled in the centre of Ireland, and was gradually inuring himself to the anomalies of Irish social life.

To Mr. Scully at the post-office we took our way, and were informed, after many preambles, that where the Brosna, the Silver, and the Clondiagh (sounding in Peter's sing-song brogue like Clondiaath) met, the wather fair boiled with the throut at sundown. Seeing, perhaps, my friend's look of incredulity born of the memory of other Irish statements with regard to other Irish rivers, he added incidentally, 'Divil a lie I'm tellin' ye.' It may have been my imagination, but did the grocer, standing close by, wink a bloodshot eye at Peter's wife ? The grocer, we afterwards ascertained, kept late hours at night, sold potheen, also trout in the season curiously whole about the gills. His residence was situated opposite the quarters of

the R.I.C.; but the sergeant was, as the village said, a 'dacint, depindible man.'

'She's here to-day,' added Peter, jerking his thumb over his shoulder towards a threshing machine that was panting in a neighbouring farm-yard, 'or I'd come with ye; but I'll tell ye what I'll do—I'll bring me "private ass and kiar"'—a broad smile irradiated his honest countenance as he made the quotation—'at about seven o'clock and bring ye home.'

The September day, touched with frost in the morning, was now, as we walked along the high road, almost oppressively

THE RIVER BROSNA

hot. After passing the railway bridge, we plunged beneath an archway of lime and beech, into a lane that wound its sinuous way between hedges, solid walls of verdure twelve feet high. Beyond the gate at the end of the lane we caught sight of ultramarine flashes of river, moving drowsily down the valley towards Shannon Harbour. The Test, as it flows through Hampshire pastures, could not more alluringly promise sport. Making our way towards an old willow-tree that overhung the bank, my friend drew his rod from its canvas sheath, put it together, and selected his flies—a dun with gold body and red hackle, a woodcock wing and hare's ear, and a Greenwell's Glory. 'A catch ought to be made with some of these,' was

his confiding observation as he started off to whip the river below the island where the three currents mingled their waters. Cast his fly ever so deftly, hide himself ever so carefully in the reeds as he might, not a rise rewarded his efforts. He scowled at a cow that projected her shadow from the opposite bank, and put down the fish, as he averred; he anathematised beneath his breath various masses of weeds that floated on the current from where the men were trimming the bank higher up. As the half-hours and hours crept on, the brightness of the westering sun was veiled by mist; a light breeze cast cat's-paws on the surface of the water; everything favoured sport, but still he got none. I suggested a change of fly, and asked if it would not be advisable to try one instead of three. 'What can a fellow know about fishing who sits and looks at scenery?' was the sharp retort. I subsided, therefore, into quiescent enjoyment of my surroundings.

The bell from the convent above the island was tolling seven o'clock, and I was lighting my eighth cigarette when 'Arrah now, come up out of that; ye couldn't catch a fish near the auld sally if ye were fishin' till the day of judgment,' shouted Peter from the footbridge in a voice as loud as a Nationalist member's addressing his constituents.

'There ought to be plenty about here,' observed my friend morosely.

'I daresay,' answered Peter with the familiarity bred of mutual sporting instincts. 'It's not where there are the fish, it's where ye can catch them, ye want to be. Come along with me, an' it's a pity if some of them don't dance tallywhack and tandem on the grass afther the bite of white midge we'll give them.'

My friend, who had no more sense of humour left than 'would drown a flea,' proceeded with a sarcastically resigned expression to follow Peter's injunctions. In less than twenty minutes a whirr of the wheel, a few rushes right and left, a scrimmage with the landing net, and a four-pound trout was lying in all his splendour of golden brown on the bank.

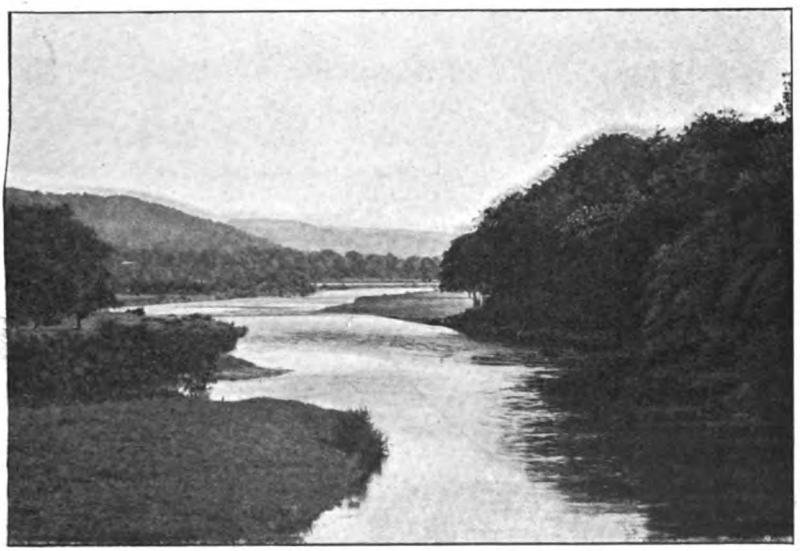
From that moment a genial understanding arose between the sportsmen; and I heard Peter serenely advising Dick to burn his book of flies, and rely, in that part of the world at least, on one which he would teach him to make.

Strolling along the river bank, I had found a goose's egg.

'Is it good to eat?' I asked Peter, as we crossed the field on our homeward way.

'Begorrah, I wouldn't depind on it for me dinner if I war hungry, and I'd poach it afore I ate it any time,' he answered with a short laugh.

Whether it was the word 'poach' that gave him a cue it would be difficult to say; but he added meditatively: 'A gintleman, a clane fisher himself, that lives in Tullamore was down here yesterday, an' he sez, "Pether," sez he, "the throut are selling on carts in shoals like herrings in Tullamore." You know what that manes, sorr?'



THE MEETING OF THE WATERS

'It means that poachers have been netting the river, I suppose?' answered Dick.

'Yes, divil sweep them all—that's what it manes ye see, sorr, a net kin cover every inch of this river except a few deep holes.'

'Don't the water bailiffs or police do anything?' I asked.

'Shure the wather bailiff lives miles from here and the polis have plinty to do without attendin' to the rivers. An' I'll engage they might put their eyes on sticks they wouldn't find the scamps, an' ef they did they wouldn't collect as much evidence against 'em as 'ud go on my thumb-nail. An' it's not only the nettin' you see, sorr; but it's the spearin' an' catchin' salmon in October an' November when the fesh get up in the

shallows. Why, the bhuoys 'ill come from out beyant, waving his hand vaguely, 'an' git three an' four a day. Not but what I don't say,' added Peter, turning ingenuous brown eyes upon us, 'that I meself by chanst, as ye might say, haven't caught a salmon in November, feshin' with a spoon for jack; but that's a different thing. Begob, this South African War is a gran' war, if only bekase it has cleared some of these low-lived schoundrels out of the place, and the best sarvice they kin do their country is nivver to come back to it. Sons of toil is it, according to Bill O'Brien? Faix, my ass is as much a son of toil as any of them, an' he out at grass five days a week.' The donkey alluded to certainly showed no sign of overwork, for, as soon as we were stowed away in the cart, he started off at a hand gallop, jolting us in and out of ruts in a most agitating manner.

'Never fear, he'll soon go aisy enough,' said Peter as we faintly protested; and he certainly did, dropping his pace to a slow deliberate walk until we reached the outskirts of the village. There suddenly he stopped, threw out his fore legs, and began quivering like a nervous dog. At the same moment a tall shaft of flame shot upward from the farmyard where the engine had been working in the morning.

'Holy Biddy! Pat Ryan's yard's on fire!' ejaculated Peter, administering a thump and kick to the donkey. The animal immediately and conclusively protested by backing steadily away from the flame, and shooting us all into the ditch. A deep ditch it was, with a running stream at the bottom. In less time almost than it takes to write, wet to the knees, shivering, we found ourselves links of a chain, buckets, pails, jugs, anything that we could lay our hands on; I am not sure that a pair of Peter's wading boots were not requisitioned. In one torrid half-hour the fire was got under; in ten minutes more all danger of its spreading was over.

'Come along, sorr, and have a quarther of a naggin. I'm thinkin' ye've had enough wather for one afthernoon.' Looking up, I saw the grocer apparently considerably advanced in liquor. Attractive as was his offer, that sense of duty which is one of my distinguishing characteristics did not fail me now. Wet and weary though I was, before accepting it I went off after the belongings we had left in the cart. I found the donkey grazing peaceably, the cart hanging over the edge of the bank, Dick's fishing-rod and basket in the water below. There was a certain grim irony in my being obliged to retrieve

the trophies of the chase that had cost my friend four hours' hard work, and a loss, as I knew, of five shillings to Peter. 'I'll sware ye caught him in the big hole above the bridge,' observed the grocer, peeping into the basket, when we found ourselves in the prosaic, not to say odorous precincts of his back shop. 'Why, we called him Tim, this wan; Tim Healy, for no wan could match him for cunning, except Pether himsel'. We'll have to start a Bill O'Brien now Tim's out of favour. He let

BELOW THE ISLAND

ye have him,' nodding his head in a maudlinly confidential way towards the doorway, 'bein' a personal friend of the family, as ye might say. Have a dhrop more, sorr? Why, this is stuff! 'Ud make a harse out av a donkey.' I abstained from availing myself of the invitation, but the grocer himself tipped off a goodly allowance. 'An' what prisint did ye make him for his throuble?' He went on wiping his lips with the back of his hand. 'Ah, he's a great warrant for jawin' is Pether, but did he praps in the coorse of his talk give ye any account of his an' my expedition the night afore last, an' how we netted them in dozens above the bridge? An' did he tell ye how he tempted me to guzzle an' thin left me lyin' there, an' wint an'

sold all the throut in Tullamore, only givin' me just a quarther of the money though the nets were mine? Just take my advice' —he raised his voice and addressed his conversation, luridly interspersed with hiccups and inane laughter, to one or two people who appeared in the doorway, Dick among them—'an' tell the maisther that's how his friend Mr. Scully looks after his river.'

I made my way as quickly as I could towards Dick. 'Come along,' I said hastily: 'there are all the elements of a row here, and we don't want to be in it.'

As, full of aches and potheen, he and I made our way up the avenue towards home, we agreed that Peter Scully's genius was quite thrown away on the ordinary routine of his avocations; he was born rather to serve his country in some important political capacity than waste himself as postman in the rustic precincts of Ballybrittas.

BRIDGE *v.* WHIST

BY ARCHIBALD DUNN, JUN.

NOW that Whist has fallen from its high estate and has been so very generally supplanted by Bridge, it may be of interest to consider shortly the respective merits of the two games.

They are so very similar in so many respects that at first glance one might be led to think that there is no valid reason why the older game should have given place to the new. In fact, it is not unusual to hear the remark made that Bridge is nothing but a passing fancy, and that it will die out again as suddenly as it has come. But this is certainly not the opinion of men who have devoted any study to the question. A very cursory examination (and there is room for nothing more in this article) will show, beyond all manner of doubt, that Bridge has not attained its position through any chance stroke of Fortune. It ranks as the king of card games simply and solely because it is the best—*i.e.*, because it requires more skill to be a good player at Bridge than at any other game of cards.

Whist players will naturally fall foul of me at once and ask —why ?

Well, there are a good many reasons why. First of all, we may safely start with the difficulty of the 'trump declaration,' which does not exist at all at Whist. Some people will no doubt say that there is no great difficulty about that ! And, I verily believe a large number of players (?) will go down to their graves with the happy delusion that any fool can choose trumps. But the expert knows better, and the intelligent beginner will very soon find out that it will take months of study and experience before he dare confidently back himself

to make the right decision with a doubtful hand—and then he will often get wrong. Does it require argument to show that this *is* a difficulty? Surely not!

You may say that it is impossible to tell what your partner holds and that it really all depends on that—in fact a simple question of luck. Obviously, success or failure will as a rule depend on your partner's cards and, also obviously, you cannot know what those cards actually are. But you ought to know what the probabilities are—and all card games are played on probabilities—about his holding certain cards; and this is where the skill comes in. If one were to sift the question to its foundation, it would be perfectly clear that a really correct 'trump declaration' could only be made by a player who is thoroughly conversant with the exact mathematical odds—and knows how to apply them—about the probable position of the cards in the hands other than his own. I do not suggest that such ultra-refinement of play would be feasible in actual practice, but it can undoubtedly be carried out to a considerable extent, limited only by the skill of the individual; and this goes far to show that the selection of the trump suit is not quite so simple a matter as it might appear to be, and that it is not likely to be satisfactorily accomplished without the help of considerable knowledge and experience.

Then again, bear in mind the consequence of a faulty decision. It is followed by the direst results. The adversaries 'double,' and a game, which might have been saved, is lost.

This brings us to 'doubling,' another difficulty which does not occur at Whist, and no mean one either. Many things have to be considered before deciding the point. Is your hand really strong enough? What is the state of the score? Are you sitting on the right or left of the opponent who made trumps? Is that opponent a rash or a cautious player? And what are the respective merits, as players, of opponents and partner?

These are a few of the difficulties to be dealt with in settling whether to double or not, and I think no one would be so unreasonable as to suggest that they do not involve a certain amount of skill. If, then, this is conceded, we have at any rate arrived at two points in which Bridge is better than Whist; for I presume that nobody will deny that the amount of skill involved in a game is the best test of its excellence.

And now we come to the play of the cards. Is it more difficult to play the cards well at Bridge than at Whist? I

think it is. But in order to discuss the question it is necessary to remember what the qualifications are that go to make a good player, and then to see how they apply to the two games. These qualifications are as follows :

(1) The ability to plan out the opening of the hand ;
(2) A card memory ;
(3) Quick observation combined with the power of drawing inferences accurately ; and
(4) The skill to act correctly upon the inference when drawn.

I shall deal first with Nos. 2 and 4, because they can be dismissed in a very few words.

A card-memory is so easy to acquire and is so common, even amongst very indifferent players, that it would hardly be fair to place it in the same category as the other qualifications. It bears about the same relation to drawing inferences that learning by heart does to trigonometry. But for what it is worth we may admit that the exposed hand at Bridge does simplify matters, and on this point Whist has the advantage.

As to No. 4, given that accurate inferences have been drawn, then it would appear that the difficulty of acting on them correctly must be equal in both games. So, under this heading, we cry quits.

But with Nos. 1 and 3 it is a very different matter. Taking No. 1 first. The opening of a hand at whist is absolutely mechanical in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. The proper policy to pursue, the suit to select, even the actual card to lead, is laid down for us beyond all argument by the text-books. And this mechanical play will continue as often as not until half or more than half the tricks have been won or lost. But at Bridge it is quite another story. The knowledge of the position of the trump strength, the information conveyed by the exposed hand, and the possible complication introduced by a player doubling, all tend to make conventions and book-learning subsidiary to head-knowledge and judgment. The conventions must of course be observed as a general principle ; otherwise the game would be reduced to chaos. But, it is just in knowing when to observe and when to disregard them that the good player shows his superiority ; in fact, this is where skill (as represented by Bridge) takes the place of mechanical routine (as represented by Whist).

This is a strong point in favour of Bridge, but No. 3

(drawing inferences) is a stronger point still. At Whist the playing of false cards is the exception rather than the rule. It therefore becomes simply a matter of accurate observation and correct diagnosis, and the proper inference will result. But the conditions are very different at Bridge, because the dealer is consistently playing false cards, with the result that we are generally driven to arrive at the cards in his hand by what I may call reflex inference; *i.e.*, the dealer holds a certain card because nobody else can possibly hold it. To be reduced to this form of double calculation—or negative argument—undoubtedly adds to the difficulty of the game, and scores another point in favour of Bridge.

You may say, however, that it is easy work for the dealer—his opponents are not playing false cards. It is quite true that his opponents are not playing false cards, and that every information is given to him. He is in a splendid position in theory, but try it and see how it works out in practice. I feel sure that I shall have the support of every experienced player when I say that the management of Dummy (whether at Bridge or at Dummy Whist) is the most difficult, and consequently the most interesting, task that a card-player can undertake. I should like to go more fully into this, but the space at my disposal is limited.

If the reader has agreed with me so far, then we have arrived at the following conclusions: That Whist makes the heaviest call on the card-memory, but that Bridge requires from its exponents greater judgment both before and during the play of the hand; greater independence of conventions; more accurate observation and more subtle skill in drawing inferences; in short, a greater appeal to our mental faculties.

This alone would be sufficient to put Bridge in the higher place. But its advantages do not end here. At Whist it is no uncommon thing for a player to show his hand and claim the game before a single card has been played. This can never occur at Bridge. Every trick is of importance, and the players are just as much interested in fighting for the thirteenth trick as for the first. A trick pulled out of the fire at any period is so much money saved or won.

Again, honours do not count towards the game score, which it must be admitted is a distinctly good point when we call to mind the annoyance of being defeated by four-by-honours at Whist.

There are yet other advantages which I might mention, but

it would take too long. One reason, however, for the game's popularity cannot be passed over, a reason which appeals equally to the man who plays for money and to the large class of people who do not treat cards seriously but who use them rather as a means of amusement. To these purposes Bridge particularly lends itself. The suits vary in value ; certain combinations of honours count very high ; it is possible to win some hundreds of points in one rubber, or on the other hand, it is possible to win the rubber and lose money ; doubling and re-doubling can, almost in an instant, transform nominal stakes into very large ones.

All these things, and many others, combine to produce a never-ending kaleidoscope of chances and to add an element of excitement which exists in no other game, and which, by appealing to our natural love of the uncertain, has in an incredibly short space of time succeeded in completely fascinating the minds of the great card-playing population of the world.

KILLED ICE-BEAR

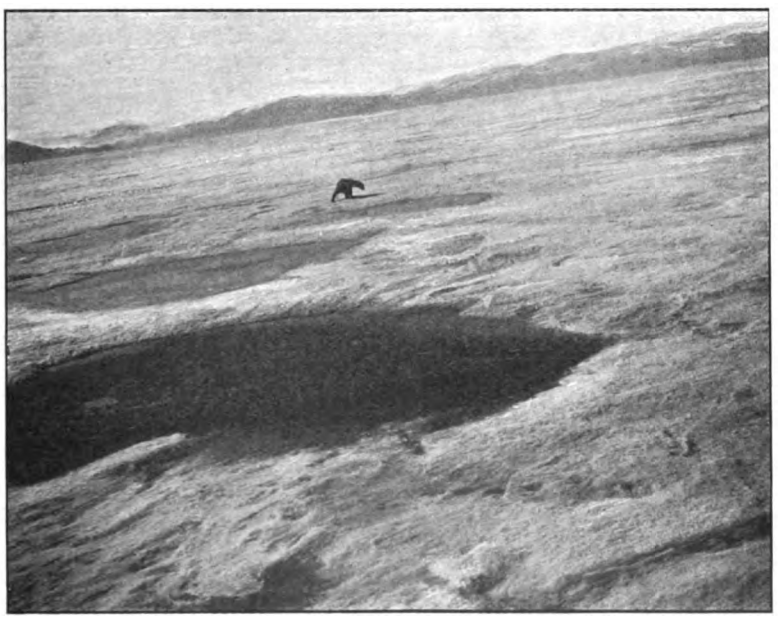
AFTER MUSK OXEN

BY GEORGE ORSTED

AMONG those who, on board the *Antarctic*, accompanied Lieutenant Amdrup of the Danish Royal Navy on the last of his two eminently successful expeditions along unknown parts of the Greenland east coast, was Mr. Johannes Madsen, in the interest of the Zoological Gardens of Copenhagen, bent upon securing one or more live specimens of the musk ox. The accompanying photographs are all by him.

En route, the sight of a whale or of seals was always a welcome break in the everyday routine, and the more the *Antarctic* approached Jan Mayen the more numerous became the sea-birds. At Jan Mayen there were thousands and thousands of various kinds of birds, but of quadrupeds they only saw foxes, which were very plentiful. The opportunities for studying Arctic animal life improved, however, during the progress through the ice, and after they had reached Greenland, what first struck those new to arctic experiences, was the confidence, the absolute confidence, of the animals in the Lord

of the Creation. After about a week in the ice a female bear with two young ones was come upon and duly bagged, but no more bears were then seen for several days. At Sabines Island there were hares, snow-sparrows and eider-ducks, but it was not till Cape Dalton had been passed that bags of special interest were made. The *Antarctic* stopped some days in a small sound behind the Turner Island, and the time was used for various expeditions on shore. On July 25 a number of



BEAR MAKING TRACKS

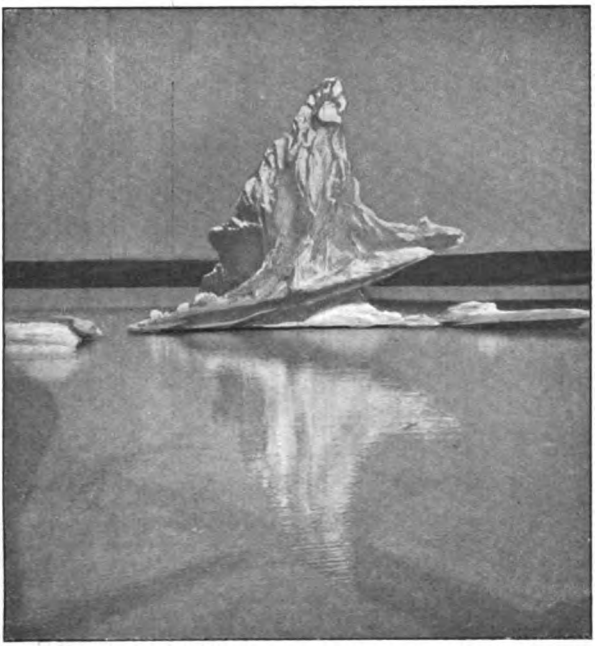
Greenland ermelines were discovered—previous Arctic expeditions had only found footprints of them ; they were very curious and very trustful, but seven of them had to rue their misplaced confidence, and on a subsequent occasion another was got, making a total and unprecedented bag of eight. While lying here large numbers of seals drifted past on the ice, and there were frequent visits from walruses. On the 28th a move was made towards Scoresby Sound, and in the afternoon a bear was seen on shore, peacefully eating bilberries. Several eager sportsmen at once landed and tried to take the bear by surprise by dodging behind a hill. The bear, however, was too wary, for whilst its pursuers crawled along at

the bottom he made his way towards the sea, and one of the crew, who had been left in charge of the boat, but who had no firearms, found it expedient to jump into the sea and get on to an ice-flake, from where he returned to *terra firma* on the others again appearing on the scene. They now went after the bear in the boat; and Mr. Madsen, having first taken a snap-shot of him whilst making tracks, eventually lodged a bullet behind the beast's left ear and brought him down.

On July 31, Cape Stewart, on Jameson's Land, was reached:

HAULING ICE-BEAR ON BOARD THE 'ANTARCTIC'

it was there that Professor Nathorst, the well-known Swedish explorer and scientist, had last year seen musk oxen. A small party landed to search during the afternoon, and on returning to the shore, emptyhanded, in the evening, they heard that one of the engineers had been more successful, for he had come across a flock of four musk oxen and killed two bulls. On board they further learned that numbers of musk oxen had been seen from the ship, on the opposite side of the fjord, the Liverpool coast. Several men had been on shore, but they were insufficiently armed. They had, however, seen flocks of seven, eight, eleven, and twenty-one, but when a shot had been fired at them the oxen had rallied together, and the men found it under the circumstances wisest to beat a retreat. On hearing this, the



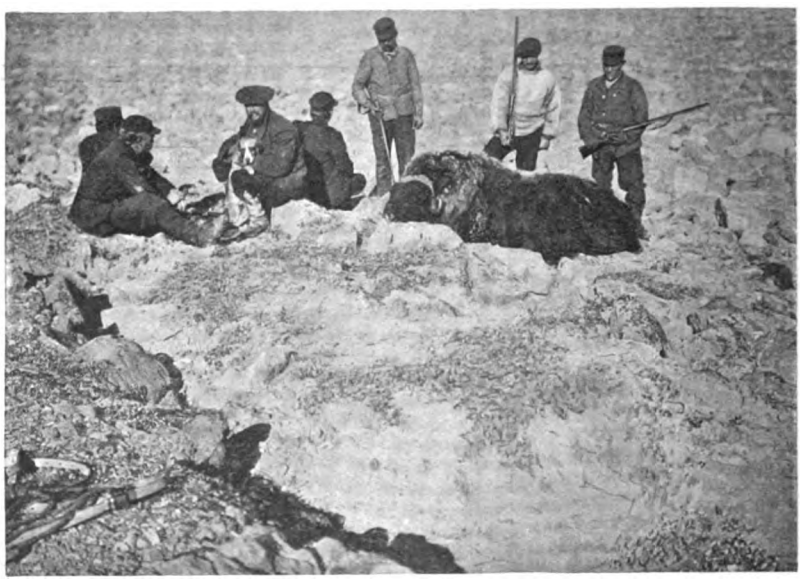
ICEBERG FROM NORTH EAST BAY

A FLOCK OF MUSK OXEN

UNIV. OF MICH.

first party wanted to start in pursuit of them at once, but this could not be done, and the departure was fixed for the following morning. On the Wednesday morning the weather was stormy and wet, and the *Antarctic* had to go up the fjord, where, later in the day, she dropped anchor at the largest of the Fame Islands.

The following days were employed in reconnoitring expeditions, but the men were too busy on board to leave the ship. Wool and footprints were seen, but no animals. On August 4



A FINE BULL.

Madsen and one of the engineers set out in a boat, provisioned for five days ; the night was spent on the Liverpool coast, and the following morning they sailed across to the opposite coast, intending to pass a couple of days at Jameson's Land. The tent was pitched, the boat made fast, and after a few hours rest a move was made up country. The valley was comparatively fertile on the south side, so musk oxen, bears and wolves were likely to be met with, footprints of these three animals being found in the sand. The two men had left the tent at midnight, and after some four hours walking a solitary musk bull was come upon. He allowed them to get at rather close quarters before sending forth his peculiar snort. The bull was shot, and a further search for more musk oxen having proved futile,

they cut off his head, took out the fillet and returned to the tent. Two or three days were spent there, but no more oxen were shot, only five craniums were found, and a move was then made for the ship. *En route* they met some of the men out fishing, who told them that two others from the ship had gone on to the mountain after a flock of musk oxen. Madsen and his companion then again went on shore and, with some trouble, found the rest. A flock had been seen, but was again lost sight of, although they saw some solitary bulls. They walked about

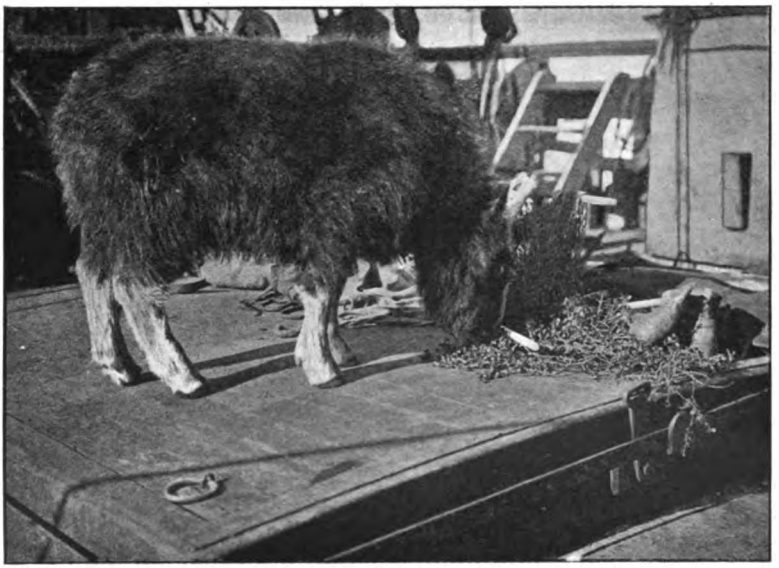
MUSK OX—BULL, COW, AND CALF

from Tuesday evening till Wednesday morning in all the beauty of an Arctic night. The midnight sun, like a great fire-ball, stood quite low in the heavens, shedding a weird and picturesque light over the rugged mountain peaks. On the opposite side appeared the Liverpool coast, whilst towards the south was Scoresby Sound, full of icebergs, and behind these rose the high, rocky coast of Scoresby Land. The extreme beauty of the night surprised and delighted the wanderers: at the bottom of the fjord the midnight sun, and over Scoresby Sound the moon, pale and languid. As the sun began to rise the sky kept changing colour, pale shades of green, blue and yellow superseding each other, until at last the rosy glow on the icebergs heralded the advent of the morning.

The little party remained there for a couple of days, in the daytime much bothered by gnats, but no musk oxen were seen. On Thursday evening they repaired to the ship, and the following morning the *Antarctic* weighed anchor. The night between Friday and Saturday a party of eight, this time with plenty of rifles, wandered about in the stony waste of the Liverpool coast, where twelve days previously a number of musk oxen had been noted. Only one bull, however, was killed, which proved to be the same that had been wounded in the leg twelve days ago. At

MUSK OX SHOOTING. DEAD COW

noon on Saturday they went on board and turned in, but at ten o'clock in the evening Madsen and a member of the expedition were again put on shore. They at once made for the mountain plateau, where they wandered about the whole night without being able to discover any flocks of musk oxen, although several single bulls were seen. One of these, which made rather an ugly slit in the back of the dog and flung it into the air, was killed. When on the Sunday morning the two men, somewhat disconsolate, were making for Cape Stewart, they suddenly saw in the distance a flock of fourteen full-grown animals and a calf. They all had to bite the grass so that the calf might be secured. They were wonderfully brave ; wounded and bleeding they still showed a bold front and formed a regular square



'BUS': YOUNG MUSK OX ON BOARD THE 'ANTARCTIC'

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to protect the calf. Even when at last only two badly wounded animals were left they did their best to shield the young one. Eventually, however, they were all laid low, and it now remained to catch the calf, which took about an hour and a half, but finally 'Bus' was secured, and appears to be none the worse for his subsequent voyage of some 3000 miles. During the next few days several flocks were seen, and on one occasion another calf was caught in about half an hour, nine musk oxen being bagged in less than ten minutes. This calf, however, died the following day, and there were never enough men to secure a full-grown ox alive.

A BERKSHIRE 'FEAASTE' FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

BY PERCY LONGHURST

DOES anybody outside Berkshire know what a 'feaaste' is? I trow not, unless he has had the luck to attend one. Ask any one you like what a feast is, and, unless he be a Berkshire man, he will look at you in amazement, and wonder what you mean; ask a schoolboy, and he will tell you that a feast is 'a jolly good feed'; but ask a Berkshire man, and he will know what you mean at once, and tell you that a 'feaaste' is the time of holiday and jollification that comes annually in almost every Berkshire village.

Feast-day was a day of general holiday when no one did any work, and everybody went to take part in the pleasures and amusements that were to be found in the collection of booths and stalls, the games and sports, that were held in a near-by field. Stalls with wares of every description likely to tempt the money from the pockets of the rustics and their wives and sweethearts, games of strength and skill to test the pluck and muscle of the young men; games of fun and merriment it was impossible to witness without laughing enough to make one's sides ache. In fact, the 'feaaste' was a pleasure fair and a pleasure fair only, to which came the people of the village and their neighbours for a day's fun and enjoyment.

These feasts are, no doubt, the survival of the celebrations which took place at the dedication of the village church, and were held religiously every year as the anniversary came round. Every man and woman, boy and girl, born in the village, no

matter how far they might have gone away—and people didn't travel so very far from their birthplaces in those days—tried hard to get back on feast-day, and these family gatherings were one of the pleasantest features of the festival.

Feast-time lasted a week in some of the bigger villages, when every cottager, somehow or the other, managed to have a substantial 'feast-cake,' which was for the benefit of all who might enter the house. But although the booths and stalls remained for a week and music and dancing went on every evening after work was over, the first day of the week—'feaaste-day'—was *the* day, the day when all the games and sports took place. And great games these were too; games one never sees or hears of nowadays; snapping at treacle rolls, bobbing for oranges, hot-tea drinking, and grinning through horse-collars; all these there were in addition to the more legitimate sports of boxing, wrestling, backswording—a famous county was Berkshire for these, almost the equal of Wiltshire and Somersetshire—cudgel-play, cricket, skittles, jumping, running; something to suit every one, and with substantial prizes offered too, substantial, that is, for the class of persons who entered.

The country gentry were not too proud in those days to come to the 'feaaste'—not to take an active part therein certainly, but for the pleasure of seeing their villagers enjoying themselves—with a nod of recognition here and a word of encouragement there, as some stout-limbed servant or labourer of theirs took off his coat and pitched his hat into the wrestling or backswording ring. The separation between the rich and the poor was not as great then as it is now; the best county families believed that they owed a duty to their estates and the people thereon, and did not think it was beneath them to be seen at these humble festivals, and the sons of the soil with their wives and families looked up to their masters with an affection and respect which never degenerated into familiarity.

Let us take a glance at one of these 'feaastes' as they were five-and-forty years ago. Here is the boxing-ring, formed of a dozen or more stout stakes and a long rope, and into it fall the hats, pitched high up in the air, of those who are prepared to do battle for the half-sovereign which is the prize. Then comes the umpire, and the owners of the hats are drawn one against the other. Strapping fellows they are too: shepherd lads; a blacksmith or two; maybe a man from Oxford who has seen something of the game with the undergrads. there, and thinks he can use his hands well; perhaps a dark-faced rogue—half

gipsy, half poacher—who for once is prepared to work hard for what he may get.

Coats are off, sleeves tucked up, one or two perhaps don a jersey, and they are at it. No wrestling or roughing or foul play allowed—good straight hitting, all above the belt. No three minutes' boxing and then a minute's rest here; a man has to keep going and trust to sparring to get his wind. Good boxing it is too, with plenty of headwork, and a man beaten directly his claret is tapped. First blood always settles a bout, and then the winners are drawn together again, until the final victor puts on his coat and goes up to receive the half-sovereign for which he has striven.

Sometimes a man has so great a reputation that, directly his hat is in the ring, all intending competitors hang back, but this is not often. Such a man was Jim Lord, of Denchworth, the best boxer and the hardest hitter to be found in all Berkshire. If Jim's hat went into the ring it was certain no more would follow, unless there happened to be a stranger who 'fancied himself.' Prize after prize Jim won, and he was never beaten in the ring; so great, indeed, became the terror of his name that the threat to bring Jim Lord was an efficient stop to any disturbance or quarrel. Poor Jim! he died before he was twenty-five. A more quiet and inoffensive man never lived; always ready to help others, he was the terror of all the bullies and rough characters from Wantage to Abington.

But we mustn't stay any longer over the boxing; there is much to be seen yet, and the days in August are not too long. Let us get on, past the tub half filled with water, into which men and youths, with their hands tied fast behind them, are frantically dipping their heads in more or less vain attempts to seize one of the many oranges which lie at the bottom of the tub. Rare fun this is, and loud is the laughter as one rises with dripping head holding fast in his teeth an orange, which is dropped on the ground; and then in goes the head again, for it is necessary to seize and draw out three oranges before the prize of a new half-crown is won.

Down by the fence running and jumping are going on, and here are set out the jumps for the hurdle-race, which would tax the skill of the best University 'timber-topper' who ever leaped a hurdle; for the three-foot obstacles to the number of twenty-four are placed but two yards apart, and without taking any run, but standing close up to the first hurdle with the feet together, one must jump all twenty-four in as many clean jumps,

no stepping forward or shifting the feet after each jump being allowed. There is but one man in all the district can do this, although many have a try ; and yonder he comes to try again for the prize he has won for the last half-dozen years.

Now we come to the ring where the skilful backswordsmen are each doing their best to draw blood from the foreheads of their opponents. There is more skill than strength required here, and yet a man must be hard of muscle and in good condition, for a bout with the sticks—shorter and heavier than the modern singlestick—is no child's play. As with the boxing, hats are chucked into the ring, the men paired off, and the play begins. Now we can hear the sharp rattle and crash of the sticks, broken now and then by a duller sound, as one or the other of the fencers fails to make good his guard and catches the stick on his ribs, arms, or thighs, until there comes a quick turn of the wrist and blood is drawn. So it goes on until the ultimate winner goes off with half-a-sovereign in his pocket, happy beyond all words. Ah ! there was some glory and honour in such a victory, quite apart from the prize, and men thought much of the title of champion in those days, when backsword play and wrestling were the favourite pastimes of the lads and young men.

Let us on again, however, beyond the spot where men are making the most hideous faces with their heads pushed through a horse-collar, on to that big crowd, from which arise shrieks and howls of laughter at the sight of a dozen rustics, all ages and sizes, engaged in 'snapping at treacle rolls.' A coarse form of amusement you will say, and childish too. Maybe ; but in those days we hadn't learnt to be ashamed of honest downright laughter, nor did it require indecent or indelicate allusions or representations of drunkenness to call forth our smiles.

Let me explain what it is, for few, I think, will have seen it, unless, of course, they have seen a Berkshire 'feaaste.' A couple of posts are stuck upright in the ground, about twelve feet apart, and a line is stretched across at the top ; from this line hang a number of short strings of different lengths, from each of which depends a penny loaf. Then the competitors—their hands being previously fastened firmly together behind their backs—are led up under these loaves and marshalled so that the loaf over each man's face is just touching his nose. Then, at the word 'Go !' each man jumps up in the air, making frantic efforts to take a bite out of his roll. As they do so,

along comes a man with a pot of treacle and a big spoon, by the help of which he plentifully smothers each roll with treacle, which drips down and covers the face of the would-be eater.

In a ring not far off the wrestlers are trying conclusions before a big crowd, for the favourite old West-country sport is in the heyday of its popularity, and almost every village can boast its champion.

Collar and elbow or collar and hip are the only holds allowed, and a man is down if he be thrown off his feet. There is none of the wearisome work which accompanies the Cornwall and Devon style, when a man must be thrown flat on his back —a clean fall—before he is 'felled.' Here, if a knee touch, it is a fall; and there is much scientific play with the feet. Kicking is not generally recognised, although it takes place sometimes by mutual agreement; but the men are not allowed to wear their ordinary boots with iron tips and plates and the soles covered with big hobnails. Some of the wrestlers are good enough to hold their own anywhere, and here in the crowd one may see Ted Booker, of Denchworth, who, twenty years or more ago, was one of the best men in Berkshire.

Ted was only a little man, but his heart was big and his science was great, and he never feared to meet any man big or little. Many are the tales told of him. Once he threw his hat into the ring as a direct challenge to a certain stalwart keeper who had been talking very openly of what he would do to Booker 'cum nex' feaaste.' Booker had been his successful rival in the affections of a pretty servant up at the Hall, hence the bad feeling of 'velveteens.' But the keeper was late, and another powerful young fellow had pitched his hat into the ring and was preparing to meet Ted.

'Now, my buoy,' said Booker, 'if tha' bee'st goin' t' kick, thee saay so, for a' can kick too; but if tha'll not kick, nayther will I.'

So they agreed to play without kicking; but after a few minutes a favourable opportunity arose and the young man landed a kick on the shin which nearly brought Booker to his knees.

'A' can kick too, as a' tell 'ee,' said Booker, and a minute or two afterwards the young man was lying flat on his back. During the bout the keeper had come up, but when he saw how the man to whom he had promised a hiding had disposed of his opponent, he thought better of the matter, and the long-promised struggle never came off.

But the day is getting on and we can't spare much time for the rest of the games, the climbing of the thirty-foot greasy pole for the shoulder of mutton fixed on the top—a little sweep-boy was a frequent winner at this diverting and decidedly dirty game; the hot-tea drinking, open only to women, with a half-crown to the one who drank three cups of scalding hot tea in the shortest time; the jingling game and the donkey racing. The light is fading and some are already beginning to go home, while the others, intent upon keeping up the fun, adjourn to the big barn which has been cleared out, and where fiddling and dancing will go on merrily until the moon has been long up, and another happy 'feaaste' has come to a close.

SHOOTING GEESE FROM PITS

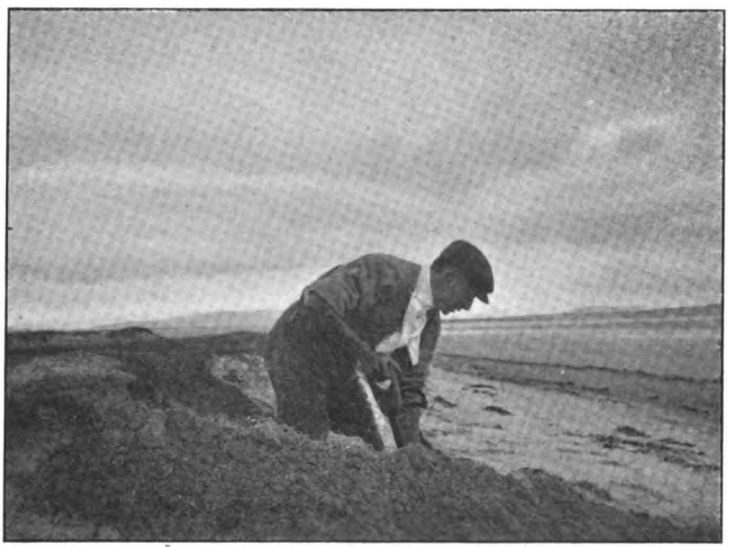
BY C. V. A. PEEL

WHEN the rain comes down in sheets and a gale of wind blows all day, as it frequently does in the Outer Hebrides, one is tempted to stay indoors in a cosy chair by the fire. But exciting sport awaits the more energetic man who puts on his mackintosh and sea-boots and goes out to brave the elements. On such a day geese leave the great stretches of sand, where they have remained in perfect security, and, flying across the dunes, seek the large open meadows and stubbles in search of the succulent grass roots and grain. On this open ground it is, of course, impossible to get near them. Their line of flight must have been noted a day or two beforehand. They must be intercepted before they reach the feeding-grounds.

You cannot dig a pit and sit in it in any comfort on the low-lying flats, for as fast as you dig one it fills with water, and you may bale and bale, but you can never hope to keep it dry. No, you must repair at once to the sand hills near the sea, and there dig your resting-place.

Now there is no creature more sharp-sighted than a goose, so that a great deal of ingenuity must be brought into play in the construction of a pit in which to hide from so clever a bird. It is mere waste of time to dig in the first spot you come to, jump in and expect to kill a goose from it. The bird will see you or the pit nineteen times out of twenty. There are a great many things to be considered before one thinks of beginning to dig. The direction of the wind is most important and must be studied first. You have noted where the geese lie secure on the great sand stretch, and you have observed that yesterday,

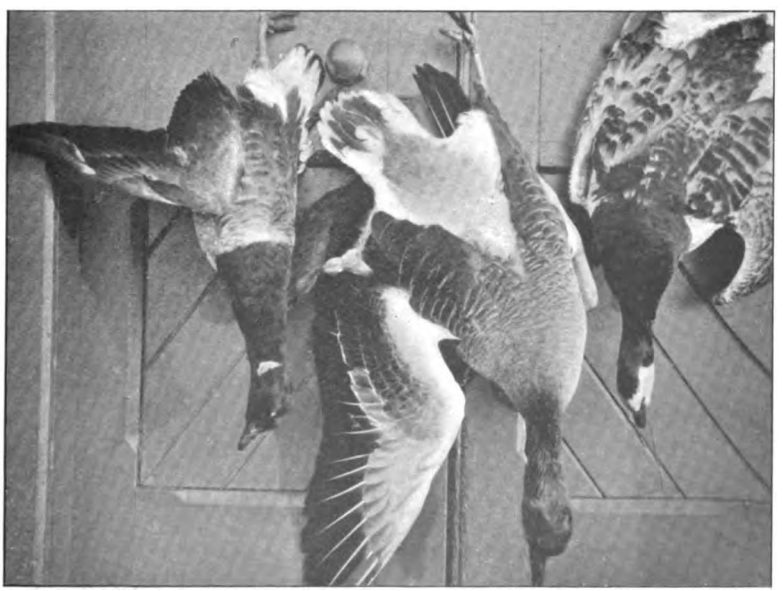
when the wind was blowing due south, these geese came flock after flock over an exact spot. So far so good. But to-day the wind has a lot of west in it, so that the birds when they fly up will make straight for the same place at first, but it will be seen that they will gradually be driven out of their course by the strong wind and, although they appear to be turning their heads and battling with the gale, they will fail to make that spot, but drift over some eighty yards to the east of the noted place of yesterday. In the same manner, should the



THE PIT NEARING COMPLETION

wind have shifted round more to the east, then the birds will be driven more to the west. Having well considered the direction of the wind and made your calculations accordingly, the next thing to do is to choose a suitable place for your pit. Unless it is blowing a hurricane and pouring 'cats and dogs' there is no particular hurry. The geese have had their early morning feed in all probability, and have flown back again to the sand stretches, where they will lie squatting with their heads tucked up under their wings until one or two o'clock, when they will all return. The question now arises in which spot will a pit show least? And here one requires a good eye, for the pit and the sand thrown out of the hole must harmonise with the surrounding ground. Having fixed upon a mound or sand

THE FINISHED PIT—FRONT VIEW



A BRENT, A GREY LAG, AND A BERNACLE GOOSE

hill with, if possible, plenty of long star grass growing upon its top and sides, a pit must be dug near the top on the side farthest away from the geese. It must be made deep enough to allow the sportsman, when seated, to see over or rather through the grass on the top of the mound. No sand must be thrown on the top of the mound; that side of the pit must remain perfectly natural and untouched. The semi-circular wall behind must on no account be as high as the natural front, or the birds will be bound to see it and swerve just before they come within shot.

A great quantity of star grass should now be dug up by the

SPYING FOR GEESE FROM A PIT IN THE OPEN

roots and planted all over the outside wall of the pit, and this, if neatly and cleverly done, will often render the hide extremely difficult to find should the sportsman leave it to retrieve a goose.

There is no more amusing or exciting sport than shooting geese out of a well thought out, well made pit, and the wetter and more windy the day, the more geese there will be on the wing. I have seen small lots of geese coming so fast one after another that it has been impossible to load quickly enough to fire at them all.

In order to make more sure of the line of flight four or five such pits should be dug some fifty yards or so apart, so that should the sportsman find that the first lot of geese went wide

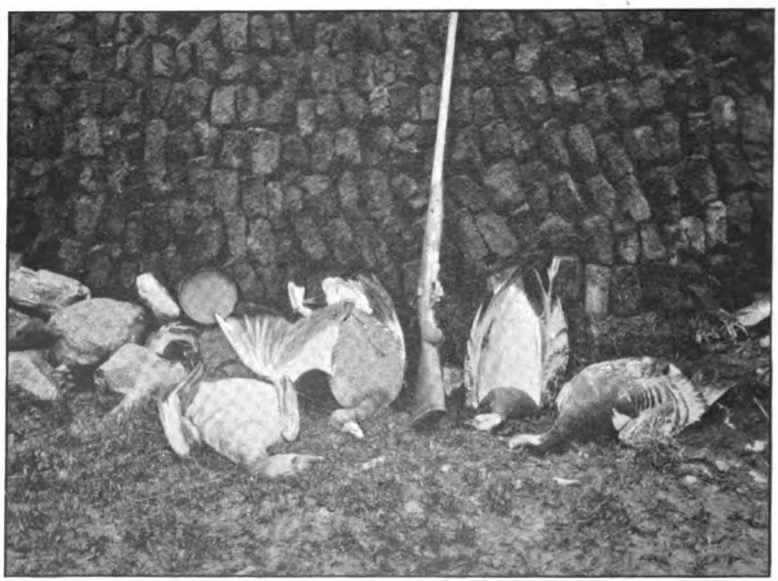
of him, he could at once run and hide in another pit, as geese almost invariably take the same line until the wind changes. One must make ample provision for cold and wet. Choose a high spot and water will not collect at the bottom of your pit. A horse rug wrapped round one's feet is an excellent thing. A 'sweater,' great coat and oilskin should be worn, but don't

BERNACLE GEESE SHOT FROM A PIT

wear a black oilskin as it shows up so clearly, and don't wear a sou'wester, as it prevents you from hearing the gaggling of the geese and gives you a headache. And above all, don't go to sleep, but keep your eyes constantly scanning the direction whence you expect the great birds. A big gun is a necessity to kill geese at the height at which they fly. For although they come extremely low on many rough days, no amount of ingenuity can prevent their seeing you and rising when coming

well within shot. I have often nearly cried when using a twelve-bore at geese.

It is very difficult to keep the sand and wet out of a gun on such a day. The rain runs down the barrel and carries under the fore end with it an enormous quantity of sand which so blocks up the gun that, should it be a top lever, it is impossible to open it. The water will also trickle down the inside of the barrel. Never shall I forget my anguish when, after waiting in a pit on such a day as I have described for eight mortal hours,



BERNACLE AND GREY LAG GEESE

a couple of grey lag geese flapped slowly over my head and *both* barrels missed fire! I now put a piece of paper over the muzzle of my gun, another piece at the top of the fore end and tie a handkerchief round the locks. There are many discomforts whilst sitting in a pit. Everything gets covered with sand. The difficulty is to keep it out of your eyes as your handkerchief is full of it and your hands covered with it. The rain also gets down your neck. To prevent this, wear a 'dish brimmed' cap and a woollen scarf. The best gun for this kind of shooting, and one least calculated to break down, would be a double eight-bore with hammerless action and an under lever opening. With such a gun I would sit for hours and endure

the discomforts of sand and wet for the grand excitement of goose shooting on a 'dirty' day. You hear the far-away gaggle which puts you on the alert, and makes you strain your eyes to the utmost to catch the first glimpse of the noble birds. Nearer and nearer they come, swerving to the right and left in the gale. Will they pass within shot? You think they will go a hundred yards to the left. No! with an effort they force their way right over you! The excitement is intense as you raise the great gun to bear upon the birds. Bang, bang, and two fine birds with outstretched wings come slowly to earth, which they reach with loud thuds. You rush from your hiding-place to secure them and, dragging them along by the neck, race back again to your hide just in time to see other lots approaching. And when the fun is over and you walk home heavily laden with the grand birds how pleased you are that you did not stay at home by the fire on that wild wet day!

WHALING IN SKYE

BY E. SNOW FORDHAM

'THE wind was heavy again in the night,' remarked Bob to me, as we sat at breakfast in our snug room in a comfortable inn in Skye, on a dull-looking late August morning. Bob and I were close friends, and our friendship was sealed by our common enjoyment of shooting.

We had revelled in nearly a fortnight's sport among the grouse, snipe, and duck of the most lovely island on the west coast of Scotland, and were already beginning to feel a little depressed as we realised that we had but a few days more to spend among the hills.

The wind had been heavy and a good deal of rain had fallen, and we feared that the ptarmigan we had arranged to wait upon to-day would have their heads up after so wild a night. However, we intended to try our luck among the stones at the top of Ben Cruisk, where a week before we had made a fair bag of the beautiful white grouse and of the bonny golden plovers.

And now that the delicious blue smoke was curling from our after-breakfast pipes, we were prepared to start in the wagonette for the foot of the Ben, some six miles away, and Raven, Bob's constant attendant on all shooting expeditions, was ready in the doorway with the guns and cartridges, where McDonald was waiting with two brace of dogs. I gave the order to 'yoke the beasts to the machine.'

But it is not to be ptarmigan to-day after all. We are just climbing into the 'machine' when a fisherman comes up to tell us that there is a whale in Loch Oneigh. The whale, he says, followed the herrings into the Loch during the night, and getting entangled in the nets had completely torn them up, doing quite

£40 worth of damage. The whale, he reported, had freed himself from the toils of the net, except that he had the long ground rope and some buoys still fast to his tail. Would we, he asked, go and kill the whale, so that the oil from his carcase could be had as some recompense for the destroyed nets?

We consult McDonald, who assures us that a few years ago he killed a whale with some dozen shots, and that as Ben Cruisk rises from the shore of Loch Oneigh, we can just go and get the fishermen their blubber and still have plenty of time to work the ptarmigan hill.

Yes, we will go a-whaling! It takes but a couple of minutes to have the rifles stowed away in the machine, and we are off.

The wind had gone down and the clouds had lifted; it was to be a lovely day in this lovely country, though it was unlikely we should get through six hours without a shower or two. The ponies trot along merrily, the road lies along the east coast of Skye, and as the sun floods through the heavy clouds they hasten away, their large shadows hurrying down the hills and over the sea as though they were late for some important engagement.

What a glorious country it is! The sea so clear that one can see the forests of seaweed continually waving many, many feet beneath the surface. The bold black hills, rising one behind the other, clad for some distance up in the purple heather and sober brown bracken, give us a fresh scene with every yard we travel. And here, on either side of the road, is the soft bog with its black hillocks relieved by the fluffy whiteness of the cotton rush and the tender green of the little birch-trees with their silver stems.

And how much life all round! See that very silvery rippling patch in the narrow water between the islands: that is a shoal of herrings. And there is a flock of wild geese, disturbed by the grating of our brake, winging its way in Indian file to some quieter nook to enjoy the siesta after their morning meal; see, too, that little knot of oyster-catchers or sea-pies flitting anxiously along at the water's edge, screaming with annoyance at having been disturbed. An old cock grouse, with head erect, has perched himself up on a tussock to see which of the ponies we have brought along to-day; he greets us with his hoarse bark, 'Hough-hough-hough-hough.'

But here we are; we have turned the shoulder of the Ben and are in sight of Loch Oneigh, lying deep and sombre far

away below us. Raven is the first to see the whale, and there, sure enough, it is, in about the middle of the Loch, a mile or more from the land, blowing two jets of water, which remind one of the fountains in Trafalgar Square. Now he is gone; but only to reappear in a few minutes.

Two brawny Scots are waiting for us below, with a deep, heavy boat, to row us out to our quarry; the rifles are out of their cases, and we join the fishermen, who are soon pulling us, with laborious toiling at the oar, out over the deep dark waters of the Loch. The boat has a silver lining of herrings' scales, which tell of the heavy catches made before the whale came as a destroyer.

Presently we see three buoys break the surface of the water, and closely following them the whale shows himself; he blows and then slowly sinks again, the buoys respectfully following him from sight. We are still half a mile from where he rose, but, as he went down head towards us, he will probably rise nearer next time.

'Pull bow, easy stroke! What in the world are you doing?' Bob exclaims, as it becomes evident that the rowers either do not mean to obey their coach, or the rowing terms of Skye differ from those of the Cam, for we are being carried farther away from where we think the whale will take his next blow.

'It would not be safe to be nearer to the beast than you are just now,' we are told, 'for the first few shots. You must shoot at him at a distance first, and when you strike him we shall know whether he will be fierce and come at the boat or no.'

'It would be well if you took your boots off, gentlemen,' says McDonald, 'for maybe, on being struck, the beast will overturn us, and you will find it easier to swim without your boots.'

'Nonsense! Pull us nearer or take us ashore,' is our reply; and gradually, but with the greatest caution, we are brought within a couple of hundred yards of the buoys as they jump up —and there is the whale! It is too far, but we see no chance of inducing the men to pull us nearer until we have tested the temper of the creature, so we open fire on him as he blows. Ping!—pat! and Bob has sent a bullet into the blubber behind the shoulder; my bullet has gone high and stamped a hole out of the triangular fin on the beast's back.

The whale gives no exhibition of temper, but calmly sinks again, and solemnly the buoys follow him. He is down longer this time, and the rowers appear to be satisfied that he is either

a coward or of peaceable disposition. Up come the buoys. 'Row! row! Now steady her,' and as the way of our boat decreases the whale rises with a horrid sucking sound within fifty yards of us, looking like a great black omnibus in the water. This time we are steadier, and four shots are truly placed in the whale's head before he disappears again.

And so time passes; the whale, preceded by the buoys, shows himself at intervals of some ten minutes. He has now some fifty bullets in him, nearly all about his head; and yet he is still going gaily and our ammunition is exhausted. Now we think the loss of blood, which is shown by the colour of the water to be great, has made our target less active; but again he seems as quick and brisk as ever.

We must have more cartridges; the wretched creature must be despatched now he is so wounded. Had we known how difficult he was to kill we would not have fired a shot at him, but as it is we must give up the ptarmigan and stick to the whale.

While the machine has gone back to the inn, with Raven, to bring us more cartridges, Bob and I are pulled to the shore, where we discuss the cold roast grouse and ham, washed down by the 'wine of the country' and soda water which has been cooling in the Loch.

The whale goes merrily yet. But now he is up for longer than usual. Yes! he does not sink, he does not blow; he lies still upon the water—he must be dead.

Here is Raven with the cartridges, and we are soon on our way out to the whale with a strong rope to make secure to his tail to tow him in by. As we get near him we notice a little movement of the water by his tail. He is not quite dead, and we draw alongside and, at a distance of ten yards, we each send a bullet into his head. There is a terrific splash, and when we recover our senses the whale is gone.

'Very nearly over that time. Bother the whale! We awoke him: he was dozing while we lunched.'

'Ay, he has gone to the bottom to dee. He will na rise again while he is alive; but maybe he will dee now. In a day or two we may find his carcase floating.'

We wait; no whale!

'Well, it's of no use to stay here,' we say, after cruising round for half an hour; 'the whale must be dying on the bottom. Put us ashore.' And we are rowed slowly in, feeling great disappointment at not having bagged our whale.

We are within a hundred yards of the shore when Raven exclaims, 'He is up again!' And so he was. There was our whale (not ours yet) going strong and well, and, what was more, he had lost his rope and buoys and was fast making for the open sea!

'We shall lose him now. Pull hard, men. Pull!' and now comes a race. At last we get between the whale and his freedom, and we are driving him back up the Loch and planting more lead in his head. It seems to us that lead cannot kill the brute.

The oil and blubber on the water has attracted hundreds of gulls and terns, which are screaming excitedly around us, dipping every moment into the water to secure some of the flakes of fat given off by the whale. They pay no attention to the constant crack of the rifles, they are too intent on their unusual feast.

Now the sun is dropping behind the hills, which look black and frowning above us; the light for shooting is getting bad, but still the whale is going with energy, though he spurts more feebly than he did. We cannot see to shoot for more than ten minutes longer.

Again he comes up; he does not 'blow.' He is quite still. Yes! he is dead, indeed, this time. We row up to the flabby, slimy body; there is no movement now. The whale is dead.

The rowers brighten up, and we all round take a pull at the flasks. The rope is made fast to our victim's tail and he is towed to the shore. He is a 'bonny fush' of twenty-seven feet long, and will yield, we are assured, enough oil to pay for the damage done to the nets. It is Saturday night, and before anything can be done with the whale it must be Monday morning, as he can be looked at only on the Sabbath. We count upwards of one hundred bullet wounds upon him, very nearly all in his head. How could he stand the puncturing we had given him before giving up his blubber?

Raven wants a trophy, and the whale having no horns, brush, pads, or scut, he cuts a small square piece of the skin off the carcase with his pocket-knife, saying, 'When I get home I shall nail that up out my backway, and when folk come round of a Sunday mornings I shall ask them what it is and they'll never guess, and they won't believe me when I tell them it's whale's hide.'

We are soon in the wagonette on our way back to the inn and ready for dinner, feeling that we shall, neither of us, ever

again have the opportunity of shooting a whale, and thanking our stars that this opportunity luckily came to us.

The next morning, while I am sitting in the hall of the inn chatting with our host, a tall long-bearded Scot, a lady tourist approaches him with the inquiry, 'Can we have a pair of horses in the wagonette to go to Loch Oneigh this morning to see the whale which was shot yesterday, Mr. Macleod?'

'Not the day, ma'am,' says Macleod, 'for we dinna yoke the beasts to the machine, in Skye, on the Sawbath whatever, unless it would be to go to the kirk, or for some matter of that kind.'

'Oh, but we do not want to go to the kirk; if we did there is one not two hundred yards away; we want to see the whale.'

'Ah, then, ye cannot ha' the machine before to-morrow; it's the Sawbath, ye ken.'

'We are going south by the early boat in the morning, Mr. MacLeod, so if we do not see the whale to-day we cannot see it at all. It is very tiresome'; and the lady turned her back and bit her lip, while MacLeod paced the hall of the inn; the one apparently wondering how she could get her own way, the other how he could secure the fare to Loch Oneigh and back without sacrificing his conscience and laying himself open to reproof from the 'meenister.' The lady returned to the attack. 'You know, Mr. Macleod,' she pleaded, 'we would pay the full fare to Loch Oneigh and back, and as it is Sunday we would pay something more for the extra trouble of taking the horses out to-day.'

This seemed too much for the Scot, and he capitulated on these terms: 'Weel, there is a kirk at Scalfrey, which is but twa miles the other side of Loch Oneigh, where the whale is,' he slowly, coaxed. 'Now if you would take a pair of beasts in the machine to go to the kirk at Scalfrey, may be you'd see the whale on the way.'

They went; and the innkeeper was gratified at the business he had done, the tourists at the sight of the whale, and I at overhearing the arrangement of this difficulty arising out of whaling in Skye.

BARON D'ESTE AND THE PAU PACK

SPORT IN THE WESTERN PYRENEES

BY A. R. WHITEWAY

'SPORT,' in the slack language of to-day, is used indifferently of all sorts and conditions of the same, from rabbit coursing by colliers in the Midlands, to Newfoundland carriboo shooting by real big game sportsmen. In the following pages it mostly stands for the effective result of either legitimate hunting, shooting, fishing, or of hunting and shooting combined. If, in his too strenuous critical diatribes, the man of letters—that is, he who is in the habit of placing much of the alphabet after his name and but little game in the bag—objects to this preciser terminology, the wider vision of his *confrère*, the man of sporting science, shall decide between us in due course what sport truly is 'according to Cocker' as he would put it, and we will engage to abide thereafter by such decision.

FOX-HUNTING.

Fox-hunting, of sorts be it remembered, can be had round Pau, Biarritz, and Arcachon, with properly turned-out horses

and hounds, officered chiefly by English and Americans. But fox-hunting, to parody Milton's lines about fallen Satan :

> Oh! how fallen, how changed
> From that which in the blissful realms of light
> Outshone myriads though bright.

In Great Britain, fox-hunting has among its accepted fellow craftsmen, and upon no vastly unequal terms, the noble Duke and the sporting sweep—their common tie, ardour for the

THE BIARRITZ PACK

noble science, of which either or both may be past masters, according to an unwritten code like the law of the Medes and Persians, that altereth not. Abroad, the main bond is the subscription, and the common tie the coffee-housing *in excelsis* that results from joining the 'Equipage.' And this is, perhaps, its principal *raison d'être*. A fair gallop, often over rotten banks requiring a good Irish horse, can sometimes be got after rain, and there are besides quaint fences that frequently require careful 'negotiation.' But the chief element, outwitting a fox in his own country and on fair and loyal terms in the company of true hunting-men, is mournfully conspicuous by its absence.

For this bagged foxes and drags are poor make-believe substitutes however well managed, but they do for the mere rider, and sometimes in more senses than one, to say nothing of the ruin that must inevitably be caused to the proper hunting of hounds.

The Pau pack, since Mr. Forbes Morgan became joint-master, has been treated to some new American blood. Besides seeing to the hounds, he appears to do likewise the social hunting, and has managed to draw some of the smart Paris set to Pau

THE ARCACHON PACK

for the winter season, while his coadjutor, Baron d'Este, looks after the inglorious company of peasant proprietors whose land the hunt rides over. These latter take a lot of managing, and a very light hand, so that the services of a French master of hounds are here beyond all price. The hounds are very well turned out, and there is a brilliant following in scarlet, with a brave show of good-looking, useful horses. But you don't see nowadays business-like teams arriving at the meet, as in the day of old Mr. Bradshaw of Hampshire renown, though the invalid Captain Donne often seems to see most of the fun with a very decent pair of cobs. The Biarritz pack comes a long way after the Pau one in every respect, and its environment presents no special characteristics. It is reminiscent

neither of the Quorn nor yet of the Epping hunt, but only of its cosmopolitan self, and is suggestive only in a dim and far-off fashion of the genuine sport obtainable in the Shires at home. The Arcachon pack, largely kept up by the Exshaws of Bordeaux, comprises boar-hunting among its other cynegetic accomplishments. In that country are many boars, which are preserved to some degree, but the number killed is not nearly as great as in Béarn, where the method employed is that of hunting and shooting combined.

BOAR-HUNTING.

Before rushing *in medias res* with reference to this, the best of Pyrenean sports, it must be said by way of preface, that in every sub-prefecture exists an honorary officer, known as the *Louvetier*. This official, who in the olden days was often a great personage, and subject only to the *Grand Louvetier* of the realm, is now some local sporting man who cares to accept a warrant from Government to kill dangerous beasts in his district. To this end he is theoretically obliged to keep at his own expense a horse, a huntsman, and several hounds. And this is his only qualification, the dignity having fallen into desuetude. If a boar is heard of in the district, notice is given to him forthwith, and he goes after it (or not) if and when he likes. As a fact, he often uses his office merely as a means of going with greater freedom on other person's land in order to hunt the humble hare with dog and gun. But at Orthez, between Pau and Bayonne, there is a *Louvetier* who does his duty, for is he not half an Englishman? This gentleman's name is De Preville, and his mother was a Miss Mowbray, so it is not perhaps to be wondered at that his hounds, hunting only three days a fortnight, should kill about thirty full-sized boars during the winter months. He has the whole countryside with him, and every assistance freely given by his peasant-proprietor neighbours in the slaughter of the common foe. The Comte du Plessis, again, at St. Christau, about five miles from Oloron, in the Vallée d'Aspe, is another sucessful master of the boar-hounds. These, now that the Argagnon 'Equipage' has been discontinued, are the only ones in south-west France worthy of special mention. Nevertheless, the early time at which you have to start, the dreary hours of waiting at your post, the great improbability of getting a shot, and the tedious journey home, all go far to detract from the pleasure of this form of sport.

Neither is there any continued excitement and sustained exercise, nor rivalry and active competition among those engaging in Pyrenese boar shooting. Some danger, no doubt, attaches, for a man was killed near Oloron by a hunted boar not two years ago. Moreover, if it does fall to your lot to kill a fine *solitaire*, you can't help seeing that it is more by luck than by anything which you have done that the *coup* has come off. Then, again, the disadvantage you as a stranger are in from not knowing the *patois* of the country is very considerable. Each peasant cannot fail to think you an awful noodle not

M. DE PREVILLE AND HIS BOAR-HOUNDS

to be able to manage what even an idiot like himself can do so well—viz., speak his own language. Thus he begins by having a low opinion of your intelligence, and not infrequently goes on to try to exploit your assumed want of *savoir faire* to suit his private ends, sometimes in a trifle too triumphant a fashion to be agreeable to your *amour propre*. All this militates against establishing an *entente cordiale* with your *guide-chasseur*, without whose actively benevolent aid you are not likely to hit off for yourself in a new country the best position for a shot. The ways of boars differ in different localities and at different times of the year, so that a man is dependent upon the natives to some considerable extent, however mighty a boar-hunter or pig-sticker he may happen to be, if he wants to see sport.

Izard Shooting.

Both Eaux Bonnes and Eaux Chaudes are good centres for this particular form of amusement, and the six weeks following the middle of August the best season for its enjoyment. If the close time enjoined by French law were strictly observed there would still be a good head of izard in the vicinity of the Pic du Midi d'Ossau, if not such an one as used in days of yore to tempt Sir Victor Brooke and his merry men to organise the

THE COMTE DU PLESSIS

stalking parties which in his time were wont to make the Pyrenees indeed a happy hunting-ground for Englishmen. Now too many carpet-bagging sportsmen come to be able to say they have killed an izard; though why they can't say so without coming, as this would be so much simpler a process, it is hard to see. About five izards were shot in the August of last year, all within twelve miles of Eaux Bonnes, and the 'bright particular' native who seems at this present to know most about their habitat is young Saint Martin, the son of the old guide of that name, whose headquarters is at Eaux Chaudes. Labarthe, who is sixty years old, is the only other at all trustworthy person to accompany a stranger upon an izard-

shooting expedition, which always necessitates some nasty climbing, and an amount of roughing it which in bad weather makes those who are not as hard as nails cry out that the game is hardly worth the candle. Of bear shooting little need be said, as there are now so few bears in the Pyrenees. Mr. Barron, of Pau, shot one two years or so ago, not far from Eaux Chaudes, and commemorated the event by a dinner to the peasants; and another was seen close to Gabas by the guide Labarthe and a Frenchman whom he was personally conducting across the Gourzy, about the same time. Young Saint Martin once shot two bears the same day, but that was five years ago. No wolves nor traces of wolves have been seen in the Western Pyrenees of late years, and there are no other kinds of wild animal to be come across nowadays, notwithstanding the wildness and enormous extent of country from Luchon right away to Ronceveaux. So the office of *Louvetier* is a purely honorary one at the present day, as far as dangerous beasts other than wild boars are concerned. His right, however, to enter all State forests, even when let to private individuals, remains in full force, and is one of the few privileges which continues to make the appointment acceptable to resident landowners of sporting proclivities.

THE OLD GUIDE

Mixed Shooting.

The transition from big game shooting to small is easy and natural. Unfortunately, the Pyrenees is not the place for the latter. A few black cock there are, especially round the Pic du Midi d'Ossau, but high up and very difficult to get at.

In this shooting it is necessary to carry the gun *en bandolier*, which the Englishman finds awkward, and the penalty of an extra seven pounds weight, when climbing over rough rocks for almost all you are worth, handicaps most men on a hot day more than they care to stand. A few 'outards' also exist, and a very occasional covey of partridges, but no hares, no ptarmigan, no snipe, no woodcock, quail, nor rail—nothing in fact to make up the bag. Snipe, widgeon, teal, and ducks are to be found in the cold season in the low country not far from Urt, in the direc-

GABAS

tion of Urrugne, between Peyrrhorade and Bayonne, and also, together with some woodcock, almost all along the seaboard of the Landes. But they are not in sufficient quantities to tempt a visit on purpose. Only the man compelled to hibernate at Pau or Biarritz would think it worth while to attempt this indifferent sort of shooting.

Shooting opens on August 15. A few quail may be had on the frontier by making Sallent in Spain, going *via* Pau, Eaux Chaudes, and Gabas, your headquarters. Not only a *permis de chasse*, but also special leave for a foreigner to shoot, which is granted by the *juge de paix*, is necessary in Spain; and the only *guide chasseur* in the district who speaks French is a brother of Saint Martin, the old guide at Eaux Chaudes. But with him

you can go practically where you like, and no one will say you nay. Nor will you find native sportsmen numerous. Quail shooting is also to be had in the plain about Buzy, between Pau and Oloron, and, in fact, from Buzy right up to Laruns. The proprietor of the Hôtel de France, at Pau, M. Gardères, is a useful ally if you want to shoot in that neighbourhood. Round Orthez, twenty-five miles west of Pau, and Lembeye, a dozen miles the other side of Morlaas, both quail and partridges are to be had early in the season, but they are not plentiful. The truth is that except when quail are going south and woodcock coming north, there is but little possibility of making a decent bag in south-west France, as you can still do, for example, on the Franco-Belgian frontier, in Prussia, in Finland, and, indeed, in many other somewhat distant places. Nothing is more difficult than to hit off the exact moment of the '*passage*,' which may be taken roughly to be the middle of September and the middle of November, and which lasts only about a day on each occasion, unless the weather becomes bad, when the birds won't attempt to pass the high mountains, and remain till the heavy clouds lift. But these halcyon days with their truly happy moments are too few and far between to be taken into account over-seriously in preparing the true balance sheet of profit and loss in the matter of time spent and sport had in the Pyrenees. Good days don't bulk large enough to make the total worth having. Still, if you can hit upon a '*passage*' of quail close to the frontier, about five miles from Sallent, or on one of woodcock, say at Mimizan in the Landes, you won't forget the occasion, if only you have a proper dog, and the light happens to be fairly good. Sport such as this is worth remembering, birds as a rule rising singly, and being for the most part strong on the wing and often in good condition. Woodcock are then frequently difficult shots, as the leaf is not sufficiently off the scrub oaks to let the birds be seen for more than an instant. But the point is that then there are plenty of them, if sometimes somewhat difficult to get up. The double-nosed pointer is as useful a dog as one can have, and does not tire, or want water, or get sore-footed, to the same degree as does the setter. Moreover, he faces rough places well, and not infrequently retrieves also decently without this accomplishment apparently interfering with his working as a pointer proper. This breed is likewise often very steady and does not range too wide. At '*passage*' time a wild dog is maddening, so that of the two it is better to have one too slow than too

fast. The dogs of the country are often good and steady, and not difficult to pick up, but it is of course obviously a good thing to have one's own dog, which is sure to work better for its own master and to be more under command, than a strange one, however well broken.

Fishing.

Of this a better report can be given with a perfect regard for truth. Lake trout are numerous at Argèles and in the lakes above Eaux Chaudes. Good fish are taken every year by men like the Count de Gallifet and Captain Ayrton, in the Oloron River; and, indeed, almost all the streams in the district have their quota of trout. M. de Préville preserves, as well as he can, a stretch of the river at Orthez, and the River Saison, near Tardets, which is fished a little by Mr. Knowles, practically preserves itself by reason of its inaccessibility and the lack of local fishermen. Of course there is netting everywhere, and all sorts of bait, such as gentles and grasshoppers, are in general use. The crossed fly is killing, and also the minnow early in the year. Wading is often necessary, and the banks are very steep and difficult of approach. Snow-water in the late spring is one of the greatest troubles, as during its continuance nothing whatever can be done. Bétharram, Arudy, Rebenacq, Laruns, Cauterets, and Artix are all good trouting centres, and an occasional salmon is still to be had at Hendaye, and as far up the river as Orthez. 'Cabots' abound at the latter place, but of course no one would try for these coarse fish unless very hard up for amusement.

Conclusion.

There is no one or more forms of sport to be obtained in the neighbourhood of the Western Pyrenees—that is, roughly speaking, on either versant—or in the adjoining valleys, between Toulouse and the mouth of the Bidassoa, that it is worth while coming from England to seek. For the active man who is forced to winter at Pau, Biarritz, St. Jean de Luz, or Arcachon, hunting, fishing, and shooting of sorts, together with golf, automobile-driving, and at Pau real tennis, go far to make life less tedious than on the Riviera. Each in its season is an *agrement*, which at least serves to remind us of something better of its kind. When it is remembered that all is had free, gratis, for nothing, except the hunting, tennis, and golf, one does not feel disposed to be too critical. The worst thing about the shoot-

ing, next to a lack of quality, is the imbecility and rascality combined of the professional sportsmen, upon whom the stranger is necessarily at first dependent in his attempt to find his way about. They are not keen, for the old ones are too old, and the young ones do not know what sport is. The countryside is destitute of birds and other living things, owing to the perpetual pottering about with a gun of the peasant-proprietors. No one preserves, and consequently there is no source from which the depleted stock can be replenished. In the Pyrenees there is but little land under cultivation at high altitudes, and birds will not flourish where there is not corn in some form upon which they can feed. The '*passage*' time is too short to make bird-shooting, merely during its continuance, good enough, and certainly at no other period of the year is it worth while going any distance to get.

Upon the whole, then, shooting in this region must be set down as not up to the mark, whatever may be said of it by travellers, whose tales, especially with reference to this locality, are not remarkable for truthfulness. Madame d'Aulnoy, for example, tells us that, at the end of the seventeenth century, the ladies of Bayonne each used to keep a favourite pig, just as at the present day they keep a lap-dog, and amusingly describes the noise and confusion made by these animals if put down on the ground together by their mistresses when about to engage in a dance. Just as unfounded, in fact, are the records of bags said to have been made by *soi-disant* Pyrenean bear and izard shooters ; these must be discounted very largely indeed. Still, all said and done, the country is beautiful, the scenery unparalleled in Europe, the climate genial, the people—otherwise than the professional guides—pleasant and unsophisticated, and the fishing above the average. And all this is to be had without payment after a journey of not much over a day and night from London.

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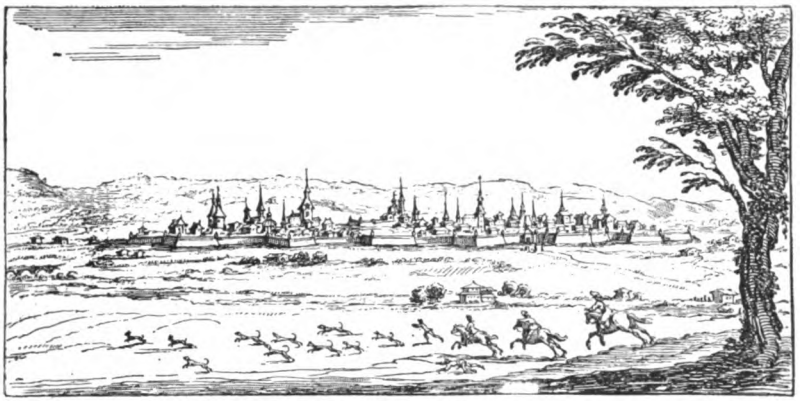
FROM "BIRDS THAT HUNT AND ARE HUNTED," BY NELTJE BLANCHAN.

AMERICAN WOODCOCK.

UNIV OF MICH.



A BOBBERY PACK

BY H. R. HEATLEY

IT must have been in the year '82 or '83 that I received a letter from my friend Hopwood inviting me to come down to a farmhouse in Devonshire and see something of West-country hunting. 'You may as well dismiss from your mind,' he wrote, 'all your swagger notions of the Shires. There won't be more than a dozen men out, and the general show won't be what you are accustomed to, but it is genuine sport all the same, and I expect our banks would make some of your thrusters sit up.'

I don't know in the least what Hopwood meant by 'my swagger notions,' for I had never professed to be a hunting man. In fact, though I had lived for several years in the Midlands my occupations had been sedentary, and it was only quite recently that I had taken to riding at all. I had never really ridden to hounds in my life. However, there was no object in giving myself away, so I wrote willingly to accept, trusting that a cool head and a moderate amount of balance—grip I had none—would compensate for my want of experience.

On second thoughts I hardly do myself justice when I say I had never ridden to hounds, as on one occasion a friend had undertaken to pilot me through a day with the Pytchley. It was a bad scenting morning, and we trotted from covert to covert in a line which must have extended over two miles of

road. My friend observed complacently that the Pytchley went to draw, as fast as other hounds ran. When we found a fox at last and got away, I was surprised to see my pilot and a large proportion of the field turn sharp round and gallop hard off in the opposite direction. I took my animal short by the head and followed as in duty bound. After a fast twenty minutes over bridle paths and through open gates, with no apparent relevance to the line, there was a loud 'who-hoop' in an adjoining field, and we had the satisfaction of seeing 'pug' (I believe that is the right expression) rolled over in the open. How it was that his path and ours happened to intersect at the critical moment I scarcely understood; but we gruelled our horses at the nearest inn and returned home contented. I think, however, it was right on the whole to say I had never ridden to hounds.

I was hardly prepared for the difficulty I found in reaching Hopwood's quarters. Since then I believe a new railway has much diminished the distance, but at that time it required an eighteen-mile drive by coach to land one within four miles of his front door. It was a little discouraging, too, to hear on arrival that Squire Carmichael had got distemper in his kennel, and that, with the exception of occasional visits from the Gutteridge hounds, who did not come often over our side, we should be entirely dependent on the local pack. On further inquiry I found that it was a very local pack; trencher-fed in the neighbouring township of Streathfield and hunted by a sporting tradesman, who kept a little ironmonger's shop in the main street. On moonlight nights they were apt to collect in twos and threes and hold a concert to themselves, to the great annoyance of the inhabitants whose sleep was murdered by their unseasonable yells—if a flower out of place becomes a weed I suppose the music of hounds at night may fairly be called by another name. One much respected but choleric doctor had been known to arise in his wrath and discharge his fowling-piece from a bedroom window at the nocturnal disturbers of his peace. On hunting mornings the iron-master (excuse the pun) blew his horn and the whole pack gaily collected from lane and alley at the cheerful sound. They were slow, I was told, but wonderfully persistent on a scent, and had been known to bring a fox to book after four hours' pursuit, during the greater part of which they had been unaided by the hand of man. This was promising, as I had a fancy to see the old-fashioned sport in its genuine form without

the adjuncts and ceremony of the Midlands. It was with pleasurable anticipation, therefore, that I made my way with Hopwood to the meet on the second day after my arrival, and I was not disappointed. I was mounted on a roan four-year-old, hired by the week from the proprietor of the coach, an animal of the most amiable disposition. I afterwards discovered that he had never been out hunting before, but, like myself, he was anxious to learn, and so far we suited each other thoroughly. When we arrived a few minutes before eleven the hounds were already waiting, and there was no doubt of the genuineness of the whole turn-out. The pack was mixed, consisting partly of foxhounds drafted from other kennels to save a yard of rope—these were intended mainly for show; partly of a miscellaneous assortment of breeds, among which the basset-hound seemed to have taken the leading part. These last were relied on to do the work, particularly old Trueboy, an ancient hero of uncertain origin, whose unerring scent and mellow note proved of incalculable value to his less gifted brethren.

The master and huntsman, for he worthily filled both offices, wore his working clothes, and was distinguished by the horn and by a single rusty spur upon his left heel. His pony, for it was little more, was trace-clipped for the more convenient application of the aforesaid spur. It had been presented to him by an enthusiastic member of the hunt on the condition that he never dismounted, however serious the obstacle, and it must be remembered that in this country there is generally no way round; you must leap, lead over, or go home. The whipper-in, on this occasion, was the parson's garden boy, who had persuaded his tender-hearted mistress to let him ride her own cream-coloured pet, on the grounds that 'Winnie loved it so.' The way in which that boy subsequently turned the pack while in hot pursuit of a flock of sheep, proved him a born sportsman.

The field as I had been led to expect was not numerous. Most prominent was a gentleman, faultlessly attired, on a magnificent chestnut belonging to the Squire, a horse as he told us himself well worth two hundred and fifty guineas for a park-hack. He said he certainly should not think of riding a friend's horse rashly over such a country, and he carried his caution so far that early in the day the two returned home by different routes, having separated at the first fence. The coach proprietor and his son mounted on serviceable nags; a workmanlike-looking rider who had been in a racing stable, and now

was a watchmaker, Hopwood and myself, formed the rest of the party at first. As the day wore on we were joined from time to time by the farmers through whose land we rode, and on one occasion by an enthusiastic ploughman, who climbed bareback on to his leader and pursued us over several fields with a spirit worthy of a better mount.

The start was unpropitious, as while passing through an innocent looking gate between two fields our huntsman got 'stogged in a mire.' With the presence of mind born of experience, he threw himself off his horse's back at once, but the unhappy beast sank until the clipped portion disappeared from view, and after a plunge or two turned on its side and gave up the struggle. It was a considerable time before it could be extricated. Our misfortunes were not ended, for as we were passing a forbidden covert, where the owner was actually shooting, that ruffian Trueboy slunk in unobserved and was soon heard in full cry, followed by the rest of the pack. The fat was now fairly on the fire, and it must have been quite three quarters of an hour before the fugitives could be brought back. Meanwhile they must have disturbed every living creature in the covert, and the language of the unhappy gunners may be better imagined than described. As we withdrew hastily from the unlucky spot a big hare jumped up in front of the noses of the pack. Everything was fish that came into their net and off we went at score. It was not bad fun at all for a bit, till we came to a donga, as they would call it in South Africa, a watercourse running between steep banks, filled with brushwood and shrubs of various sorts. It was impossible to jump, and the only way across was to lead your horse down to the bottom by an almost precipitous path, at the imminent risk of bringing him on to your head, force your way through the brambles for a short distance up stream, and climb the opposite bank at the nearest practicable point. A little of this went a long way, and as our hare kept running round and round a circle of which this donga was, so to speak, the diameter, after the third or fourth crossing we were glad enough to whip off and seek a more legitimate quarry.

In due time we hit upon a fox and settled down to an honest run. It was fortunate that the pace was slow, for the country was peculiar. There seemed to be no gates, at any rate none in the direction we wanted, but the fields were divided by banks six or seven feet high with flourishing hedges on the top. They encourage as much growth as possible to

keep the cattle from the wind which blows with great vigour from the Atlantic. Up these banks the horses scrambled like cats whenever there was a possible gap in the thorns, which was usually the case at the corner of the field. My youngster got up his banks well enough, but was apt to stand on the top looking foolish, not understanding exactly how to jump down. It generally ended by his squatting on his hams, and sliding to *terra firma* in that undignified position. On one occasion we got hung up among the underwood and caused no little amusement to the rest of the field. However we must have acquitted ourselves with credit on the whole, as the proprietor remarked during a check that he never expected to see that young horse get over some of those places. The watchmaker rejoined that it was the gentlemen that was on them that made the difference. I thought that was perhaps true and wisely held my tongue.

After slow hunting for an hour and a half I unfortunately lost a shoe and got thrown out while having it replaced. All my efforts to pick hounds up again were unavailing. It was impossible to see from field to field and there was nobody on the roads to ask. From time to time 'Hark to Trueboy!' could be heard faintly in the distance, but larking in cold blood requires practice as well as nerve, and before I could get to them they had shifted. After riding over a wide extent of country to no purpose, I gave it up and returned dejectedly home. It was a little hard that almost before I was out of the saddle Hopwood appeared, triumphantly waving the brush.

He was a little reticent just at first about the end of the run, as if there was something in the background which he did not care to have talked about, but by the time we had seen to our horses' comfort and dined he was ready to give me a full account.

After I had left, the pace quickened up a bit and they had to do all they knew to keep with hounds. They ran through Lines' Bottom and Pigg's Piece, jumped the brook by the three poplars behind Alworthy Church, and checked for a few moments opposite Coleman's Mill. I hope I have these local details right, but, as the country was entirely unknown to me, the places mentioned might equally well have been in Mesopotamia. On recovering the line (thanks to Trueboy) they ran fast in the direction of Yellow Tor until they came to Middleton Marsh. Here every man had to dismount and lead his horse over half a mile of treacherous bog, which though fairly safe for those who know the ground, is in many places

scarcely firm enough to bear a double weight. There was nothing, however, to stop the pack, which went away ahead in fine style, and, by the time huntsman and field had got into the saddle again, there was not a hound in sight.

They had now penetrated deep into Squire Carmichael's country, and, to increase the difficulty of finding the hounds, an upcountry farmer, who had migrated into these wilds, deliberately guided them in the wrong direction, with the intention of keeping the horses off his own land.

A few minutes of desultory riding up and down was enough for the landlord, who was haunted by recollection of his own bar, and presently turned his horse's nose homewards. He was followed unwillingly by his son, who would much have preferred to take his chance with the others.

The perseverance of the rest of the hunt was rewarded at last, and more by good luck than good management they once more got on terms with the pack, which had meanwhile puzzled out the line for themselves with the most praiseworthy persistence.

The chase now proceeded merrily, but the horses were showing signs of having had enough. The first to surrender was the watchmaker's mare, who was out of condition and had pecked so seriously at her last two fences that her rider, not to be beaten, got off and ran through the mud, dragging his weary steed after him by the bridle. Poor little 'Winnie' had gallantly held her own till now. With a light weight on her back and an indomitable spirit she had surmounted all obstacles without flinching. It was too bad that at the end of the day she should be pounded, while crossing a road, by a crumbling bank which had been strengthened according to the manner of the country with rough brickwork. If she could have got her fore-feet above the bricks she would have scrambled over somehow, but the best of will would not compensate for shortness of leg, and with tears in his eyes the lad had to try and find another way lower down the road. No bank that ever was built could stop 'Traceclip' and the huntsman, who got over in the way peculiar to themselves. Hopwood was really well mounted and it was too late to stick at trifles. Anyhow the obstacle was safely negotiated and the two now had matters pretty much to themselves. Fortunately the end was at hand. After another field or two the scent was foiled by a flock of sheep. There was a short delay when old Trueboy again threw his tongue, and up jumped my gentle-

man in a very bedraggled condition from behind a hedge where he had been lying. The flash part of the pack, who until now had done nothing for a living, caught a view and, dashing in, fairly raced for blood, leaving their old companion in the lurch. There was a spinney at no great distance with an open earth, and a couple of minutes would have put the fox in safety; but the pace was too hot. As a last resource he flung himself into a rabbit burrow right under the noses of the pack. His respite was brief. Spades were procured and two sturdy rustics soon brought the 'varmint' to hand. Hence Hopwood's brush.

I did not know then what I have since learnt—that to dig a fox in another man's country is a gross breach of hunting etiquette, but it made an appropriate ending to a somewhat abnormal day. Apparently Squire Carmichael did not see matters in the same light, and unpleasantness ensued. In fact, the ill-feeling caused by this and similar misdemeanours became so great that the local gentry gradually ceased to support the pack, and I heard to my great regret a year or two afterwards that it had been suppressed. Undoubtedly its record was not blameless and it was an abominable nuisance to the neighbouring hunts, but it was interesting as a relic of by-gone days and afforded a great deal of sport to the farmers and tradesmen of the district.

Trueboy passed an honoured old age in his master's yard, and doubtless went out exercising for old acquaintance sake with 'Traceclip' in the cart. The fate of his colleagues, like many more important things, is 'wrop up in mystery.'

The sequel to the story of my first day's hunting is curious. The next time Hopwood saw the owner he asked after the four-year-old. 'Why, I sold him to a gentleman for £40 (a big price down there) along of that day,' was the reply. *Sic itur ad astra.*

A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph sent in representing any sporting subject. Ten other prizes will also be given away each month, each of them consisting of an original drawing by one or other of the artists who illustrate the Magazine. Good clear pictures are of course necessary, and when possible the negative should be sent as well as the print. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each negative. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects, and these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, athletics are practised. Racing and steeplechasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. All matters of Public School interest will be welcome.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright on all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

THE JANUARY COMPETITION

The First Prize in the January competition has been divided among the following competitors: Mr. E. Goodfellow, Wincanton; Mrs. W. D. Whatman, Leighton Buzzard; Mr. Sanderson G. Budd, Sidmouth; Mr. L. E. Bland, Belfast; and Mrs. Walter Dugdale, Meeson Hall, Shropshire. Original drawings have been sent to a number of other competitors.

OPENING MEET OF THE BLACKMORE VALE FOX-HOUNDS

Photograph taken by Mr. E. Goodfellow, Wincanton

OF WICH.

START OF DINGY RACE, SIDMOUTH REGATTA, AUGUST 1900

Photograph taken by Mr. Sanderson G. Budd, Sidmouth

A GOOD TIMBER JUMPER

Photograph taken by Mrs. W. D. Whatman, Leighton Buzzard

EAST ANTRIM HOUNDS WITH THE HUNTSMAN, J. PAYNTER, AND WHIPPER IN

Photograph taken by Mr. L. E. Bland, Belfast

'COLD SPORT.' FISHING WITH FLOAT IN THE GREAT OUSE DURING THE SNOW OF DECEMBER 1899

Photcgraph taken by Mrs. Delves Broughton, Bedford

UNIV. OF MICH.

THE NORTH SHROPSHIRE HOUNDS AT MEESON HALL WITH THE HUNTSMAN, TOM WHITEMORE, AND WHIPPERS IN

Photograph taken by Mrs. Walter Dugdale, Meeson Hall, Shropshire

FERRETING AT BEVERLEY BROOK, WIMBLEDON

Photograph taken by Mr. T. S. Amoore, Wimbledon

CANOEING ON THE OUSE IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE
Photograph taken by Mr. E. S. Whitehouse, Stony Stratford

GROUSE SHOOTING IN DURHAM
Photograph taken by Miss Mabel Eccles, Blackburn

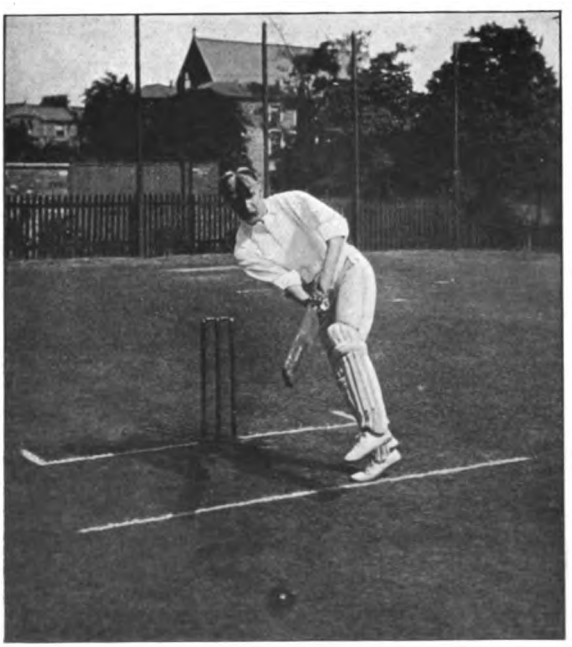
UNIV. OF MICH.

THE START FOR THE COMMODORE CUP, HONG-KONG, DECEMBER 1, 1900
Photograph taken by Mr. W. T. Lanefeild, Royal Engineers, Hong-Kong

FINISH OF QUARTER MILE CHINESE POLICE RACE, IN UNIFORM, SHANGHAI POLICE SPORTS
Photograph taken by Mr. J. Philip Cannock, Shanghai, China

THE HON. MISS HAMILTON, OF DALZIEL, OPENING DALZIEL CURLING POND BY THROWING THE FIRST STONE

Photograph taken by Mr. T. Johnstone, Motherwell



A GOOD DRIVE. MR. H. G. BARLOW AT CLIFTON

Photograph taken by Mr. A. H. Hall, Dumbarton

UNIV OF MICH.

A GRANT'S GAZELLE. TAKEN FROM LIFE ON THE ATHI RIVER, BRITISH EAST AFRICA

Photograph taken by Mr. Norman B. Smith, Milner St., S.W.

CRICKET MATCH ON A BATTLESHIP IN THE ATLANTIC

Photograph taken by Mr. E. K. Little, Warwick

Photo

Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.

AMBUSH II.

UNIV. OF WASH.

THE COLOURED PICTURES

THE Coloured Pictures this month start with an illustration to the story, 'The Tiger-Charm,' which speaks sufficiently for itself, nor it is necessary to describe at length 'Just Missed.' Bunny has had an exceedingly narrow escape, which will doubtless give him subject for serious reflection about the necessity of keeping a sharp look-out for the future as he sits panting in his burrow near at hand. The horse this month is H.M. King Edward's Ambush II., who won the Grand National last year, and but for the sad reason which the whole world mourns would have taken his chance again at Aintree on the 29th of this month. The powerful son of Ben Battle and Miss Plant has not had a very busy career. As a four-year-old he won a Maiden Plate at Kildare, four miles, and later a two mile race at Leopardstown, in which he gave his contemporary, Tipperary Boy, 2 st. 3 lb. and a three lengths beating, showed him to be something out of the common. The next year he won the Prince of Wales Steeplechase at Sandown, with 10 st. 7 lb. in the saddle, and finished seventh for the Grand National with 10 st. 2 lb., these being his only outings. Last season, after a moderate display in a hurdle race at Kempton Park, and a win on the flat in Ireland, he made his name by carrying off the Grand National. The weight was 11 st. 3 lb., and some of the critics had declared it to be too much. When after the race, however, Mr. R. K. Mainwaring congratulated the Royal owner, the gracious answer was returned that the handicapper also deserved congratulation on having proved his adjustment of the weights to be so sound. The fourth picture is the American Woodcock, a singularly life-like presentation of the bird, if it be not improper to say so in these pages. In conformation as in habit this bird differs from the European species. Our woodcock flies with great speed, like a hawk, and as he swings along with first one wing and then the other up, is a difficult shot. On the contrary, it is said of the transatlantic cock, whose range is over eastern North America, and who winters south of Virginia and in southern Illinois, that 'when flushed its flight appears to be feeble, as after a few whistles of its short, stiff wings, and trailing its legs behind it, it quickly drops into cover again, running a little distance on alighting'; but the obvious fact is added that 'the distances covered in migration prove it to be no unskilled flier,' as to which there can be no sort of doubt.

NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

THE handicap for the Grand National came out very closely in accordance with my anticipations as regards the ten horses from whom I suggested last month that the winner seemed likely to spring. In the cases of Manifesto, Hidden Mystery, Ambush II. and Uncle Jack, the weights that I compiled were precisely the same as the official adjustment in the case of the first three, and only 1 lb. out in the case of the last; and a very well-known gentleman rider, who also handicapped these horses and exchanged ideas with me, was just about equally near the mark, so that naturally the handicap seems to me good, conforming, as it does, to my own opinion. If Manifesto is as well as he was last year he must of course have an immense chance; but he is thirteen years old, and may have seen his best day. I have heard it suggested that Hidden Mystery should not have had so much as 12 st. 7 lb. to carry, but those who make this criticism apparently forget the ease with which he beat Manifesto at even weight at Hurst Park some three weeks before the Grand National last year. Handicappers cannot of course pay any attention to the 'market'; other people, however, can; and one does not forget that Hidden Mystery started favourite last year at 75 to 20, while Manifesto was backed at 6 to 1. The older horse has probably deteriorated somewhat, the younger is likely to have improved, and though at Liverpool they will meet at 3 lb. instead of at 13 lb. as last year, the problem between them seems an interesting one. Many persons who should know much about it are convinced that if Hidden Mystery had not been knocked down he would have won last year. I believe it is Mr. Harold Brassey's intention to ride his horse at Aintree, and I see no reason why he should not do it justice.

It is an exceptional occurrence if a horse wins the Grand National—as Voluptuary did—the first time he runs at Liverpool, and this is against Cushendun, who has never yet jumped these big obstacles. He is, however, an excellent fencer, and his fall at Kempton need scarcely detract from his reputation as what is called a 'safe conveyance,' for he did not see the water the other side of the ridiculous little two-foot fence which the National Hunt ordains, flipped over in his stride, and so jumped into the ditch. Fences that really want jumping I fancy he will get over well; but of course there is no doubt that some acquaintance with the Grand National course is enormously in favour of a horse that runs in the great Steeplechase. Even before the withdrawal of Ambush II. it was whispered that Covert Hack might prove himself the better of the pair, and that this son of Hackler jumps and stays there can be no doubt. Less than a year ago he won the Conyngham Cup, a four-mile race, by 15 lengths, with Mr. Gwyn Saunders-Davies in the saddle, that accomplished horseman having crossed over to Ireland on purpose to ride him. He carried 13 st. 5 lb. on that occasion, and seems to me nicely in the National with 11 st. 4 lb. Cushendun, I am told by his rider, would have won comfortably at Sandown had he not made a bad mistake at the last fence but one; the friends of Covert Hack, however, are persuaded that, easily as Cushendun beat him at Sandown, the son of Hackler will do better at Liverpool. All sorts of things may happen in the next six or seven weeks which have to elapse before March 29, for I write early in February; some hot favourite may come to the front and justify the confidence of his friends. Fit and well at the post, however, and well ridden as these four doubtless will be, by Williamson on Manifesto, Mr. Harold Brassey on Hidden Mystery—though he may change his mind and put Dollery up—Anthony on Covert Hack and Mr. Saunders-Davies on Cushendun, I shall expect with some confidence to see one of these four in front at the finish.

A number of interesting problems will soon be coming on for solution. Is King's Courier the horse he is believed to be, and La Roche the good mare she was thought last summer? Will Diamond Jubilee give his running, or will he be found to have grown more tricky and treacherous as he has increased in

age? Which of the best two-year-olds of last season will have lost their form as Democrat did so strikingly twelve months since? And coming to the first big handicap of the season, will American methods, as administered by Wishard, prove efficacious in curing the roguery of Harrow? This horse ran better than was generally supposed in the Hunt Cup last year when meeting Royal Flush at even weights, and if he can be persuaded to do his best, the chance of his winning at Lincoln with 7st. 6lb. on his five-year-old back seems to be considerable; still Forfarshire, who shares favouritism with Harrow at the time of writing, at his best is doubtless an exceptional miler. The latest news of Volodyovski at the time of writing is that the difficulty about this colt and two other horses leased by the late Lord William Beresford from Lady Meux for their racing careers has been settled. It would have been a matter for much regret if the affair could not have been decided without going to the Law Courts, where it would have presented a very awkward problem, as there was much to be said on both sides of the question. The colt himself, however, seems to be somewhat receding in public favour. The start of flat racing is, however, so far in the future that the subject may be left for discussion in coming numbers.

The Marquis of Roccagiovine, Master of the Roman Hunt, writes to me as follows: 'Società Romana della Caccia alla Volpe, Villa Bonaparte, Rome, Feb. 1, 1901. Sir,—I read with great interest the article "Fox and Hounds in the Roman Campagna," published by the *Badminton Magazine*. It would take too long to point out all the inaccuracies your article contains, and to answer the unjust criticism directed against our sport, which never ceased to be what it has been during the past, when it was taught to us by the best sportsmen of England. We do not need the lessons of Captain Brown Young. . . . In my own name and in that of the whole society I protest energetically against the information and the estimation of our good huntsman, Mr. Moriconi. In the last years he has carried the horn and has shown excellent sport. Active at the kennels, clever and bold in the "Campagna," we can proclaim him an honest servant, a good sportsman, and an exceptional rider. Mr. Moriconi has never been a coachman, but he was a well-known steeplechase jockey, and always followed the hounds when hunted by English huntsmen. It is true he does not speak

pure English with our good foxhounds, but he has the advantage of being able to speak Italian with all of us. Begging you to publish this letter, I remain, MARQUIS OF ROCCAGIOVINE, M.F.H.' With regard to this I am very glad that the Marquis was interested in the article, and exceedingly sorry he finds in it the inaccuracies which I can have no doubt, from his letter, that it contains. I have no knowledge of the writer; the MS. reached me by post; the description seemed so full of detail, and to be written with such confidence, that, knowing nothing of the Hunt myself, I accepted it without hesitation, being also induced to do so by the remarkable pictures that accompanied it; for those I gave were selected from a packet of fifty or sixty. The noble Master asks for the publication of his letter, and I willingly comply. I can only add an expression of sincere regret that the article contained anything incorrect, and am still more sorry that it should have appeared to him unjust.

Although the shooting season is over, I must recur to the question of the proportions of different game birds killed annually, for the reason that I have received a particularly interesting letter on the subject from the author of the 'Country Diary,' which so greatly delighted readers last year. My friend the writer differs widely from the estimate that 'twice as many pheasants as grouse are killed,' and thinks the proportions should be at least five to one. The annual crop of grouse, he points out, is an uncertain quantity, entirely dependent on natural causes, while the supply of pheasants is to a great extent regulated by the expenditure of money. 'A really great grouse year, such as 1872, may,' he observes, 'come once in a generation, but the crop of pheasants varies but little from year to year.' I should, myself, be inclined to say that it increases, as on some of the big estates landowners emulate each other, trying to do bigger and bigger things, and also with the increase of wealth year after year more men take to shooting. My friend points out that 300 brace of grouse in a day's driving is a distinctly good performance only obtainable in a few favoured localities, but 600 pheasants may be, and are, killed in the same period on a dozen estates in almost every county in Great Britain. Moreover, pheasants can exist and breed within the length and breadth of Great Britain, but grouse only within a comparatively limited area. The national bag of partridges to pheasants he would rate in the proportion of about nine to four, arguing

that outside certain natural game districts, such as Norfolk, Suffolk, parts of Yorkshire, the Lothians, and so forth, the partridge, though ubiquitous, is not so plentiful as to permit acceptance of the dictum that it 'lies in every field.' On most moderate-sized manors outside these favoured localities 200 brace of partridges is a fair average season's bag, and very probably something like half that number of pheasants would be killed on the same ground. Likewise, seeing that by the end of October partridges are often unshootable except by driving, and the difficulties of driving, and killing them when driven, are often considerable in little shoots, comparatively small numbers are knocked over in November, December and January, whilst men clear out their pheasants almost precisely to the extent which they think desirable.

The 'Country Diarist,' it will be seen, quotes from the poem which I remarked a month or two ago I used to hear from the late Lord de L'Isle, when shooting with him at Penshurst, and the diarist writes: 'By the way, where is this charmingly alliterative line to be found—it sounds to me like Cowper?' I confessed my ignorance of it, but Mr. A. H. Boissier, writing from Smart's Hill, Penshurst, kindly enlightens me. He says: 'I see you state in your notes that the late Lord de L'Isle frequently quoted the line: "The painted partrich lyes in every field," and that you do not know the author. It is from Ben Jonson's description of Penshurst, and strictly is:

> Thy painted partrich lyes in every field,
> And for thy messe is willing to be killed.

It was natural, therefore, that the owner of Penshurst should be familiar with the couplet written in praise of the beautiful estate centuries ago, though by the way, the successor of Sir Philip Sidney used not to quote it correctly, for, making a better rhyme than rare Ben Jonson, the second line in his version, as I remember it, was something about 'thy life to yield.'

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The Badminton Magazine

'MY POWER'S A CRESCENT'

BY ARTHUR WARNFORD

THE Sultan of Turkey cannot claim to be the only power to whom the sign of the crescent is a mark of authority, for is not the above motto emblazoned on the crest of Trinity Hall, over which college a far more benevolent ruler holds sway, none other than 'Ben,' the greatest of all Bens, including the clock.

As the reader probably knows, the College of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, lies between the Colleges of Clare and Trinity, and occupies a central and prettily situated position on the well-known 'Backs.' When my story opens, it is nearly 'hall' time, and groups of men are sitting along the edge of the grassplot in the big court, awaiting the exit from chapel of the Dons, before they pass into dinner. The conversation is naturally about rowing, for to-morrow is the last day of the May races, and so far, in spite of all efforts, the first three boats on the river have maintained their places unchanged.

These are 'Johns,' the crew from St. John's College who hold pride of place, then Trinity Hall, who are second on the

river, and thirdly First Trinity. By way of explanation, it may be said that Trinity College, which has nothing to do with Trinity Hall, a separate college altogether, has three boat clubs, called First Trinity, Second Trinity, and Third Trinity. The First is open to any member of the College, the Second is now defunct, and the Third is only open to men from the schools of Eton and Westminster. During the first two or three nights of racing, the 'Hall' crew, not one of whose members can boast the blue ribbon, have repeatedly spurted within quarter of a length of the 'Head of the River' crew, but the powerful 'Johnians' are a hard nut to crack, and the black and white colours of the 'Hall' must, it seems, be content with second honours.

'I fear it's no good,' said a tall youth in a blue suit and a Leander tie, 'we went better to-night than we ever have in practice, and yet we were no nearer than before. Anyhow, I did my best!'

'So did I,' chimed in another seated on the grass. 'I thought we had got them at Ditton, but it's all that cox. He puts on the rudder in a way that would stop a torpedo destroyer, and he simply can't steer for nuts.'

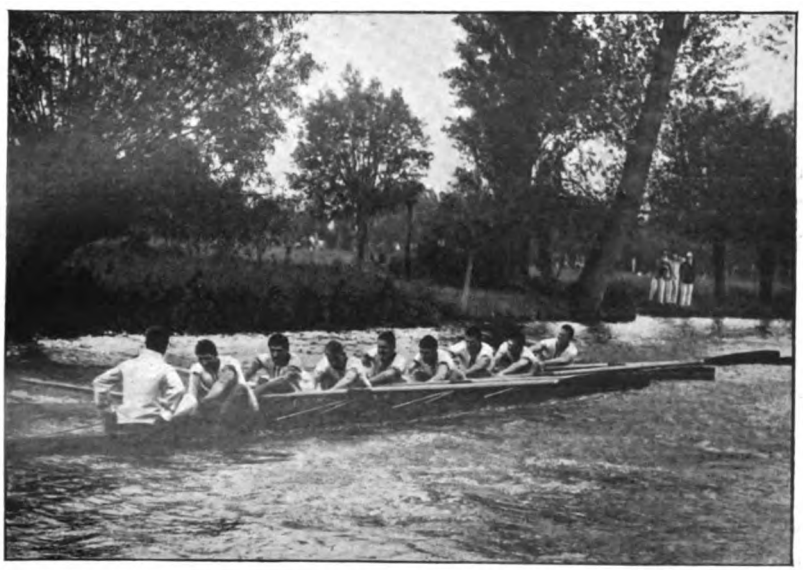
A murmur of assent rises from the other undergraduates gathered round. The stroke of the eight, who happens to be the captain of the College Boat Club, came up at this moment and joined in the conversation. 'I say old man,' said Seven, the aforesaid youth in the Leander colours. 'Can't we change that cox for Thompson in the second boat? Jessica is a nice little chap, but he puts on the rudder so hard that he completely stops all way on the boat.'

Jessica, truth to tell, had been chosen to cox the first boat on the recommendation of a certain elderly coach, whose judgment was not altogether unbiased by other considerations. Lord Grasmere, generally known as Jessica, was a youth of light weight but no experience, whose open hospitality had endeared him to the above-mentioned authority.

'Just what was in my mind too,' said stroke. 'It is late to make a change now, but if Thompson steers so much better than Jessica, perhaps we had better give him a trial. It will not do to throw away any chance of making the bump.'

At this point the conversation was interrupted by the Dons appearing from chapel, but after entering 'hall' for dinner, the subject of the cox was thrashed out at 'training table,' and the change decided upon.

The next day was fine and warm, with a gentle westerly wind, an ideal day for rowing, or, indeed, for any of the pleasures that 'May week' provides in such profusion. As the afternoon advanced, streams of people were to be seen wending their way down to the river, along every available path and roadway. Undergraduates from every college, wearing their respective blazers, on the way to row or to run with their college boat. Ladies in bright coloured dresses of every hue and fashion, some of them 'sporting' the colours of an especially favoured college, and accompanied by their undergraduate



IN PRACTICE—A BAD ROLL

relations and friends. Old Dons come to look on and cheer their college crews; and 'Townees' eager to watch the fun and witness the keen rivalry of their undergraduate customers. Down the river pour a crowd of boats on their way to secure a place behind the booms at Ditton. Canadian canoes, gigs, tubs and randans, with here and there an eight paddling down to the start in charge of its coach. These latter are the second or junior division who race first, the head boat, commonly known as the 'sandwich' boat, having the unpleasant duty of rowing again at the bottom of the 'first' or senior division.

The coaches are putting the finishing touches to their charges as they paddle down. 'Swing out, Corpus, swing out,' roars a

burly coach, attired in a pair of 'shorts'—a garment that is certainly well so described.

'Wake up! Christs, wake up and get hold of the beginning,' shouts another coach.

At Ditton corner the fashionable crowd is already assuming large proportions, and the effect of so many bright colours, in continued movement, is almost like looking through a kaleidoscope. Soon the second division boats struggle by, and strange are the contortions that many of the worst crews contrive to exhibit in their efforts to make a bump or avoid being bumped. The excitement is soon over, however, and before long the different boats of the senior division are seen paddling down on their way to the start. Here and there a handkerchief is waved on the bank as some fair damsel recognises a friend or brother in one of the boats.

On the tow-path a certain well-known photographer, intent on a snapshot, is vainly trying to secure comparative quiet amongst the moving throng at Ditton by means of a whistle, but a coach-horn suddenly blown in his ear by a jovial undergraduate does not tend to improve matters. A little later and the crews have all paddled down to the start, and are waiting about the bank for the first gun. The usual party of ladies, who *will* come down to see the start, have already decided that perhaps, after all, Ditton corner is the best place to see from.

Bang! goes the first gun, and the men proceed to divest themselves of coats and comforters and get into the boats. Pushed out into mid-stream sweaters are peeled off and the crews await the second, or 'minute,' gun. Those horrible moments seem like hours, only broken by the voice of the cox, 'Paddle up four bow oars,' or, 'gently bow and two.' Bang goes the minute gun at last, and the crews settle themselves down and get forward ready for the starting gun. 'Twenty seconds gone,' shouts the solemn voice of the coach on the bank.

'Forty seconds gone,' comes after an interval of what seemed twenty minutes rather than seconds.

'Fifty seconds gone,' and then he proceeds to count slowly backwards the remaining seconds, according to his stop watch. 'Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two.' Bang! goes the gun, and a roar of voices instantly arises shouting encouragement and advice.

The eight blades of the Hall crew dip simultaneously, and a few fast, short strokes get way on the boat, then all swing out

and send her going like a steamboat. But the 'Head of the River' crew from St. John's College are especially smart at starts, and, if anything, have increased their distance at Post corner. However, the new cox of the 'Hall' boat knows his business, and taking a beautiful curve round Post corner, with as little rudder put on as possible, gains some yards for his crew. A shout from the coach, 'You're gaining, you've gone up a lot,' puts more life than ever into the crew, and rowing strongly and well, they begin to gain fast. Keeping well over to the tow-path side of the river, the Hall cox takes another capital corner at 'Grassy,' and again does some service for his

A BUMP IN THE LOWER DIVISION

crew. At the cry of '*You're straight!*' signifying that the long corner is turned, and the boat straight for the next reach of the river, the 'Hall' stroke calls on his men for a spurt.

Quickening up for the spurt, yet swinging out well, with plenty of life and dash, and a leg drive that would do credit to a 'Varsity' crew, the Hall men force their boat up inch by inch nearer their rivals. In spite of an answering spurt from the John's crew, by the time they arrive at the Red Grind, half way over the course, the bow of the 'Hall' boat has crept up to within half a length of the Head boat's rudder post. But the tremendous exertions have told on both crews, and instead of the clean sweep of the blades, some slight splashing shows up the weaker men. 'Steady!' shouts an anxious voice from

the bank, pitched in a high key so as to be heard amidst the babel of sounds. The two crews brace themselves up to row their very best going round Ditton, knowing the hundreds of eyes that are bent upon them. Both coxes also take their boats round Ditton corner in excellent style, but the new 'Hall' cox has again kept his head, and using his rudder as lightly as possible, as well as judging the turn to a nicety, has once more helped his crew to gain some ground. Foreseeing the impossibility of keeping up with the boats all the way, most of the 'Hall' partisans have been waiting for their boat at Ditton, and

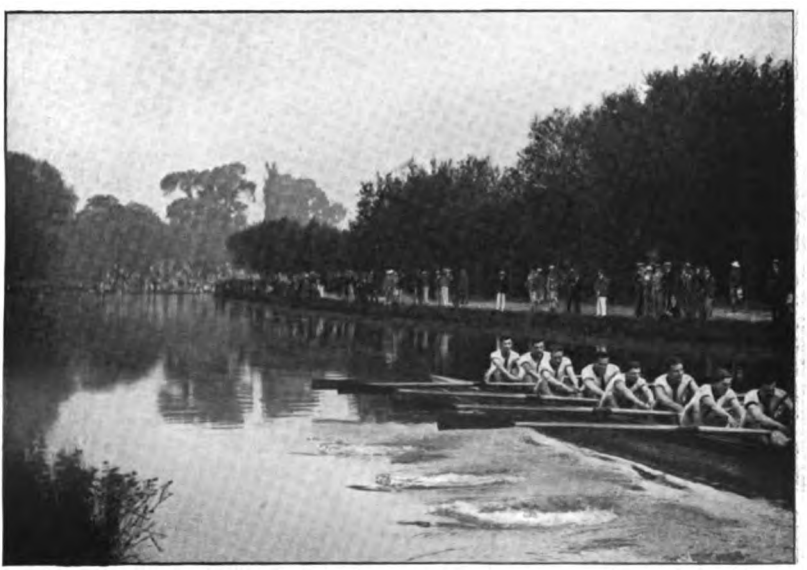
'YOU'RE STRAIGHT,' CRIED THE 'HALL' COX

consequently the din of voices and roar of encouragement has increased fourfold.

After Ditton corner is passed many a crew are wont to get slack, but the 'Hall' stroke has kept it in mind, and calling to his men for a sudden spurt, rushes up to within a quarter of a length of the other boat. This is rather a surprise for 'Johns,' but they are not long caught napping and responding in their turn to the call for a spurt they prevent their adversary from drawing any nearer. Realising that he must wait, the 'Hall' stroke drops again from forty strokes a minute to thirty-six, and the welcome sound of the foghorn which has begun to bray its discordant note, tells him and the men behind him, that only a few feet separates the two boats. This preconcerted signal of the foghorn has the opposite effect on the leading

boat. Like a 'pompom' its weird and monotonous note instils a fearsome feeling in the hearts of the 'Johns' crew, and conveys to all ears the fact of a probable 'bump.'

A trifle flustered by the thought of the close proximity of the 'Hall' boat they get 'short,' and in spite of a more rapid rate of striking, fail to recover any of the distance they have lost. The roar on the banks all up the Long Reach is becoming louder every minute, and the confused din of whistles, rattles, and coach-horns, as well as the continuous bellow of the big fog-horn, lets every one know that a crisis is impending.

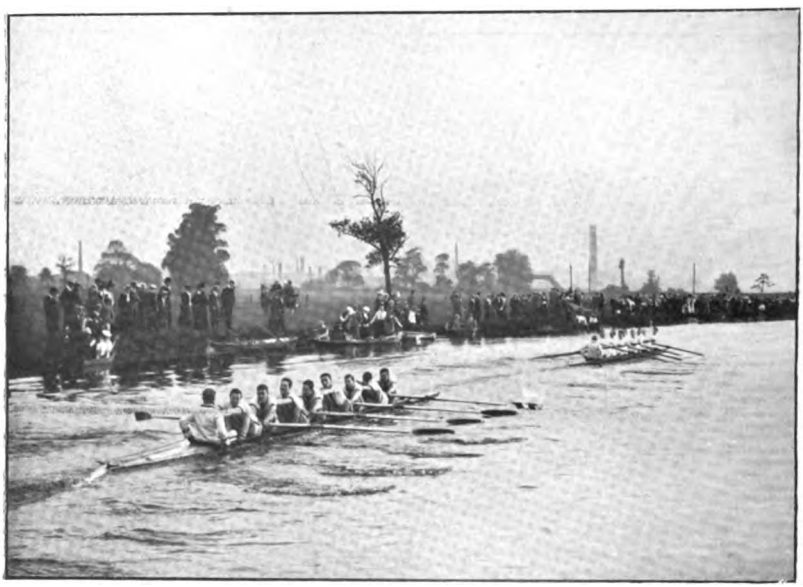


THE HEAD BOAT NEARING THE RED GRIND

Slowly, inch by inch, the 'Hall' eight gains until their bow is almost overlapping the stern of their rivals. But the 'Johns' crew are not done yet, and, rowing a grand race, they gamely respond to their stroke's call for a spurt. As both boats dash under the railway bridge it is seen that 'Johns' have drawn away again, and once more some three or four feet of water separates the two boats. Are 'Hall' to fail after all, and is the race to be a repetition of the last four nights? The cox sees it is 'now or never,' and shrieking to 'Stroke,' 'Now!' he steers to try and make a bump at the bend of the river. Once more 'Stroke' calls on his men, and, splendidly backed up by Six and Seven, who have been expecting the effort, the 'Hall' boat

quickens up to forty again, and, coming with an irresistible rush, bumps the 'Johns' boat just by stroke's rigger. The 'Johns' cox throws up his hand to acknowledge the bump, and a tremendous shout bursts from the bank. The exhausted crews fall forward over their oars, and it looks for a moment as if the next boat coming up behind will foul the first two. But just in time they manage to get in the bank and 'ship' their oars.

Directly the long serpentine line of struggling boats have



SLOWLY INCH BY INCH THE 'HALL' EIGHT GAINS

passed, the two crews paddle to the 'Pike and Eels,' and walk home.

. . . . .

That night a wild and shrieking mob with crumpled shirt fronts and evening ties twisted awry, dance madly round a bonfire lit on the sacred grass plot. Having drunk not wisely, but too well at the bump supper, nothing will satisfy their cravings for excitement but a 'good old flare up.'

Hastily all things combustible are brought and thrown on to help the blaze. Chairs, sofas, towel horses, anything to burn. A loud cheer greets two big Rugby 'footer' blues, who, staggering along with a large classroom form, throw it on with

a crash which sends a spout of sparks and flames flying upwards.

The head porter looks on in grim but silent anger, ready to intervene with the hose if danger threatens, but powerless to save his beloved grass.

A group of Dons, be it whispered, are enjoying the fun from a distant corner, when up to them rushes a frantic tutor from a neighbouring college. With furious face and excited speech he manages to gasp out, 'Are you aware, sir, that men from your college are throwing coal at Clare Chapel, and have broken two windows?'

Smiling sweetly at the irate tutor, old Ben replies, 'Never mind! never mind, I will pay for them. My boys have gone Head of the River.'

THE COMING CRICKET SEASON

BY HOME GORDON

DURING the recess between the drawing of the stumps at the Hastings Festival and pitching the wickets in the first week of the following May, lovers of cricket usually hear little to stimulate their interest in the game. Unless they are closely connected with the organisation of some county club, the one feature of the winter so far as cricketers are concerned is the publication of the forthcoming fixtures in the Cattle Show week. This is as it should be, for all except enthusiasts rejoice in an off-season, and the close time for cricket allows attention to be paid to football and other sports.

But the winter that is past has formed an exception to the rule, for not only in the sporting press, but in the mouths of all lovers of the game, cricket has been discussed with an animation as keen as though the season were midsummer. The reason is of course the now historical condemnation of the action of certain bowlers by the county captains; but as the subject has been and is being discussed in these pages by authorities whose words carry special weight, I must not dwell upon it here.

Turning to the programme of the coming season, the writer desires to express his sincere and cordial thanks for the generous way in which the secretaries, as well as some other prominent amateurs, replied to the appeal for information, which he ventured to make in so many directions.

At a time when the bat so seriously defies the ball, the first thought in spring is what new bowlers can be discovered. Of course the chief recruiting-ground for amateurs is in the

University elevens, and both are this year sure to give trial to every possible trundler. The fact of Mr. A. H. C. Fargus obtaining his colours last season, practically on the strength of his analysis for Gloucestershire *v.* Middlesex at Lords—five for 32, seven for 55—shows how eagerly the University authorities search for effective bowlers.

At Oxford, the old Dulwich cricketer, Mr. F. P. Knox, is the captain, and though last year he failed to fulfil the high hopes raised by his play in 1899, he is a valuable all-round cricketer. With only four Old Blues available he has a good many places to allot. The four in question are Mr. C. H. B. Marsham, a steady bat, who was more successful for Oxford than for Kent, but looks like becoming excellent, and the three bowlers, Messrs. H. White, J. W. F. Crawfurd, and R. E. More. The last will certainly have to improve to keep his position, whilst neither of the others is really formidable. Mr. C. D. Fisher is also in residence, but the old Westminster boy is in his fifth year, so unable to play. The difficulty will be to replace Mr. H. Martyn, the most brilliant amateur stumper of the day, especially as Mr. A. B. Reynolds, who kept at the Oval against the Players, has gone down. The Etonian, Mr. W. Findlay, may be designated as the probable successor behind the sticks. Of the seniors, Mr. J. S. Munn, who hails from Forest School, is certainly the best bowler, and on the form he showed against Worcestershire and Somersetshire last year he was better than two who played against Cambridge. Mr. H. J. Wyld, the Harrovian, seems to be a luckless bat. Last season he could not get runs for Middlesex or Oxford; yet with added confidence he might come to the front. Mr. R. S. Darling, a Wykehamist, in his second year, and Mr. W. Medlicott, also a Harrovian, are likely batsmen. Freshmen are always difficult to forecast, but Mr. E. W. Dillon of Rugby was the public school champion of last season. He is left-handed, makes the most of his long reach, and has been admirably coached. It was no small performance on his part to score 110 not out against Marlborough when 190 were needed for victory, the runs being obtained at the cost of only one wicket. He averaged 56 in school matches and took 33 wickets. Directly he was released from work he appeared in the Kent team, and took third place in the batting figures. Against Hampshire, in his 90 were sixteen boundaries, the majority by clean hard drives, whilst the way in which he pulled balls bowled by Bannister at Canterbury and at the Crystal Palace was remark-

able for its precision. His future will be watched with great interest. The Uppingham captain, Mr. A. C. von Ernsthausen, had a trial for Surrey *v.* Hampshire. His figures at school foreshadow good things to come, for he heads both departments, having averaged 32 with an aggregate of 545, and taken 66 wickets for 14 apiece. The ground bowlers engaged are H. Baldwin, Martin, Alderson, Huish, Lord, Shacklock, H. B. Daft, Tapp, Gillett, Bowden, Harper and F. Smith. Mr. Hassall has succeeded Mr. Burge as treasurer, and Mr. C. H. B. Marsham ought to make a good secretary.

Cambridge will be led into the field by Mr. S. H. Day, a beautiful bat, the other Old Blues being Mr. E. R. Wilson, a capital cricketer; Mr. R. N. R. Blaker, a very hard-working old Westminster bat, who has never quite done himself justice, but is a splendid field; Mr. E. M. Dowson, last season's disappointment; Mr. A. E. Hind, a fairly easy bowler; and Mr. A. H. C. Fargus, who has done better so far in county cricket. It is almost certain that Mr. T. L. Taylor's place as wicket-keeper will be taken by Mr. W. P. Robertson, who is not only admirable in that department, but batted splendidly for Middlesex, topping the century at Worcester when the position of the game made his score doubly important. Of the other Seniors, Mr. P. R. Johnson bats in characteristic Eton fashion and is a fine field, and Mr. W. G. Grace thinks highly of Mr. J. Gilman as a sound and trustworthy bat. Mr. N. O. Taggart is a pretty bat, but not very safe; Mr. G. G. Heslop, who has played for Norfolk, is of the Jessop do-or-die order of bat. Mr. J. T. Turner, brother of the Essex soldier, played in good form for Clare College last season, and may obtain a trial. The best bowler among the Seniors is Mr. L T. Driffield, who with his left-handed medium-paced deliveries took seven wickets for a run apiece *v.* M.C.C., but subsequently failed. Mr. G. A. Scott, a fast bowler, was repeatedly tried in the home engagements last year. Mr. F. W. H. Weaver, a very steady medium-paced bowler, must not be confused with Mr. F. C. Weaver, who headed the Gloucestershire averages; whilst Mr. F. A. S. Sewell, from Weymouth College, bowls slows with a leg-break. Of the Freshmen, the Eton captain, Mr. H. K. Longman, comes of a great cricketing family, and had an average of 45, though he never scored 70; so he is to be relied on though his style is cramped. Mr. F. B. Wilson, of Harrow, has natural ability which will need patience and practice to develop. Mr. L. V. Harper, captain of Rossall, with an average of 44,

and Mr. H. S. Bompas, captain of Westminster, with an average of 49, look likely. The only bowler hitherto heard of is Mr. E. G. McCorquodale, whose average of 12 for 62 wickets would have been better if the Etonians had not hit his fast deliveries to the tune of 177 runs for 3 wickets. It seems as though the Light Blues cannot go into the field with any confidence of dismissing opponents under 300 runs. The fixture list includes two encounters with London County and post-'Varsity fixtures with Liverpool and Dublin. The ground staff is the same as last season, and the secretary, Mr. E. R. Wilson, is a judicious enthusiast—happy blend.

Dr. W. G. Grace responds at length, and with great cordiality, to a request for information about the London County Club. He writes: 'I think we more than justified our initial year by bringing into first-class fixtures the following cricketers: Messrs. G. W. Beldam, E. W. Dillon, L. Walker, J. Gilman, J. M. Campbell, and Smith, who, after playing for the L.C.C.C., were played for their respective counties.' But Dr. W. G. Grace may be reminded that a few years ago Mr. Beldam played for Mr. Webbe's team *v.* a University, and was asked to represent Middlesex at Lords, when, at the last moment, he stood down for Mr. A. E. Stoddart. All the above will be again available when not playing for their counties; also Mr. A. E. Lawton, of Derbyshire, of whom 'W. G.' thinks highly, Mr. C. J. B. Wood, and Braund, who would have been lost to good cricket last year had it not been for the Sydenham organisation. 'W. G.' adds that Sladen, who headed the bowling averages for England, would have been regularly played on the side in 1900 had not the Lancashire executive refused to allow it for a reason the Champion will not pretend to guess. On the staff for 1901 will be found a young cricketer 'who is sure to make a name for himself before long.' The card of fixtures includes engagements out and home with M.C.C. and Ground, Surrey, Leicestershire, Warwickshire, Derbyshire, Cambridge University, with home matches against South Africans, Dutch, as well as seventy minor games and two encounters with Wiltshire. The centre of the Crystal Palace ground has all been relaid during the last two years, and 'W. G.' adds it 'is the prettiest, and as good as any, in England; for wickets and out-fielding it cannot be beaten.' The great object is to bring into first-class cricket promising youngsters, an aim the Grand Old Man used to pursue in May and June in the Gloucestershire team of heretofore. On the new

practice wickets, nets will be raised as early as the end of March.

Mr. F. E. Lacey writes that at Lords the arrangements for members, the public and the Press will be the same as last season, but the ground staff loses Pickett, who has resigned to take up the appointment of coach at Clifton College, Roche, who is a suspended bowler, and Burrows. The new men engaged are Humphries of Derbyshire, who is quite a good wicket-keeper though only a moderate bat; Smith, a very capable bowler from Wiltshire; and Atfield, who has played for both Gloucestershire and Wiltshire. The opening encounter at headquarters is on May Day against Notts, when the annual general meeting of the M.C.C. will be held, and the committee will ask the opinion of the members on the law of obstruction, although the county captains have unanimously passed a resolution that the present law is satisfactory. The Whit Monday match, which is as usual Middlesex *v.* Somersetshire, is by arrangement to be devoted to the benefit of that great batsman William Gunn. The University match is fixed for July 4, and the Eton *v.* Harrow on July 12, whilst the Gentlemen meet the Players on July 8. The leading Club have double engagements with Oxford and Cambridge Universities, London County Cricket Club, and Yorkshire; whilst Notts, Lancashire, Sussex, Leicestershire, Kent, Derbyshire, Worcestershire, as well as a side selected from the minor counties and the South African touring team, will come to headquarters. It is a pity that of late years so many of the best amateurs in crack county teams prefer to stand down when their side encounters M.C.C. and Ground, as this detracts from the interest. On the other hand, important amateurs seem less apt to turn out for the crack club in its important encounters. Out of thirty-one who appeared in its ranks in 1900, only ten regularly took part in county fixtures, and none of these appeared in more than one game. In the twelve first-class matches, out of 184 wickets captured, only three were taken by amateurs, Messrs. P. W. Cobbold, C. E. M. Wilson, and Dr. Conan Doyle, one each, and all three were catches, so not one amateur in 1900 bowled out an opponent for M.C.C. in first-class fixtures, a feature unparalleled in the records of Lords.

To forecast the championship of 1901 would be premature, but Yorkshire ought to make a big bid to retain the coveted position. The team will be much the same as in 1900, with the valuable addition that Mr. Frank Mitchell will certainly be

available, and it is possible that Mr. F. S. Jackson will not be required at the seat of war. However, Mr. Ernest Smith will not be quite so regularly on the side before August, and a trial may be given to a young professional who would otherwise qualify for a southern county. Washington and Whitehead will get further opportunities, and the Second Eleven will compete in the minor county championship.

The Lancashire executive have nothing to communicate at present about Mold. Apart from this their prospects are better than ever, and like both Yorkshire and Surrey, the Red Rose contingent will meet every other first-class county. Mr. A. C. MacLaren has a wide range of selection, but it is safe to predict that Mr. H. G. Garnett will be given an early invitation. Paul is in bad health, and Hallows has been a trifle below the standard anticipated. Hallam is dropped, and, as will be seen, appears under a rival flag. Huddleston and Holland press close on the heels of the regular side, and two colts will have ample trial. One is Sladen, to whom Dr. Grace made allusion in his letter already quoted, and who, at Manchester, is believed to be Mold's successor. A Yorkshireman by birth, he is twenty-three years of age, over six feet in height, and his action is stated to be beyond reproach. The other novice is J. Broughton, born at Grantham, who is on the staff of the Manchester Club. Last year for that excellent side he averaged 31 for an aggregate of 854 runs, and took 69 wickets for only 8 runs apiece—a remarkable analysis for a medium-paced bowler. He is five feet eight inches in height, and described as an aggressive bat. A trial game against eighteen of Werneth will precede the lengthy county programme.

The Kent team will be constituted very much the same as last season, except that Mr. Du Boulay will probably be able to assist as well as Mr. Livesay, if he gets back in time from South Africa. Four valuable bats, Messrs. Day, Blaker, Dillon and Marsham, will not be available until the close of the University term. What Mr. Lancaster aptly terms 'the Nursery' is to be continued at Tonbridge. He adds that eight young players are there, any one of whom on showing sufficient merit will be tried for the county. Walter Wright has selected the second match of the Tonbridge week, the home fixture with Sussex, for his benefit. He served the county for eleven seasons after quitting the Notts team, and his bowling often proved invaluable. A county match is to be played at Tunbridge Wells, the game being the home encounter with Lancashire; otherwise the

distribution of matches remains much as usual. The Canterbury week fixtures are *v.* Essex and Surrey. The Second Eleven twice meets Sussex Second, and Kent Club and Ground will play six different districts within the county. It is to be hoped that Mr. W. M. Bradley may recover his old 'devil,' for Alec Hearne is an easy bowler, and otherwise there is no relief for the attack of Mr. J. R. Mason and Blythe. The magnificent form of the captain last season entitled him to the claim of being the best all-round cricketer of the year, and Mr. C. J. Burnup is most useful as a bat of stubborn determination.

Sussex meet all the first-class counties except Derbyshire and Warwickshire, and at Brighton they encounter the two Universities. Tate, who has been granted a benefit in recognition of his patient service as a bowler, has chosen the fixture with Yorkshire at Brighton. Mr. A. Collins, who has been very seriously ill with typhoid fever, will not be strong enough to play, but otherwise K. S. Ranjitsinhji will find all the amateurs and professionals of last season available. The long-sought bowler has not yet been discovered. So far as the attraction of the team goes, it is K. S. Ranjitsinhji and Mr. C. B. Fry with the bat, Vine in the field, and all the rest moderate except Butt behind the sticks, in which position he is excellent. There are rumours that one of the side is assiduously cultivating lobs.

Notts have no very high hopes as to likely colts, but on the county staff the new engagements are with Pepper, who did well last season in Scotland, Anthony, and Hallam, who quits Lancashire to play for the county of his birth. It therefore seems that practically last year's side will again take the field, though it is impossible to estimate how the weight of another year on their shoulders may affect the batting of Arthur Shrewsbury and William Gunn. The nephew of the latter did big things until July, when he grew stale. Attewell and Guttridge are now shelved, so much depends on the bowling of Wass. It is quite open to argument whether Iremonger's form is up to county standards. Mr. J. A. Dixon will, it is hoped, play pretty frequently, and the return of the keen captain, Mr. A. O. Jones, to his 1899 form is devoutly to be wished. The programme is augmented by home-and-home engagements with Essex. Five-and-twenty club and ground matches will be played, and a vigorous effort is being made to increase the number of members from 2000 to 2500, which would make the financial situation completely satisfactory.

Warwickshire will once more have the assistance of Mr. A. C. S. Glover, who was abroad last season. Mr. H. W. Bainbridge will again lead the side, composed of the former professionals and Mr. T. S. Fishwick, a safe bat, who would be more attractive if he took risks—a remark applicable to the whole eleven. Moorhouse, a brother of the Yorkshire professional, and Whittle, are both qualified by residence. So is W. George, the Aston Villa goal-keeper. All three will obtain early opportunities to display their ability. Eight counties, the London County Club and the South Africans, figure on the fixture list. A benefit will be accorded to Lilley, the famous England wicket-keeper, who is also a remarkably sound bat.

Middlesex will again suffer from not having the best side available until August, and Mr. W. P. Robertson cannot be counted upon until after the University match. Mr. MacGregor hopes to appear more regularly, and Mr. P. F. Warner will be available all through the year. Mr. B. J. T. Bosanquet and Mr. L. J. Moon will probably be seen in nearly every fixture, and a good trial is to be given to Mr. Schwarz. Whether Mr. A. E. Stoddart will play at all remains to be seen. Roche is dropped, and Rawlin of course feels the increasing effect of *anno Domini*. So the attack still rests on the shoulders of Trott and J. T. Hearne until Eton releases Mr. C. M Wells. It is noteworthy that Essex is met at Lords in September, and both Lancashire and Kent in the later dog-days of August, which is not satisfactory to the more fashionable votaries of cricket then far from town; whilst in July military games and a match between M.C.C. and Grange Club fill the card. But after all the card is not arranged for the man who sits in the pavilion.

Mr. G. L. Jessop writes: 'As regards the prospects of Gloucestershire for the coming season, we shall be even a weaker side than usual in the first two months, owing to the inability of Mr. C. L. Townsend and Mr. W. S. A. Brown to help us until July. During August we hope to be able to put a representative team in the field, which will practically be the same eleven as last year.' Dr. E. M. Grace fails to throw further light on the rather dreary vista, though he adds that Board takes a benefit in the Surrey match at Bristol. That willing and capable stumper certainly deserves all support. Of course the county captain is a host in himself, but he has only Wrathall and Roberts to back him up in the southern tour, unless another Midwinter could be discovered.

Mr. C. W. Alcock gladly responds to questions about Surrey, but his news is terse. All the members of last year's side, including Lockwood, he reports fit and well. Several young cricketers are now qualified by residence, but the astute judge adds that of course their ability to play first-class cricket remains to be proved. All the first-class counties, both Universities, and London County, are to be met in out-and-home games, and at the Oval the South Africans will be encountered. The date of Gentlemen *v.* Players unfortunately involves a clash with several county fixtures, but to this the Surrey committee must by now have grown accustomed. Apart from the official intelligence, the present writer has received quite a batch of communications dealing with Surrey cricket. The majority do not view its present state with equanimity. The deplorably bad fielding, and the lack of any really efficient support to Lockwood's bowling, naturally accounts for this. Mr. D. L. A. Jephson might well take a larger share in the attack. Still less satisfactory is the fact that the once famous Second Eleven seems to have lost all its glory. In three seasons only one defeat was sustained, but last year only three victories could be set against five defeats. The discipline of the side in some of the out-matches was not so creditable as it used to be, and that keen cricketer Mr. K. E. M. Barker was naturally disappointed at not getting a trial for the county.[1] Though far from their sorry plight in the early eighties, Surrey to-day, despite the presence of some fine bats, cannot compare with the side in which Messrs. W. W. Read, J. Shuter, K. J. Key, Lohmann, Sharpe, M. Read, and Beaumont figured. If the home team wins the toss at the Oval on a plumb wicket all goes well, but a little adverse fortune is too often followed by a collapse.

For Essex April is no idle time, as the team have daily practice with Trott, Peel, and Alfred Shaw, engaged at the expense of Mr. C. E. Green to improve the form. Mr. F. G. Bull has entirely severed his connection with the county. Mr. A. J. Turner is back, and will play regularly ; so will Mr. W. T. Garrett, whose patience is almost phenomenal. A player who will not be qualified until 1902 may prove a mighty cricketer after the fashion of Albert Trott. He is a son of Colonel Fane Sewell, and has been lately in India. Inns, it is hoped, may yet train on as a bat, but his fielding, like that of Reeves, is in splendid contrast to the poor form in this depart-

[1] Curiously enough, seven of last year's public school captains are qualified for Surrey.

ment shown by the majority of the side. Mead will again be the chief bowler, and it is satisfactory to learn that, despite inclement weather, his benefit yielded £800. Lack of success having now shown Young that exertion is necessary as well as a reputation if a bowler is to keep his place in a county team, he may again prove effective. Though it is not often suspected, Mr. C. J. Kortright is a cricketer affected by his surroundings, and if he would only confidently believe in his own capacity, his bowling might be more destructive than ever. This season Carpenter is to have the reward of his valuable batting, better last season than ever, and he has chosen the match against Lancashire. The programme is increased by home-and-home fixtures with Notts. The annual Public School game at Leyton, which is so much appreciated by the boys, is this year to become a two-days match. Mr. Borrodaile is enthusiastic over the Second Eleven and Club and Ground teams, which he rightly regards as the recruiting field for the county.

Mr. Murray Anderdon intimates that all last year's team is available for Somersetshire, and the redoubtable Mr. S. M. J. Woods will again take command. There is now no question of Braund's qualification, an error in which was discovered during the Whit Monday match last year at Lords. The ex-Surrey professional is a fine aggressive bat and a fair bowler. Somersetshire preserves its plethora of wicket-keepers, for though Mr. L. H. Gay no longer shares the duties with the Rev. A. P. Wickham and Mr. A. E. Newton, the magnificent Oxonian stumper, Mr. H. Martyn, is qualifying, as are a couple of promising players. The death of Mr. Henry Stanley cast a gloom over a large circle of friends. Unfortunately Somersetshire is a formidable competitor in the bad fielding championship, a fact specially disastrous considering the weakness of the bowling. The same counties are met as were encountered last season, with Worcestershire added, besides fixtures with Oxford University and the South Africans. A novelty is the establishment of a cricket week at Bath late in June, the opponents being Worcestershire and Lancashire. From this good results are anticipated, both financially and otherwise. With the county ground at Taunton as well kept as ever, long scores may be expected.

The news from Worcestershire is unfortunately not of a very cheering or encouraging description. The most effective of the Foster trio—W. L. of that ilk—has gone back to the front, and his sound batting will be missed once more, especially as the

team sadly lack nerve. Indeed, in the present plethora of first-class counties, the most recently promoted may soon find its position in jeopardy. Bowley is a sound bat, and Bannister is a clever young bowler. Wilson took over a hundred wickets last year; but he will be fortunate if he escapes the censure of umpires unless he modifies his action. It is a pity that a sound wicket-keeper like Straw should have to take some of the most erratic returns any fielding side of repute has ever shied in.

Derbyshire have twenty county matches, two games with London County, and solitary fixtures with M.C.C. and Ground and the South Africans. Mr. S. H. Wood, the captain, will have much the same body of cricketers from which to select the team. The chief interest lies in Mr. A. E. Lawton, an amateur whose promise as a bat is of the highest order. Whilst bowlers like Young and O'Connor failed to realise hopes, it must be sadly remembered that Chatterton, Storer and Bagshaw are no longer in the days of youth, and the qualification of Ollivierre will not be completed until Midsummer of 1902. Mr. L. G. Wright year after year does better service as a bat than many casual spectators are aware. Still the team lack spirit.

Mr. Burdett writes in sanguine fashion about Leicestershire, and expresses the belief that as the side was last year the youngest of any county team, the players, with more experience, should now do well. Considering the improvement in batting last season—hitherto the weakness in Leicestershire—this is a reasonable anticipation. With regard to Geeson, Mr. Burdett observes: 'I do not look upon the resolution passed by a body which had really no authority to be of any real validity, and it is the opinion of our captain that the resolution did not apply to the bowlers named provided they altered their style. However, I expect something more definite and more in accordance with the laws of cricket will be done before the season.' These views were written prior to the offer of the M.C.C. committee to consider the bowling question. G. G. Hearne has laid out the new county ground, which is more conveniently situated. Ten counties are to be met, Kent, Middlesex, and Somersetshire being the only ones the names of which do not figure on a card which includes London County, M.C.C. and Ground, and the South Africans. Probably Pougher will be seen no more. Mr. C. J. B. Wood is a more remarkable bat than even his excellent figures show, for his stiffness and caution get wonderfully modified by circumstances. King is a

useful all-round cricketer, and Knight is a sound bat. It only needs a little luck and another good bowler to make the side redoubtable. Every one would be glad if that firm-footed hitter, Mr. C. E. de Trafford, was more fortunate. Mr. F. W. Stocks is now a master at Felstead, so his bowling cannot be relied upon until August.

Hampshire have had slightly to curtail their programme, owing to the heavy deficit last year. Nor are their prospects more promising. The bulk of their soldier cricketers are at the seat of war, and Captain F. W. D. Quinton is on his way to India. Fresh blood comes in the shape of the South African, Llewellyn, who is now qualified, and will play as a professional. He is a medium-paced, left-handed bowler, and a free, effective hitter. Against the Australians at Southampton in August, 1899, he scored 72 and 21, and took 8 wickets for 20 runs each. He ought to have a long and prosperous career. The Natal crack went to America with K. S. Ranjitsinhji, and at Philadelphia took 6 wickets for 19 runs. Otherwise the captain, Mr. C. Robson, has not much to encourage him, for the team will probably vary in the usual luckless manner. If Capt. E. G. Wynyard, Messrs. A. J. L. Hill, G. B. Raikes, L. H. Gay, and E. M. Sprott could all play regularly, they would impart some measure of cohesion.

Whilst frequent reference has been made to the fixtures with the South Africans, no definite information is yet to hand about the selected side, but it appears possible that George Lohmann may come in some managerial capacity. The arrangements in this country seem at present to be in the hands of Lord Hawke. His eleven will probably meet that of Dr. W. G. Grace at Lords on September 12, on behalf of the Yardley benefit fund. This comes after the Hastings Festival, for which Mr. Carless has arranged two capital matches, Lancashire and Yorkshire *v.* Rest of England, and Gentlemen *v.* Players. As before, the Scarborough Festival will be managed by Mr. C. I. Thornton, whilst the captaincy in the field will devolve on Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower. Yorkshire will play M.C.C. and Ground and Mr. C. I. Thornton's Eleven, and the old fixture of Over Thirty *v.* Under Thirty will be revived. This was last played at Lords, exactly twenty years ago, for Farrand's benefit. On that occasion the seniors were Messrs. W. G. Grace, I. D. Walker, A. N. Hornby, and C. E. Green, with Lockwood, Selby, Emmett, Wild, Hill, Rylott, and Morley. They defeated by 79 runs a side composed of the following

juniors: Messrs. A. P. Lucas, J. Shuter, T. S. Pearson, A. H Evans, A. W. Ridley, with Ulyett, Barnes, Midwinter, Bates, Gunn, and Peate. Already nine of these have joined the great majority, whilst only three still participate in first-class matches.

Before September brings the inevitable conclusion to the cricket season, the next team to do battle for England in Australia will have sailed from our shores. The committee of M.C.C. will select the side, and it is already nearly certain that Lord Hawke will go out with the party and that Mr. A. C. MacLaren will be the captain. In an exhaustive article an anonymous writer in the *Liverpool Daily Post*, last January, after laying down the axiom that at least fifteen cricketers must go on such a tour, continues: 'With the following team the Lion can face the Kangaroo in confident hope of winning the rubber. Batting and fielding are perfect, and only a fast bowler of greater calibre is wanted: Messrs. A. C. MacLaren, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, C. B. Fry, J. R. Mason, G. L. Jessop, D. L. A. Jephson, E. Smith, C. J. Kortright, with Hayward, Rhodes, Storer, Cuttell, Board, Haigh, and Blythe.' It is doubtful if Yorkshire would let both their crack bowlers go, and Mr. Ernest Smith might not get away. With the possible substitution of Mr. H. Martyn for Storer, if it were feasible, this side seems a remarkably fine one. The inclusion of Blythe, if he keeps his form, will be judicious; and as Lockwood conspicuously failed at the Antipodes, he is wisely not included. The proposed team from the two Universities, which Mr. Wreford Brown will take to America, will probably be a combination selected as much for skill in football as cricket.

With the Gargantuan feast to which this article forms the menu, votaries of good cricket will have plenty to occupy their attention in the first season of the new century.

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TOO LATE.

UNIV OF MICH.

DEER-STALKING ON THE NEWFOUNDLAND BARRENS

BY ARTHUR P. SILVER

COUNTLESS lakes and lakelets ; innumerable picturesque salmon streams ; broad stretches of upland moors and marshes roamed over by restless herds of caribou ; a bold and curiously indented sea coast fringed with islands which are the breeding place of myriads of wild fowl : all these make the island of Newfoundland a happy hunting-ground for the sportsman and naturalist.

He who has once carried his rifle across the interior of the island is never likely to forget the experience. The beauty, wildness and solitude of the country ; the indefinable charm of exploring the inmost recesses of an untrodden wilderness ; of wandering unrestrained across dry elevated plains where deer-stalking may be pursued in all its fascinating perfection ; the long clear standing shots where often the unbroken level prints the outline of the quarry clearly against the sky, all combine to make still hunting in the natural deer parks of Newfoundland one of the most attractive of sports. Here on these high mountain pastures the caribou appear to be holding their own —one of the few instances where the big game of America is not decreasing in numbers.

So abundant is the game that one can take his own time in selecting his heads, and only requires to be on his guard lest he may be tempted to take a life which he might afterwards regret. For it may be very galling when one has shot the full complement which the law allows to be obliged to hold one's hand

when a monarch of the plains afterwards comes into view bearing a record set of antlers—perhaps to be for ever after remembered with regret.

On the Newfoundland plains, stags are constantly encountered carrying grand and stately antlers so magnificent in size and symmetry that they cannot be equalled elsewhere in the wide world.

The fine development of the Newfoundland caribou may be

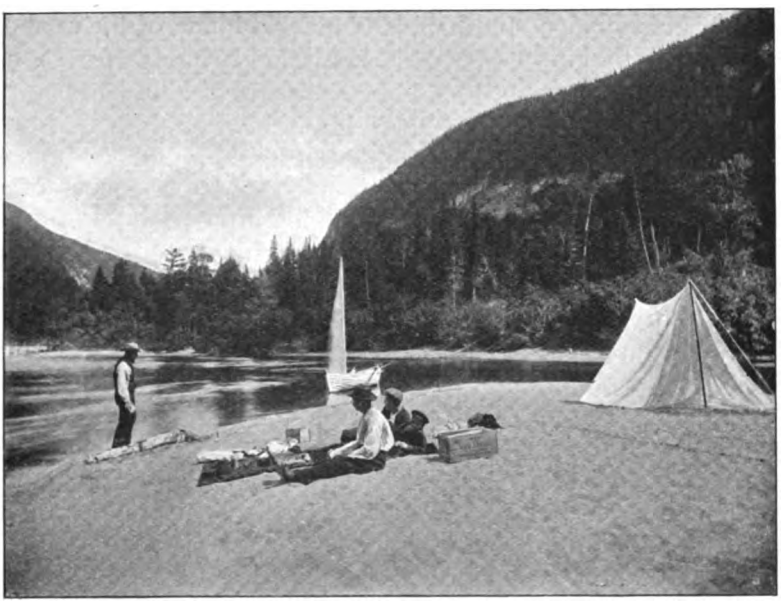
DEVIL'S DANCING POINT EN ROUTE TO GRAND LAKE

attributed to the abundance of food easily within reach, especially the luxuriant growth of caribou lichen with which whole plains are frequently carpeted ankle deep. Something is also due to the fine shelter afforded during the winter months by the southern portions of the island of which the herds habitually avail themselves, observing semi-annual migrations as regular as those of the wild fowl on the coasts.

The sportsman desirous of good heads should arrive on the island before the middle of September. A close season stops hunting from October 1 until October 20. After that date although there is better hunting to be had the weather is apt to grow very inclement. It is well to use as his highway into the interior one of those several immense lakes which are one of the

most remarkable features of Newfoundland. Lakes of all sizes are found universally over the whole country in an abundance scarcely to be credited. They are to be met with not only in the valleys, but on the highest ridges, and on the summits of the loftiest hills.

In fact the interior is simply a vast network of lakes and lakelets defying all attempts to name or number. Of every size, from fifty feet to fifty miles in length, they lie amidst the



CAMPING ON HUMBER

open barren reflecting the open sky, or in the forest lonely and silent, known to none save the solitary trapper.

There can be no more charming road into a wilderness country than a lake or river stealing into the scenery with many a picturesque curve, now winding among open glades; now meandering between steep lofty wooded banks, or hiding in the deep valley it has furrowed for itself through the countless ages.

The largest lake of the island is Grand Lake, with a superficial area of one hundred and ninety-six square miles. It contains an island twenty-two miles long and five miles in breadth. This island has a lake which in turn holds another island. This also has a lake which contains an island, and so on—like

a nest of Japanese boxes. From the shores of Grand Lake the high tableland, where the herds of caribou wander, can be reached by three or four hours of hard climbing up the side of a thickly wooded declivity. Once arrived on the summit there is the glorious tableland swept by the thrilling breath of the mountain top, stretching away on every hand far as the eye can reach, cut up by deeply worn deer tracks, diversified by countless lakelets, by islands of dwarfed evergreen trees, and by low undulating ridges of rugged hills.

This champaign country is the natural home of the caribou, and ministers to all his wants, including his necessity for boundless wandering. Beneath him, carpeting the plain, lies his favourite food the crisp grey caribou moss. When the winter snows cover this too deeply, he can browse on the 'old men's beards,' or the black fibrous moss hanging from almost every tree trunk. These barrens seem to exist purposely to furnish him with a magnificent pleasaunce.

In many respects, Red Indian Lake exceeds the rest in attractiveness. It was here that the now extinct tribe of Beothic Indians loved to camp and hunt in the brief but beautiful Newfoundland summer. The Beothics,[1] a branch of the Algonquin race, were so barbarous and treacherous in their dealings with the early settlers, that they brought on themselves a war of extermination, which resulted in their extinction. After many cold-blooded murders, it became the practice of the white population to shoot an Indian at sight, as if he were a dangerous kind of wild animal.

The usual remedy for Indian troubles was ruthlessly applied —extermination. Short was the shrift granted even to the squaws and children when hunters surprised an encampment hidden away in the forest, or in some nook among the cliffs of the sea coast. This tribe were famed as excellent hunters. The caribou which made their homes on the shores of the lake and its tributaries, ducks and geese in vast numbers during the summer, and generally speaking inexhaustible fish in the brooks which feed the lake,[2] yielded them an easy and pleasant means

[1] The lake is named after this tribe. On its shores they found the deposits of red ochre by the assistance of which they dyed their features to a deeper red than nature intended.

[2] The writer discovered the Ouananiche (*Salmo salar ouananiche*) in Red Indian Lake. Having sent on two specimens to the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, U.S.A., he is glad to have this identification of this fine game-fish confirmed.

of living. During the fine season of the year life was one long prodigious feast. Even in the stern period of winter, good venison could at any time be had from the herds of caribou wandering on the neighbouring barren lands.

There is something about the lake that suggests caribou and Indians to one who knows the habits of both. It has bold rocky points, and promontories enclosing fair soft curving little bays, where the woods descend with gentle slope to a

TWO STAGS' HORNS TAKEN ON BEACH AT RED INDIAN LAKE

narrow margent of gravelly beach. It has occasional meadows on its borders which are favourite summer haunts of the deer. These are dotted here and there with clumps of brushwood, and usually watered by some mountain brook which with soft murmurous babble empties itself into a brown oily 'steady' (still-water) flecked with yellow lilies slowly winding a circuitous path towards the lake.

The caribou come down to its shores from the neighbouring barrens. All through the summer the cry of the 'twillick' or yellow legged plover, keeps time to the lapping of the waves on its rocky shores, and the rustle of the western breeze through

the scrubby growth of the dwarfed and ragged evergreen forest. From early May to mid September, the shores of the lake swarm with wild geese, and the midsummer night is filled with the discordant cries of the 'wabby,' or red-throated loon, and the harsh call of the great northern diver. Emphatically a lonely spot—that has for its background an uninhabited wilderness stretching away for many a league—where reigns a tense silence, save when on rare occasions broken by these weird and disconsolate notes of the northern solitude.

Most enchanting can Red Indian Lake appear at times—either when its crystal waters array themselves in the borrowed

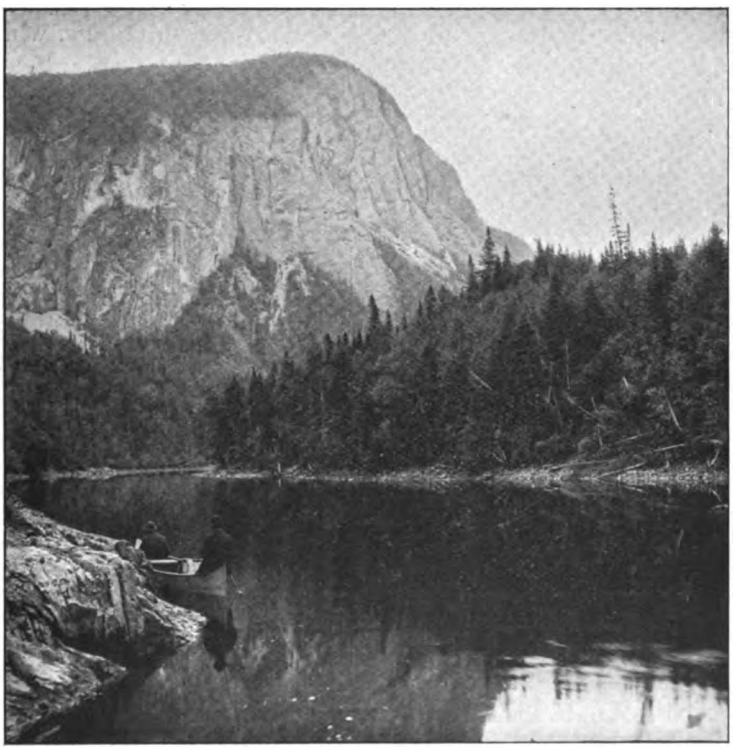
PORTAGE OF BOAT FROM MARY MARSH'S BROOK TO RED INDIAN LAKE

glories of sunrise or the golden splendour of sunset; or on quiet nights radiant with stars; or when the autumn mists, reeling before the sunrise into rosy shattered spirals, are moving across its surface like the remnants of a defeated army, unveiling a glittering expanse as smooth as glass.

Toward September 20, stags in large numbers may be looked for in the vicinity of this interesting lake—which however is only one of many other equally attractive hunting-grounds. The hunter has ten days before him wherein to secure his trophies ere the close season shuts off his sport for a brief interim. By the middle of September the southerly movement of the deer fairly sets in. They will be met with after thus traversing the island in their periodical migration from north to south. Should the weather be rough and cold their march is accelerated.

Should fine and sunny days prevail the animals linger and loiter on their route.

All the great lakes of the interior lie across their path. They are seen to cross them even when the waters are lashed into wild fury by autumn gales, for the caribou is a gallant and tireless swimmer. Now and then the bleached skeleton of a



BREAKFAST HEAD OF HUMBER, EN ROUTE TO GRAND LAKE

drowned deer is thrown up on some gravelly beach, but this does not happen often.

First in the march of the great army come the does and fawns. Sometimes for days not a single stag, other than a pricket, may be seen among them. There are barren does without a fawn, and occasionally there are does seen accompanied by two fawns. When this is the case, the doe is generally only a foster mother to one of them.

The September sportsman most frequently encounters the large stags roaming singly. They present a far different

appearance from the animals he may have met in the summer months. The neck has grown stouter, as if strengthened by nature to bear up the new massive antlers she has bestowed; the hair on the neck and breast has grown extremely coarse and long, and from a rusty drab has turned into pure white. More especially is this true of the northern deer arriving from the extreme north of the island. Though all stags in September carry white necks, yet the colour of the body varies very considerably. There is a variety of a light-brown colour, which generally includes the fattest deer and carries the best antlers.

Then there is the white stag, more or less white all over, even in summer and autumn. These are supposed to belong to the extreme north of the island. There is also the dark slate-grey stag with white hind quarters and a head almost black, which attains the largest size of any, and carries a different type of antlers from the rest.

All, however, grow light in colour in the winter, under the protective care of nature, assimilating to their surroundings. When the natives come out on the plains to take their toll off the herds in winter they find their game quite white. They clothe themselves in white mole-skin suits, and even have their guns enclosed in cases of the same material, understanding the value of the mimicry of nature's work for their own purposes.

In the spring the caribou is a dirty greyish-white. The hair comes off in handfuls at the touch, and easily breaks off short, forming ragged patches. At this season the meat is poor; the hide is full of holes made by the 'bots' of the deer flies. Very often the scent of the animals is utterly destroyed by these pests lodging in their nostrils, and under the palate in the throat. Yet the caribou carry no vermin as do foxes, beaver, and many other wild creatures. The hide is invariably cleanly in this respect.

The antlers of the Newfoundland caribou, generally speaking, are not in prime order until the middle of September. The old stags lose the velvet first, but an occasional animal is seen with ragged strips of velvet adhering even as late as September 20. The antlers are dropped about the middle of November, except in the case of barren does and hinds with fawns, which preserve them intact till the spring.

The habit of threshing the antlers against the alder bushes, which exude a reddish brown sap when barked, serves to give them a beautiful chestnut varnish, which much enhances their beauty.

It is a common sight in a caribou country to see numberless fir saplings, about one inch in diameter, peeled and destroyed, from being incessantly used as rubbing posts to help get rid of the velvet. As the horns grow thoroughly hardened, they are boldly rubbed against tougher materials. The rough bark of some old yellow birch, or the brown wrinkled bole of a hemlock more readily assists them to cleanse the antlers from the irritating substance. The best antlers are carried by stags in the prime of life from four to eight years old. They are frequently

TRAPPER'S WIGWAM—RED INDIAN LAKE

met with showing over forty points. Indeed, rare stags have been reported as carrying between fifty and sixty points. The illustration shows the writer's best head with thirty-seven points.

Should the reader desire to know just how it was secured, let him accompany two hunters for a couple of hours to a typical Newfoundland barren. They stand upon the pleasant shores of a lake lying upwards of a mile above sea level. It is the last week of September, bright with the warmth of the dying summer—that tranquil autumn time when all nature seems to rest and bask in a mellow radiance which is the fare-

well glow before the northern summer comes to an abrupt conclusion.

From a picturesque encampment among silver birches and pines, you look across a narrow inlet of the lake over the sun dried yellow herbage of a flat meadow, the further side of which is seen to be fringed with a belt of pine, firs and black spruce. Beyond this there rises a rough and rugged mountain on the nearer side bearing traces of strange ruin. Wounds and scars, of the age of the ice period perhaps, appear still raw. It looks as if the skin and flesh had been torn from these precipitous

mountain sides but yesterday. Boulders wrenched and filed from the scarped rock are strewn on the ledges in crushed heaps.

At the edge of an island of dwarf fir-trees where the hunters can command every portion of the open space spread before them, the two men pause and examine fresh hoof-prints in a deeply worn deer 'lead.' A dappled herd soon come in sight moving slowly, cropping the tips of the shrubbery and the soft grey lichens in their path ; once in a while stopping to sniff the air and peering with great round eyes in every direction. The company is made up of does, fawns, 'prickets' (two-year-olds), and a couple of three-year-old stags in the rear with antlers of no merit. Always alert and observant, the does are the keenest to scent danger, acting as sentinels for the lazy stags. Many a

young fawn goes gambolling and frisking like a lamb in the month of May by the side of its dam. They pass to the leeward of the two men, until all of a sudden every ear is cocked at full tension, every nostril is distended, as they detect that strange taint of the air which notifies to their keen perception the presence of a human foe—although yet at a great distance off. A momentary pause till an unmistakable whiff convinces the most dubious. Instantly with a sound like the charge of a squadron of cavalry, the herd is off at a rattling pace with their white scuts erect in the air. After two or three bounds they all settle into a long swinging trot. Now and again they turn for a short space, apparently to convince themselves that the danger was a real one.

After a brief interval has elapsed, at a point in the belt of spruces in front the boughs sway and open, and there steps out into the open an immense doe with white neck and rump and bluish-grey sides, followed by a lordly stag carrying a grand head. These two are not on the lead commanded by the rifle of the sportsman, and a long *détour* is necessary, to remove all risk of giving the animals a whiff of wind.

In such spaces of meadow land, recessed between mountain bastions, 'the winds have a quare way of blowin' from all parts at oncet,' as a Newfoundland hunter once remarked. The men are clad in light brown suits which are very near the monotone of colour of the tawny sun-scorched shrubbery and fulvous grasses. The doe walks ahead and her vigilance compels the men to be very slow and stealthy in their advance. The great ears keep working ; her nostrils sniff the air repeatedly ; her eyes seek all points of the compass by turns. While that mood lasts the men remain as utterly moveless as the boulders on the shore of the lake. A deep but narrow inlet of the lake, winding in half circles through the meadow, lies directly across their path. Slowly and deliberately their round fat bodies, projecting high above the surface, come over the water. Their great splayed hoofs make swimming an easy matter. Each limb is a perfect paddle. Their inevitable ease in the attempt reminds one of the swimming of wild fowl. The doe emerges first and shakes glittering drops from her sides, just as a huge Newfoundland dog might do. The stag does the same, but the weight of his massive horns causes him to stagger and reel in a comical fashion, as if he had almost lost his balance. He does not appear to have quite got accustomed to the twenty-eight pounds of new bone on his forehead.

'These are northern deer, sir,' says one of the men handing to the other an express rifle. 'Wait till you can take him behind the shoulder, sir.'

Will that doe never relax her vigilance? There! she has given the alarm and is off. Her indolent lord and master before deigning to follow looks round to satisfy himself that there is cause for flight.

Suddenly he gives a start which shows he is aware that something is undoubtedly wrong.

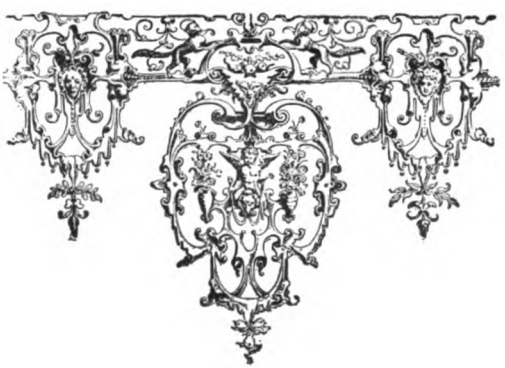
HERD OF DEER SWIMMING IN RED INDIAN LAKE

Nothing can be finer than the manner of a large stag when excited and alarmed. However listless he may appear at ordinary times, he then seems the very embodiment of strength and grace.

Looking truly magnificent, with head erect, the noble creature pauses broadside to the foe. A cloud has been drifting across the sun, but suddenly breaking away, a rift of yellow sunlight plays upon the brown branching antlers in all their proud beauty. That is his last look around at the environment of awful and infinite grandeur which forms the background to the drama. Two short sharp reports of the rifle echo among the

hills and the stately caribou plunges wildly forward and falling full length in the blood-stained moss soon lies dead on his native barren.

Note.—Licences issued to shoot caribou in Newfoundland are of three kinds. A licence entitling the holder thereof to kill and take two stags and one doe caribou is furnished by any magistrate on the payment of a fee of forty dollars (£8); to kill three stags and one doe caribou on the payment of fifty dollars (£10); and to kill five stags and two doe caribou on the payment of a fee of eighty dollars (£16). A licence of the first class holds good for four weeks from its date of issue, of the second class for six weeks, and of the third class for two months. By an act of courtesy, permits to hunt are issued to naval officers of British warships stationed on the coast for fisheries protection, without the payment of any fee, upon application to the Minister of Marine and Fisheries.



CONCERNING STEWARDS

BY THE EARL OF ELLESMERE

WE are constantly being told that the condition of the Turf and its surroundings is, at the present moment, worse than it ever was, that our English-bred horses are inferior to those of former times, that they are 'doped' and pulled right and left, that the Stewards of Meetings are either ignorant of their duties, or else hopelessly supine. Is this really the case? I venture to think not.

The fierce light of public opinion now beats upon the Turf with far greater strength than it formerly did. The columns of the most influential daily papers are open to discussion whenever a question or a scandal affecting the Turf arises, and the letters and articles which follow are read and commented upon by hosts of people who know little or nothing of the conditions under which racing is carried on in this country. People read, and write, who most likely are as well acquainted with the Code of Justinian, or the Maxims of Confucius, as they are with the 'Rules of Racing.'

That this publicity is wholly detrimental to the Turf I do not say; but though there must be a certain amount of dirty linen in every household, it is not usually considered desirable to wash it in public, yet that is just how the British public, as it seems to me, desire the dirty linen of the Turf to be treated.

It is not my purpose in this paper to touch upon the question of deterioration in our horses, whether caused by breeding on wrong lines, or by antiquated and mistaken methods of training, though, by the way, I hope I may be permitted to remark that I do not agree with a recent writer on the subject, who maintained that there was no such thing as luck in con-

nection with breeding racehorses—that all you have to do is to select the right horse to suit the mare, and to keep on sending her to him till she gives you a Derby winner.

I am bold enough to wish to try to take up the cudgels on behalf of that much abused triumvirate, the Stewards of the Jockey Club. With this object in view I desire to let it be most distinctly understood that I have no idea of putting myself forward in defence of the three gentlemen now in office. I feel sure that, in such a case, they would be anything but grateful to me for my uncalled-for advocacy. But as I was in office myself a few years ago, I thought I might be able, without betraying any secret of the prison house, to dispel some illusions and to give some information to those who have not been so far behind the scenes.

It has often struck me that it would be amusing, if not profitable, to try to gather, from the numerous and varied strictures upon their action, or lack of action, what manner of man an Ideal Steward of the Jockey Club ought to be, and the nature and scope of the work he is expected to do. I take it that the Ideal Steward must combine the attributes of an extremely keen-sighted detective with those of a police magistrate of remarkable astuteness and knowledge of the world, and also possess such a profound acquaintance with the law (of racing) as would qualify him for a seat in the highest Court of Appeal.

As a detective it is true that he is not called upon to exercise the deductive skill of a Sherlock Holmes. He is chiefly required to observe whether a jockey misbehaves at a start, whether he crosses another or commits some other act of foul-riding in the course of a race, or, what I believe to be far more rare, fails to win at the finish of *malice prepense*, when he might have done so. In other words, he, the Ideal Steward, must be provided with a pair of race-glasses far in advance of any that have yet been invented, and must have the power of being in several places at once.

When sitting, as a magistrate, to decide objections, he must exercise a quick and decided judgment with regard to the evidence brought before him, together with a due appreciation of the individuals who tender it, and with very little assistance from any cross-examination, except from himself. Moreover, be it remembered, there is in such cases no appeal from his decision to any other tribunal.

When he sits in what I may call the higher court, and has to deal with cases referred by, or with appeals from the decisions

of, Stewards of Meetings where the Stewards of the Jockey Club do not officiate, his task is by no means easier. He is expected to be ruthless in carrying out the letter of the law as it is read by those who, to judge from what they say and write, would, if they had the power, warn off any one of whose conduct they did not happen entirely to approve.

I think I may say that there are two kinds of cases which are commonly referred by local Stewards to those of the Jockey Club: viz., those that depend upon the interpretation of the Rules of Racing or the advertised conditions of a race, and those where the imputed offence is too grave for the local Stewards to adjudicate upon. With regard to the former class of cases, with which I propose chiefly to deal, it may, and I am afraid it does, occur that a point is sometimes raised which is not provided for in the Rules. This must add materially to the Steward's difficulties. One such has lately arisen with respect to the termination, or otherwise, of the lease of a racehorse in training. I should not allude to this, because published opinions differ about it and I have no desire to provoke controversy or to put my own view forward, if the Stewards had not, wisely as it seems to me, refused to give a decision. The Rules of Racing are accused of being vague on the subject. I am not sure that they are not properly vague, for this reason: it is always unwise to make a rule or lay down a law that cannot be enforced, and, in a case such as that I have mentioned, it might easily happen that the ownership of a racehorse might under the Rule rest with one person, while the officials of the Inland Revenue held that it appertained to another. Hence chaos; for the right to nominate and run the animal would be with a person who, in the eye of the law, was not the owner. From this curious and absurd state of affairs the vagueness of the Rules may have saved us.[1]

It has been said that it is easy to drive a coach-and-six through any Act of Parliament, and there are, I fear, some loopholes in the Rules of Racing through which those who are not content to act in accordance with the spirit of those Rules can contrive to creep.

The stern critics of the Turf would say: 'No matter; a man may be warned off simply at the will of the authorities. *Fiat Justicia, ruat coelum*, rules or no rules.'

I cannot but think that the days for such drastic action

[1] Since the above was written the case in point has been brought into a Court of Law, and is now settled.

FLYING DUTCHMAN.

Reproduced from Herring's picture at the Durdans by kind permission of
THE EARL OF ROSEBERY.

have gone by. It was before my time that an individual newspaper correspondent was warned off on account of something he had written, and I hesitate to contemplate the reception by the public such treatment of the Press would now receive. In these days the Press exercises a great power both for good and evil. Its mission, apart from providing information, is twofold: it expresses the opinion of the public, and it sways that opinion, now in one direction, now in another. Sometimes, in their eagerness for the purification of the Turf, the sporting papers are, I venture to suggest, a little apt to take a line which, to put it mildly, is inclined to be hasty.

For instance, only last season there arose an outcry about what is called in America 'doping' a horse. There is no Rule of Racing which bears directly upon this, and many were the demands for instant and vigorous legislation with regard to it. The Jockey Club took no steps, as I think rightly; for here again comes in the inadvisability of making rules which are likely to become dead letters. It will probably be remembered by most people interested that a meeting was held in London to discuss and to throw light upon the subject. It is not too much to say that at that meeting no light was thrown, and nothing was proved, upon which any action could be taken.

It is altogether outside the scope of this article for me to hazard any suggestion as to what ought to be done in any such matter. I only mention it to illustrate the variety of the questions which Stewards have to consider. In order to deal with this one, it is clear that our Ideal Steward ought to be an expert in chemistry and a competent veterinary surgeon.

In other cases it is desirable, now that horses come from so many foreign countries to run in England, that he should be a man of considerable linguistic attainments. I happen to recollect one occasion, the correctness of a nomination being in question, when the persons interested spoke no English, and the proofs of identity were somewhat complicated. No doubt, under such circumstances, recourse could be had to an interpreter, just as in others legal advice or expert opinion could be obtained. But I am now attempting to put before my readers the varied attributes which ought to pertain to my Ideal Steward, and I have tried to use actual occurrences only as examples to prove my case, and have avoided as much as possible saying anything whatever of what I personally think about them.

I have, I must acknowledge, twice expressed approval of the

action of the Stewards, but both times it was not approval of the decision they came to, but only of their wisdom in declining to give one. The Ideal Steward would be a man of such distinguished eminence, by reason of his known character and multifarious knowledge, that I should not wonder at anything he said or any rule that he laid down being universally listened to and accepted, even by his Majesty's judges.

I had not intended to write much, or anything, about the disciplinary duties of Stewards — that is, the awarding of punishments and penalties for those who transgress; but perhaps I ought not to shirk that part of their business altogether.

Here again I fancy that even my Ideal would sometimes be puzzled to administer such justice as would ensure that the punishment should meet the crime. 'Oh, warn the fellow off, and have done with it!' would no doubt be in almost every case the advice which some would tender if they were asked for a suggestion. But he who knows what amount of pressure can be brought to bear in order to get a warned-off person reinstated, may well hesitate before inflicting this, the utmost penalty of the racing law. Suspension—I am now writing only of jockeys—falls, for one thing, far more heavily upon the delinquent at one season of the year than at another. Considerations of the same kind apply to fines. It is almost absurd to fine a small apprentice, while in a more important case a not over-scrupulous owner might feel bound, in what he was pleased to regard as honour, himself to pay the fine incurred by his employé for 'overdoing it,' or, as he might put it, for excess of zeal in carrying out his orders. If the fine were a substantial one I do not know that it would matter much out of which of the two pockets it came, though the intention under which the penalty had been inflicted would be frustrated. The Ideal Steward might be able to devise some plan by which the really guilty should be the only one to suffer.

There was a time when, I believe, the late Admiral Rous was almost universally accepted as the Dictator of the Turf, but though of my own experience I am not qualified to write of that period of racing history, I hardly think that he quite came up to the ideal I have attempted to describe. Anyhow that time has gone by. The English Jockey Club is in constant communication, I may even say collaboration, with other clubs all over the world. New rules and regulations passed by

the Jockey Club of this country are copied or adapted throughout the civilised globe, and with many other countries we have reciprocal arrangements, by which persons who are debarred from racing here find very few racecourses open to them elsewhere. There are seventeen or eighteen clubs mentioned in the *Racing Calendar* with which this reciprocal system exists, and the number of racecourses under their control must be left to the imagination. The very fact that to refuse the renewal of a licence to a prominent jockey not of British nationality must affect his prospects beyond the sea, must tend to make our Stewards very circumspect and careful in their methods, whilst it adds to their responsibilities, by reason of the increased importance of their decisions.

This, when discussing a matter of pains and penalties, many of their critics seem to overlook. It is not difficult to give a verdict without hearing the evidence, or to decide a point when nobody is bound by your decision. It is comparatively easy to recommend a certain remedy as a specific cure if it falls to somebody else to put the prescription in writing and to administer the dose.

And now I have come almost to the end of the list of duties which fall to the lot of a Steward—only two, I think, remain: the framing of new Rules, or the amending of those already existing to meet fresh developments that are constantly arising; and the management of the Club property at Newmarket. About the latter I say nothing here. In the reports of the proceedings at the meetings of the Club it will be found that they often terminate with the following formula: 'The remainder of the business was private.' Private therefore let it remain.

But these same reports consist of little else than the legislation which is brought forward, for the most part, but not of necessity, by the Stewards. Let us see what the Ideal Steward has to do under this head. It may be asked what necessity is there for all this legislation? My answer would be, primarily to stop up gaps. Those loopholes I have mentioned, through which certain people creep, are like the weak places in the roof of a house. You cannot tell where repair is needed till the rain comes through, and even then if you patch it in a hurry you may find that the wet (as slim as the Boer leader of similar name) has eluded you, and is percolating elsewhere.

In like manner, unless you are careful, you may find that an apparently necessary amendment of one rule is so at variance

with some clause in another as to cause doubt and confusion. I have heard complaints that the Jockey Club is always tinkering at the Rules, so that nobody knows where they are; but is not Parliament constantly doing the same by the Statute Law? Session after session, are not numerous Amendment Acts introduced, if not passed? Can it be expected that the Rules of Racing should be more perfect and more permanent than the law of the land?

Then there is also the demand for legislation in the direction of what is called 'reform.' Some people are always crying out for Turf Reform; but the louder they cry the less definite seem their ideas as to what is the most urgent reform needed at that particular moment. More often than not it turns out that what they want is not a Turf Reform Bill, but that the Stewards should do something which is already quite within the scope of their powers.

Supposing, however, that the Ideal Steward as soon as he took office were to set to work to rearrange and codify the Rules of Racing, he would of course be gifted with such marvellous foresight that his rules would not only be drawn up without any loopholes, but would be so worded that it would be a light task to apply them to any future contingency. I need hardly say that his efforts would deserve the lasting gratitude of his successors.

But he would need something more than the skill of a consummate draughtsman, coupled with a preternatural power of looking forward, before his Reform Bill could be placed on the Turf Statute Book, *i.e.*, the Racing Calendar. He would have to use with tact and discretion that persuasive eloquence which alone can disarm opposition. For opposition there would be. In this respect, be it said with bated breath, the Jockey Club is not unlike the House of Commons. There no measure of reform can hope to escape the most strenuous opposition. It is apparently considered the duty of one party to oppose the proposals of the other, and this is a duty which is invariably performed.

I do not mean to insinuate that within the portals of the Jockey Club the same system of party government is to be found as exists in 'another place,' but there, as everywhere else, *Quot homines, tot sententiæ.*

Members do not perhaps differ so much on matters of principle as about details; but it is surprising what an effect a very slight alteration in the wording of a rule may have. It is

here that the eloquence of the Ideal Steward would come into play, and beyond that, something more than mere eloquence, mere clearness of expression, is required. He must have so complete a grasp of the matter on hand, together with all its ramifications, that he can see at a glance whether an amendment is practicable, and whether, if it is, the result will be the fulfilling of the intentions of the proposer. It might be indeed that the Ideal Steward would be so generally looked up to, as an expert on all subjects, that eloquence, though useful, would not be necessary.

I have now reached the end of the theme that I put before myself when I began, but perhaps a few explanatory words are needed, and will therefore be excused.

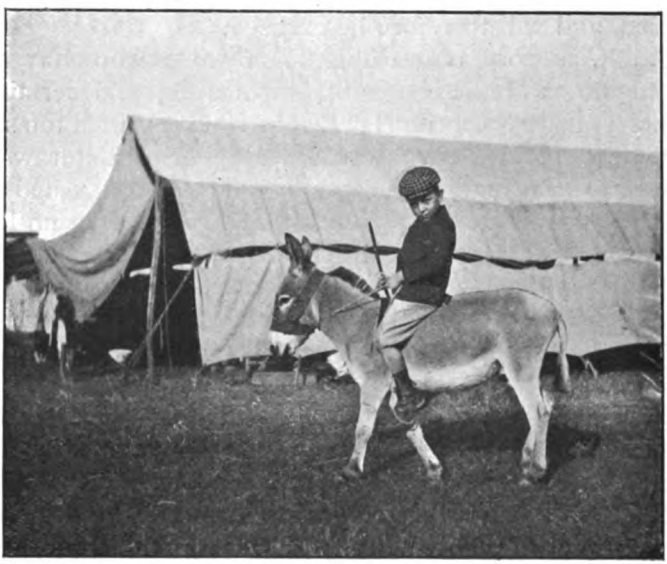
First, a word of warning to any one who may take the trouble to read these possibly incoherent, and certainly fragmentary, pages. Do not take what I have written too seriously. In describing an Ideal Steward I have tried to draw a fancy sketch, to paint an imaginary portrait, with no veiled allegory concealed behind it. I have attempted to teach no lesson, to broach no theory, to put forward no scheme of my own. Difficulties arise, and changes become necessary, on the Turf as elsewhere ; they must be faced and dealt with as they come, not hastily and in a panic, but calmly and judiciously, after careful inquiry into facts.

Secondly, I wish to disclaim, in any references I may have made to recent events, any intention to criticise the action of any person or persons: they have been introduced, as I have already stated, solely as illustrations, as examples which seemed to me useful to point the moral and adorn the tale. And yet another word of warning. Let no one try to compose, from anything I have written here, any scheme of Turf reform, and claim me as his supporter. The scheme will be his, not mine. And, moreover, let him beware of forming conclusions on such an insufficient basis as this fantastic but I hope not altogether uninforming paper.

In my Ideal Steward I have meant to portray a being of superhuman genius, who, if he could exist, would be a monster almost as insupportable as that of Frankenstein, and who would run great risk of being ostracised as was Aristides. In short, I am no believer in a Utopia ; nothing here is perfect, nor ever will be. If it were, the element of chance would be eliminated, and just conceive what racing would be like if there were no chance or luck about it ! But these reflections have nothing

to do with Stewards, whether Ideal or not, and I must stop them.

Only one word more. In conclusion, I beg to apologise to the present Stewards of the Jockey Club, to all past Stewards, and to those who are to come, if I have appeared to suggest that they do not, they have not, or that they will not come up to the Ideal.

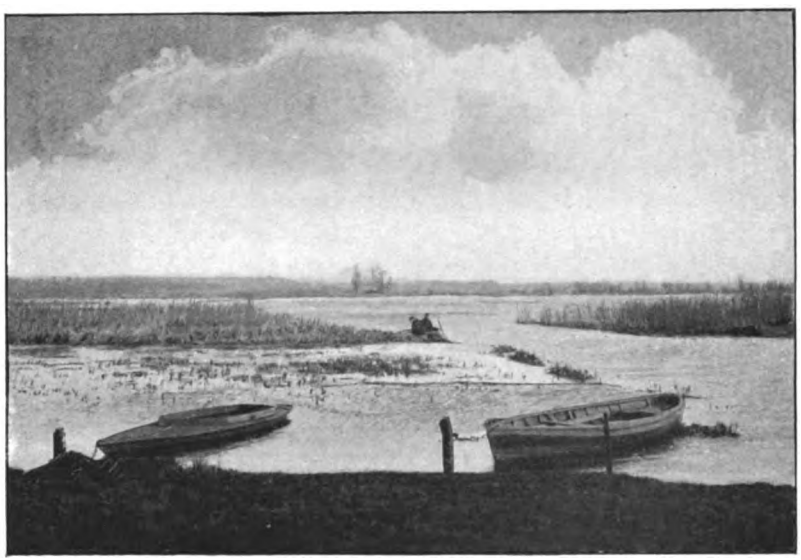


THE WHITE WITCH DUCK

BY WILLIAM A. DUTT

JUST as the first faint gleam of a winter's day-dawn tinged the eastern sky with grey, Jim Witherden's gun-punt glided silently out of a marsh dyke on to the still misty waters of Rockham Mere. Crouched in the shallow well of the punt, Jim, with his breechloader beside him, glanced along the barrel of his heavy swivel gun, then, quietly dipping the oars, sculled a little nearer to a bunch of fowl which were feeding in the shallows by a reed-shoal. So silent was his progress that some coots, which stole out of the sedge at the dyke-mouth, let the punt come within a yard of them before they vanished into the hovers; while a heron, standing sentinel in a neighbouring gladen-bed, remained wholly undisturbed. Ice-crystals tinkled in the reed-beds when the slight breeze, which was dispelling the mists, set the amber culms waving; and there was a white rime on Jim's black beard which made him look like an old man. His fingers were frost-nipped, and from time to time a chill draught of air from the marshes bleared his eyes, so that for a moment or two he lost sight of the fowl; but he only closed them tightly for a while, squeezing the water from between his eyelids, and then

crept closer to the shoal. An uninstructed onlooker might have wondered why he did not fire, seeing that the fowl were within easy range ; but Jim, though young in years, was too experienced a fowler to kill duck on one of their favourite feeding 'grounds.' For he knew that if he did they would forsake the spot, and for a long time he would get no sport there. So when his punt was well out on the open water he tapped the heavy gun-muzzle sharply on the decked bow of the punt, scaring the fowl, which rose from the water and, following the lead of a loudly-calling



ROCKHAM MERE

drake, began flying off with their heads to the wind. In a moment or two they 'bunched' ; then a sudden flash and a loud roar set the wild life of the mere in motion. By the time the gun-barrel again rested on the punt's bow several mallard lay dead or dying on the water or among the reeds ; while at the 'crack! crack!' of the gunner's breechloader, two other birds were added to their number.

Sitting upright in the punt, Jim now began sculling quickly towards the slaughtered fowl ; but he had scarcely made half a dozen strokes with the oars when he suddenly dropped them and clutched his empty breechloader. For, from the shelter of a clump of yellow-stalked, grey-plumed reeds, a snow-white bird appeared, and, flying low but gradually rising, winged

swiftly over reed and gladen-bed towards the further side of the mere. Much smaller than a wild swan, and far different in its flight from any of the gulls which frequented the mere, Jim had no difficulty in recognising it. It was the 'White Witch Duck' —the white wild duck which for some weeks had haunted the shores and waters of the mere, defying the skill and cunning of the fowlers until they had named it the 'White Witch.' Time after time Jim had vowed, in the presence of other gunners at the Wherry Inn, that sooner or later he would bring down that wary and elusive bird; and now, as his gaze followed it and his fingers played nervously with the triggers of his empty gun, he dejectedly admitted a lost opportunity. He had set his heart on adding the White Witch Duck to the little collection of rare birds which, badly stuffed and mounted in 'glassen' boxes constituted the sole attempt at adorning his little reed-roofed marshland home. Seated by the side of the old-fashioned open hearth, in the well-polished rail-backed chair his father used to sit in, he had often pictured the white bird a permanent occupant of the space between the bittern case and that of the black-tailed godwit—for he had long ago decided upon a place for it in his collection—and he had imagined himself pointing towards it when strange gunners came to see it and hear its curious history. Proud of his reputation of being the best shot in the district, it had galled him to have to admit that three times he had fired at the bird and missed; and more than once his temper had been aroused by his fellow gunners' laughing reference to his frequent fruitless vigils on the mere. So it was little wonder that when the snow-white bird had vanished in the brightening dawnlight he cursed his ill-luck all the while he gathered up the slaughtered fowl.

. . . . .

At the Wherry Inn that night the reappearance of the white duck caused much discussion, and Jim Witherden came in for some more or less good-humoured chaff. As soon as he entered the inn-kitchen some of the younger gunners greeted him with, 'Well, Jimmy, bor, ha' you got that White Witch yet?' and comparisons were drawn between the pursuit of a white duck and a wild goose chase. But an old gunner, whose customary seat was at the fireside end of the corduroy-polished, high-backed settle which made the kitchen such a snug retreat on winter nights, took a serious view of the matter, and, with his face wearing a most lugubrious expression, proceeded to relate how, 'in his young time,' a white wild duck had haunted the

marshes around Reedmere. 'It wor sometime in the fifties,' he said, 'afore th' owd windmill at th' mouth o' Big Salla Dyke wor pulled down an' a steam pump-mill put up. Young Holston, whose father, owd Bob Holston, had charge o' th' mill, wor jist as keen upon shutin' that duck as Jim here is about thissun. Night an' day he used to prowl about th' mashes, paying no heed to any other fowl, an' folks began to say as how th' white duck had bewitched him. Orfen his owd man 'ud give him th' rough edge o' his tongue, sayin' as how a chap what could fule away his time arter a bad what wouldn't be wuth more'n a crown if he got it, didn't know what his duty wor to them as had reared him. But young Jack wouldn't listen to no one, an' day arter day he'd tramp miles acrost th' mashes, allus keepin' his gun ready for that partickler duck. Now an' agin he'd git sight on't; but gin'rally it wor far out o' his range. Howsumdever, once or twice he got a shot at it; but that duck wor sartinly a witch duck, for nayther he nor any o' th' other gunners could hit it. An' they all, 'ceptin' young Jack, give up tryin' arter it, sayin' it wor no good shutin' at a bad what th' shot went tru as though it wor reed-feather. But young Jack swore he'd ha' that duck if he died for it, an' for more'n a month he wor out on th' mashes every day arter it, an' one November night, arter he'd bin out all day, he got caught by th' roke (fog) somewhere agin' Mereham Fen. His father sot up all night a-waitin' for him; but he didn't come home; an' as sune as it wor light I an' two or three other chaps went out to look for him. We didn't find him that day; but th' next arternoon we saw th' white duck a-flyin' over Mereham Fen. Zack Thrower an' Bob Banham, who wor wi' me, thowt as how they'd ha' one more try to git 'un, so they left me to follow th' Fen Fleet while they went over to th' Fen. Well, they didn't get the white duck; but they found young Jack up to his waist in the Fen—frozen stiff, an' wi' a score or more Danish crows a-hoppin' an' squawkin' around him. Arter that they didn't want to hear no more about white ducks, an' if Jim here 'ull heed what an owd man say he 'ont ha' no more to du wi' 'em nayther.'

Some of the old gunners seemed somewhat impressed by the old man's story, but the young men only laughed and asked Jim whether, after what he had heard, he had pluck enough to continue his pursuit of the White Witch. One of them offered to bet him a crown that the duck would never fill one of his 'glassen' boxes; another suggested he should have some silver

shot cast, and tie a witch-stone (flint arrow-head) on to his gun-stock. By chaffing and teasing they soon aroused his quick temper, and before he left the Wherry he was ready to stake five pounds that he would kill the duck before the week was out. No one, however, accepted his challenge, and the old gunner once again advised him to 'ha' nuthin' to du wi' th' bad.'

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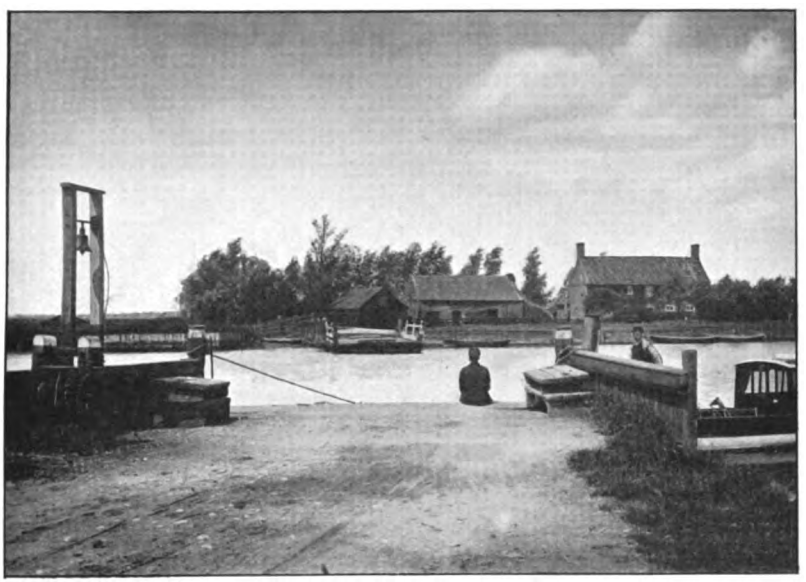
On three successive mornings Jim Witherden sought the



A MARSHLAND INN AND FERRY

White Witch Duck of the waters of Rockham Mere, but without success. On the third, which was Friday, he determined to stay all night in his little houseboat in Rockham Fleet, so that he might watch by the moonlight the fowl which came to the mere. Going on board the houseboat about eight in the evening, he turned in and slept until an hour after midnight; then, having donned a tan jumper over his guernsey, he opened the cabin door and looked out over the misty water. The lightning-struck upper branches of a dead willow on the opposite side of the mere gleamed white in the moonlight; the rugged alders, whose trunks were hidden by the drifting fog, showed their gnarled boughs weirdly against the clear sky.

Strange rustlings were heard among the reeds, where otters, rats, and wild-fowl were moving far less cautiously than during the day; out of the mist came the piping, wailing, and clamorous quacking of the fowl. For a few moments the air was filled with the loud honking of flighting geese; the 'hell-hounds of the marshes' were abroad; but they passed over the mere and their cries died away in the distance. The ice in the reed-beds had melted since a thaw set in; at the nodding of the grey reed-plumes a shower of mist-drops pattered on the water and sedge. In the misty moonlight the mere assumed a weird and primitive aspect, suggesting the days when the wide surrounding marshes were unreclaimed swamps, when salt floods filled the reed-fringed lagoons, and sea asters bloomed in the sea-soaked fens.

After his brief sleep Jim felt wide awake, and, having watched for a while the feeding water-fowl, he took down his big swivel-gun and loaded it in readiness for the dawn. Then he slipped cartridges into his breechloader, and, having placed both guns on the long locker in his cabin, filled his pipe and smoked for a while. Shining through a scrub of waving sallows, the moon cast a flickering fretwork of light and shade into the cabin; now and again the shadow of some flighting bird passed swiftly over the cabin floor. From his seat on the locker Jim could see a bunch of mallard on their favourite feeding-ground; but when he looked for them a few minutes later they were scattered over a shallow pool.

For a while he forgot his fruitless efforts to shoot the elusive Witch Duck; but suddenly he took his pipe from his mouth and gazed fixedly towards the open water of the mere. The fog, which was what the marshmen call a 'patchy roke,' had lifted from the water, whose smooth surface faintly reflected a few of the larger stars whose radiance the moonlight had not wholly dimmed. But it was not the lifting fog nor the water's mirroring of the stars that caused Jim to assume an attitude of emotional intentness: it was the sight of a snow-white bird swimming silently to and fro on the open water of the mere. It was quite alone, and to Jim it seemed that its snowy plumage shone in the moonlight. As it swam towards him it left a V-shaped trail of shimmering silver behind it. It was the White Witch Duck.

For a few moments the gunner was undecided what to do. There, within range of his gun, was the bird he so long had pursued and which had always eluded him. Should he stay

where he was and chance its coming close enough to the houseboat to ensure his hitting it, or should he get into his punt and approach it in the shadow of the reeds? The thought that his brother gunners would not thank him for disturbing the fowl before the dawn came, and they were afloat in their punts, did not seem to him worth considering: there was the longed-for duck and was he to lose such a chance of getting it? His mind was soon made up. Taking up his guns, both the swivel and the breechloader, he stepped silently into his

A MARSHLAND HOUSEBOAT

punt. Slipping the swivel into its socket and laying the breechloader beside him, he sculled slowly along near the shore of the mere, keeping in the shadow of its fringing reeds. As an experienced fowler it was easy for him to do this without disturbing the feeding fowl.

He had quite decided what he would do. He would get as near to the duck as possible and then let fly at it with his murderous swivel-gun. He knew his friends would laugh at him when they heard how he had killed the bird—at least, those of them who did not blame him for spoiling a morning's sport on the mere—but he was determined that this time the duck should not escape him. Crouched in his punt, his face and beard wet with mist-drops, he suggested one of the primitive

fowlers who, ages ago, crept out in their coracles to lure and slay the water-fowl of the fenland meres. His instincts were those of an early-world hunter. He meant to kill, and all his thoughts and attention were centred on his prey.

For some minutes the punt moved slowly and silently onward, the dipping of the oars scarcely rippling the water. It reached the shadow of a straggling reed-bed, which stretched some way out into the shallows of the mere. Then it paused, and the gunner turned its bow towards the open water, where the white duck floated motionless in the moonlight. Bending forward he raised the muzzle of the big swivel-gun; then lifted a hand and wiped the mist-drops from his eyes. He felt that at last the White Witch Duck was his. Raising his head he glanced steadily along the gun-barrel. Then he found that his hand trembled, and he drew himself a little further back in the well of the punt so that he might rest his arm on its side.

A sharp 'crack' set all the wild-fowl of the mere flighting. The White Witch Duck rose from the water and vanished into the mist. A little cloud of smoke floated up from the well of the punt; the barrel of the big swivel-gun fell with a thud on the decked bow. At the bottom of the punt Jim Witherden lay motionless, and there were reddening mist-drops on his face and beard.

. . . . .

The other gunners, when day dawned upon the mere, had little difficulty in deciding how Jim had come by his death. Why he meant to use the swivel-gun at such an hour they could not say; but it was clear to them that in stooping to fire it he had drawn his foot backward and touched the trigger of his breechloader. The breechloader's empty barrel and the gunner's shattered face told their own story; but no one thought of associating with it the white wild duck which flew over the mere while they were towing Jim's punt towards Rockham Staithe. It was not until the evening, when the sad event was talked over at the Wherry, that the old gunner, who had told the tale of young Jack Holston, again made a remark to the effect that it was best to 'let White Witch Ducks alone.'

THE THROWING QUESTION

A DEFENCE OF THE COUNTY CAPTAINS' POLICY

BY ERNEST SMITH

THERE has been such a great deal of criticism—chiefly adverse—in the Press and elsewhere, of the county captains' action with regard to unfair bowling, that I venture to offer a few arguments in support of their proceedings.

Every one will admit that there is a large amount of truth in the old adage, 'Prevention is better than cure,' and never has its truth seemed more apparent than in the case of unfair bowling. Spasmodic efforts have been made for several years to cure the evil, with no result; on the contrary, 'throwing' has been steadily on the increase. The action of the captains, however, strikes at the root of the evil, and must at least make bowlers careful to see that their deliveries shall be above suspicion in the future.

Mr. P. F. Warner, in his article on this subject in the February number of the *Badminton Magazine*, asserts that the captains 'have practically altered the laws of the game,' and 'have acted over the heads of the umpires.' I fail to see how they have done so. What the captains have done is to agree not to bowl certain men in county matches next season. Surely this is a matter entirely outside the laws of the game and the umpires' duties? It is the captains' business, not the umpires', to put on bowlers, and if a captain says 'I will not bowl so and so,' it is difficult to see how the umpires can interfere. The umpires' duties, as far as the bowler is concerned, only begin when he starts bowling. Again, if Mr. MacGregor decided not to play Mr. Warner in any particular match, he would not thereby alter the laws of the game. Nor would it

be likely to influence Mr. MacGregor's decision if the umpires said that Mr. Warner must play?

Mr. Warner also says that 'it is quite illogical to rule that Mold is not to bowl next season.' It may be, but this has not been done. The facts of this case (which is only taken for the sake of example) are that Mr. Maclaren has agreed not to bowl Mold next season in county matches in which he is captain. In the very unlikely event of Lancashire wishing to continue to allow Mold to play, their way is quite clear—they must appoint a captain who will have no scruples in acting according to their wishes.

I have dwelt at some length on this point, because the critics, almost without exception, have started with a wrong idea of what the captains have done, and have thus made their arguments appear more plausible.

I will now turn to the attitude of the umpires in the matter and will grant for the sake of argument that, as Mr. Warner says, 'the captains have acted over the heads of the umpires, who according to Rule 43, are the sole judges of fair and unfair play.' As I remarked before, the jurisdiction of the umpires only begins when the bowler starts to bowl—or the thrower to throw, as the case may be; consequently, the unfair bowler may reap a harvest of wickets with his throw under one pair of umpires, whereas in another match he is no-balled by one of the few umpires who have the courage of their opinions. Obviously, this is unsatisfactory. Mr. Warner mentions the names of five umpires, who *have* no-balled men for unfair bowling, but I think he has also mentioned the *only* five who have done so. As there are twenty men appointed to umpire in first-class county matches, presumably there are fifteen of them who have not yet summoned up courage to enforce Rule 48. If, as Mr. Warner suggests, the umpires who fail in their duty should be dropped, *a fortiori*, those who are primarily the transgressors, namely, the unfair bowlers, should be dropped first; and this is what the captains are endeavouring to bring about. And, moreover, it may not be generally known that the captains' action in this matter was, to all intents and purposes, the result of a *direct appeal* from the umpires that men who were known to throw or to have doubtful action should not be put on to bowl at all. Consequently, the captains, far from acting over the heads of the umpires, were acting in conjunction with them and at their request.

To take the example used by Mr. Warner. He admits that

Mold 'undoubtedly does chuck one now and then,' and says also that 'Mold has played first-class cricket since 1889 and only once been no-balled.' I do not know how often 'now and then' is intended to mean, but during eleven cricket seasons the number of transgressions which have been overlooked by the umpires would appear to be something considerable. Mr. Warner still further aggravates this case by the statement that Mold 'can bowl as fairly as any one in the world.' Surely when such a state of things can and does exist the time has arrived for some policy which will remove the possibility of the offence! Mr. Warner seems to suggest that Mold's ability to bowl fairly, and his kind treatment by the umpires, is an extenuation of his occasional 'chuck'! The man who can, but does not, bowl fairly, seems to me to be deserving of very little pity. And this brings me to the astonishing opinion, which appears to be held by many people, that it is a great hardship for unfair bowlers, amongst the professionals, to be stopped after many years of cricket. I think they should consider themselves extremely lucky that they have so long been allowed to transgress the laws of the game by which they obtain their living. Take the case of a football player. A foul is probably, in nine cases out of ten, penalised on the spot, and for repeated offences the player would be ordered off the field and finally suspended. Yet, in cricket, which of all games should be kept free from anything in the nature of sharp practice, men who are admitted to have broken the law for years with impunity are to be allowed to continue their practice, or dealt with as first offenders, and are objects of sympathy to men who are supposed to have the best interests of the game at heart.

Mr. Warner quotes the case of a bowler whose delivery was specially watched by an umpire, who reported officially that in his opinion the bowler's action was fair, and the question is then asked, 'Are the captains any better judges of a suspicious delivery than the umpire in question?' I think they are, most decidedly. This particular bowler was condemned by the opinions of the majority of the captains, and the verdict of men who have watched the bowler for years should surely outweigh the opinion of an umpire who has been ordered to report on *one match only* and that one a match of secondary importance, not between two first-class counties. The circumstances of any one match might not make it necessary for a bowler (I am not now referring to any particular bowler) to use

his doubtful ball. He must be watched on all sorts of occasions and then a correct opinion can be formed. I cannot imagine a more satisfactory proof of the unfairness of a bowler than the fact of his captain agreeing not to bowl him again.

As regards any trouble arising when the Australians visit us, I think they are too good sportsmen to bring over any bowler of suspicious action when they see the strenuous effort which has been made to stop unfair bowling in this country. Till the last few years I do not remember ever hearing the slightest doubt thrown upon the action of any Australian bowler, and yet at frequent intervals they have sent over teams who have all had to play against questionable English bowlers. Under these circumstances one cannot help wondering how they have kept out the evil for so long, and it can scarcely be a pleasing occupation for English cricketers to try to find a reason why doubtful bowlers have at last been sent from Australia.

Lastly, there seems to be a widely spread belief, which I see Mr. Warner shares, that the county captains were responsible for the publication in the Press of the names of the 'suspects.' As a matter of fact the captains had absolutely nothing to do with the publication in the Press of any names at all, either of the condemned bowlers or the 'suspects,' but as a matter of courtesy they considered themselves bound to send round a circular to the various county committees informing them of the agreement to which they had come. I agree that it was unnecessary, and a pity, that the name of the 'suspects' should have been published in the Press; but let the blame fall on the persons responsible and not on the captains who had nothing to do with it.

My object in writing this article has been to endeavour to remove some of the erroneous impressions, which have been widely circulated, of the county captains' action, and at the same time to make some small effort to rid the best of all games of an evil whose growth I have watched with regret for many years.

SHOOTING IN THE SOLOMONS

BY JOHN GAGGIN

Now this is the law of the Jungle,
As old and as true as the sky:
And the wolf that shall keep it may prosper,
But the wolf that shall break it must die.
. . . .
But kill not for pleasure of killing.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

VERY few persons have had my experience of some five or six years, off and on, in the Solomon Group, always accompanied by my trusty double; and perhaps, therefore, a few remarks on shooting in those little-known islands may be of interest.

Of course there was a total absence of all big game; yet a day's shooting usually led to a very varied bag, if one only held straight. I never bothered with a dog; its life in Solomons would be short, for the sun is always hot, and every stream held either the wary alligator—crocodile, rather; we whites will persist in calling the brute a 'gator—or the wily shark. What chance would a dog have with either? The two creatures are seldom or never found together in the same waters; in fact, the fierce sea-wolves give the 'gator a very wide berth, for not being such fast swimmers they have not the ghost of a show with him; he tackles them on sight, and they often supply him with a lovely meal. Let the hunter, however, be very careful never to fire at one or the other, as they are

both worshipped in the Solomons, together with the people's ancestors. If one shoots at them, look out: your own life may pay the forfeit. The great shark was worshipped all over Eastern Polynesia not so long ago, and although the natives there are now nominally Christians, they treat their old gods with all respect. How this form of worship got to the Solomons is a puzzle; the neighbouring groups have it not. In Egypt of old the crocodile was worshipped, and I believe in some parts of India he, or his first cousin, is yet prayed to. I was only at the death of one crocodile in Solomons, in this wise.

It was at Sapuna Santa Anna. A week previously the old twenty-foot ''gator'-god had seized, during the night in the middle of the town, a smart young lad of twelve or so, and carried him off—probably the boy had left his hot hut and slept in the open. The poor mother was in despair, and prayed for revenge at the feet of the chief, Mai, without success. A few nights after, however, the chief's pig shared the boy's fate; and now the case was very different. Mai in a fury summoned the priest-chief and all the old men to the Tambu house—a sort of Exeter Hall May Meeting—and brought the delinquencies of the god before them, the poor woman wailed out her wrongs, so it was solemnly decided in convocation that the god was a demon and worthy of death. A few stinking bones were fastened to a tree in a half swamp, the god's favourite haunt, and at high tide the great 'sinnet' (coir) nets were dropped at the river's mouth. As the tide turned to go out, the whole of the town folk gathered, armed with axes and bayonets mounted on poles, the returned labour boys from Fiji and Queensland leading, each with a new American axe. (*En passant*, no one seems to notice how much these returned lads help to break down the old conservative superstitions of the tribes, and pave the way for something better.) I brought my Martini by request, and was surprised to see the people so eager to slay their old god; but I suppose he had levied toll of children and pigs on them for years. As the tide lowered there lay the old wretch waiting in the black mud beside the branch on which the bones hung. He faced the lot of us, showing no fear, for had he not been duteously fed by the village folk for half a century? They now surrounded him, all the return lads in front, yelling their wild slogan. I had no chance with the rifle in such a crowd. A blow from an axe stopped the swift sweep of the great tail, another cleft

the skull to the brain, and a score of bayonets finished him. There was a debate about eating the god, but the return labour boys carried the day, and the great brute was put in the big earth-oven. I was asked to join the feast, but declined. You see, I had eaten of ''gator' before.

SOLOMON WARRIORS

Before going ashore for a day with the gun, it is advisable first to eat betel-nut with the local chief if he offers it. The invitation should never be declined, as a refusal would be considered an insult. After the chew you can do what you like —in reason, that is—with that particular tribe : make yourself at home—have you not eaten betel and lime together? Is it not as the pipe of peace and the eating of salt? Will not a

naked urchin rush headlong to the village from your boat to proclaim the great fact ?

Besides the double I personally carried my Winchester loaded slung across the shoulders. Somehow it gave me a sense of security ; although friends with that individual tribe after the betel ceremony, you may meet at any time warriors of another. In Solomons all you come across are foes until proved to be friends. A dozen jolly naked urchins, male and female, will want to join you : take them by all means, they make first-class retrievers. The Islands are well watered, and there are rivers and streams all over them ; push up one or other and you will soon come on the ubiquitous duck, and every successful shot will be greeted with shouts of joy from your excitable black escort. Ducks in small lots you will find pretty plentiful near the mouths of the streams. I never came across a snipe or quail, but sandpipers and birds of that sort are abundant. Curlews are found along the sea-shore, but they are very wary. The best way to get at them and the ducks in the open was, I found, to get the young natives to surround you—the birds will allow the blacks near them, but not the white—and so get your barrels in.

In the thick forest on the river's bank, so scrubby one can hardly pass through it, you will come to the foot of the great 'embaka' trees; there will be found the large, fruit-eating South Sea pigeon, the size of a small fowl, busily feeding in the high branches ; their loud cooing has been ringing in your ears for an hour, the tops of these tall trees are nearly out of gunshot, and no chance of a flying shot have you, the great forest with its wealth of foliage is too dense for that ; so you bang away, and the great blue birds tumble down on all sides, often bursting open from the fall, so fat are they. At each shot the birds fly off, only to return two minutes later.

One day as we anchored in a little bay, there paddled out a Solomon war canoe, and its breathless chief exclaimed, 'Oh ! come ashore, my friend ! On the other side of the bay is a white man, and he is mad ; he landed at daylight and has been firing bullets ever since. I care not to go near him myself. Come with me !' We pulled in, to find an American under one of these great trees, shooting pigeons with a Winchester. As he shot, two of his lads plucked, cleaned, split and salted down the birds, and then packed them into beef kegs. I noticed he shot every bird *through the head.* He sneered at my old breech-loader, and urged me to use the only decent

weapon for a sportsman, the Winchester rifle. I tried it, hitting the bodies, to the scorn of the Yankee, so I tried the head also---well, some birds escaped, so I stopped, finally trading a cask of 'salt junk' for one of salt pigeons, and found them good. These birds are best cooked spatch-cock style on a grid-iron ; they are too rich and fat else.

As you work inland you are bound to come across the iguana, and if a new chum, may pass by on the other side. Unsling the Winchester and pot him through his ugly head as he looks down on you from some tall tree, sticking his tongue out. Your escort will yell a pæan of joy. No more acceptable gift can you give your friendly chief by the sea-shore than a brace of five-foot iguanas. The brute, stewed Solomon fashion, is not at all bad—not unlike fowl, and I speak as an expert. The best bird in Solomons, from a culinary point of view, is the 'pina'—the great horn-bill—the size of a small turkey. These birds go generally in pairs, and have a slow, heavy flight like a cormorant. The upper part of the body is black, a dirty white underneath ; the tail has a bar across of brownish-white. They feed, like the pigeons, on the great fruit- and nut-bearing trees in the depths of the forest, but, unlike these foolish birds, are exceedingly wary. From many a day's experience I am sure the great hump on the crest of the beak is only an exaggerated nose. The birds can smell you half a mile off. If you can manage to bag a brace during the trip, mark the day with a white stone. The nest is made in a hole in a tree. The male plasters in the female, leaving only room for the great beak and head to show out, and feeds her while she sits. If you wound only, be careful ; I have had my hand cut to the bone from a bite from the big beak, which is some five inches long. You may see an occasional flying fox (*Pteropus*), but they are much scarcer here than in the other groups, as the natives persistently hunt them for the four eye-teeth. These are much prized by the women, bunches of them being worn in the ears of every sable belle ; two of them are equal in value to one bead of 'wampum' shell money, so if you bring some of these great bats to bag, the chief's head lady will bless you if you give them to her, and—who knows ?—perhaps even rub noses with you, so look out. The flying fox is not at all bad eating if carefully skinned and cooked, but the skin has a most disagreeable smell. The brute is very vicious, especially when wounded, and will then bite savagely. They are about the size of a partridge, but the length of the bat-like wings is remark-

able, being often four feet across. They live together in tree villages deep in the forest, hanging on the limbs with their wings wrapped round their bodies, during the day. Early in the mornings and late in the evenings are the best times to get a shot, or on moonlight nights, unless, indeed, you come across a town—then you can bag scores of screaming beasties. These great bats are almost nocturnal in their habits, and live exclusively on fruits.

Cockatoos, which are different from those of Australia, are, oddly enough, found on only one Solomon island, San Christoval (Poura); and, although only a few miles separate the island from that of Mala, they never fly over. Probably it is only a question of food. Beautiful red parrots and very pretty little parrakeets are seen all over the group, the latter being often kept as pets by the natives. The parrot is also tamed, but does not make such a friendly pet. Oddly enough, the dear little parrakeets will not live a week out of the group—I have tried frequently. You will meet many scrub fowls running in the bush. They seldom fly. They are one of the *megapodes*, or lowans, and you should not shoot at them. The inhabitants encourage them about the villages for their eggs; they are simply so many egg machines, and beat the domestic hen easily. The natives much dislike seeing one of these birds killed; indeed, on the island of Savo no one is allowed ashore with a shot-gun, for fear of even frightening the birds, which are there nearly as tame as barn-door fowls. Three or four figs of tobacco will buy you a bucket full of fresh eggs, each larger than a duck's, and admirable eating. But in Savo the natives are as insolent as they can well be; they fire their Sniders at your vessel lying at anchor—for fun, they say—call a British man-of-war 'all the same as big old woman,' and snap their fingers in one's face. As you go inland you see many snakes, often on the trees. I shot and spared not, and found all non-poisonous. In the interior some may be poisonous, though the people say not; they are very much afraid of being bitten all the same. These snakes are eaten by the natives, and are better, I assure you, than 'salt horse'; I have tried them myself. During the trip one is bound to see the great eagle of the Solomons—a noble bird, larger and stronger than his Australian cousin. I only succeeded in bagging one, which I stuffed roughly, as I thought it might be new to science. I had hung it in the rigging to dry; but alas! in my absence the local dandies pulled every feather from its tail and wings—

to decorate their frizzled hair, forsooth! My language became untranslatable then, I was told.

The native women are much afraid of these birds, and say they take away the babies if they get the slightest chance. I found the powerful talons of the one I shot thickly covered with cus-cus fur. This cus-cus is a species of opossum, altogether nocturnal in its habits. I never met one in the scrubs, but saw some among the natives as pets. The people eat them after burying the bodies for a few hours to take away the strong

A SOLOMON WAR PARTY

odour. This is a good idea; and a success, and handy to know for gunners in strange lands.

I noticed stuck up among the idols in many of the Tambu houses admirable effigies, cut out of wood, of the wallaby and cassowary or emu; they seemed very ancient, and were not prayed to—just put with the gods of the tribes. Is not this odd? Where did these Solomon folk see these birds or animals? Does it point to a far-off time when such creatures existed in the group, or does it not suggest a land connection between New Guinea, and perhaps New Holland, with Solomons, ages upon ages ago? Taken in connection with the fear of the snake from no present cause, the presence of the cockatoo, crocodile, sleeping lizard, iguana, black and white wagtail, and the cus-cus, all of these are found here, as also in New Guinea

and not in the New Hebrides—surely all these birds and animals did not fly or float to Solomons, alone of all the groups, so how did they come except overland?

Here is a story told by an old trader. 'Well, old fellow, you ask when I went shooting? Oh! on the first day of the season, you know, and I had a close call. After the usual betel-nut ordeal, I had worked up one of the Poura rivers, had bagged a few brace of duck and red-bill, and just returned to the beach, when, like a flash, all my black game carriers bolted. The cause was soon explained. Some fifty bushmen in their war gear, spears and guns, sprang out of the scrub. Now, had I been a new chum I should probably have run and been killed in five minutes. I followed our old South-Sea rule, unslung the sixteen shooter, faced them all, and told them if they wanted to fight to come on. Ajax defying the lightning was nothing to me! Oh no, they did not want to fight—you know their way. They only came for salt water; they had neither a bamboo (used to hold water) nor a woman with them, the dogs. Just then one of those big white cranes pitched on the beach some two hundred yards off, so I thought I would give the war party an object lesson. I asked one fellow if he was hungry? Of course he was—did you ever meet a Solomon man that wasn't? So I knelt and took a steady pot-shot at the crane; the poor bird dropped in his tracks, the whole lot bolted for him, and every warrior had a white feather in his wool in no time. After this it was laughable to see how civil they got all at once. I gave them some tobacco and matches, and the chief got a dead iguana I had in my bag. He was so pleased he offered me his betel box, and we had a chew, and so were friends. While they were cooking I walked off. I thought I had lost the ducks, but before I had reached the village my little water-dogs all came back. They said the fellows were all "no good, man bush want um altogether head along of boy." I believe had I been a new hand it would have been all up with me then—what think you?'

Few among us whites have been over ten miles inland in the Solomons and live to tell it.

Our romping retrievers seem uneasy, we are at the tribe's boundaries, and 'man bush' may be about, or perhaps the 'head hunters' are out, and the septs are standing to their arms. Let us return. By-and-by we strike the coast again with—if we are lucky—duck, 'pina,' snake and iguana, pigeon and flying fox. Take from your little trade bag at your side,

which all whites carry in these climes (one's purse, in fact), a few sticks of Barret's twist, and distribute, and see the joy and the thanks you get. Take your quinine bottle—for who travels without it here?—and, if an old hand, swallow a teaspoonful of the drug, if a new chum you will try half only. Fever and ague are not pleasant, my friend, so take an old dog's hint.

See, as you rest on the sands, those two frigate-birds yonder on those fishing-stakes in the bay; watch that fish-laden gull sailing slowly homewards, like a loaded merchantman. Suddenly one of the sea-pirates dashes at him, the poor trader gives a scream of disgust, and drops a fish or two; like an arrow the great sea rover swoops at them, and generally secures both before they touch water, and the poor gull is allowed on his way, toll paid.

Often the foolish bird is young and innocent, and refuses to disgorge. One touch of the long pinion on the rebellious one's head, and he tumbles over and over in mid-air, and losing all his cargo, screams his anger. See also that white-headed fish-hawk working closer, between the stakes and the beach. The eye of the man-of-war bird is on him; he strikes a fish in shallow water with the talons—the sea bird always uses the beak—and with a yell of triumph struggles homewards; but the frigate-bird darts on him in a moment, and, wiser than many of the gulls, the hawk drops his big fish a few feet above the water. The other has it in a second, and soars off seawards to eat it at leisure. If, however, the fish-hawk manages to struggle over the land with his prize, the sea robber clears off at once. I have never seen one of these frigate-birds even try to catch a single fish for himself; they are the corsairs of the sea.

I have never taken a Solomon dog with me on these trips. These small peculiar brutes are perfectly useless, and only bred by the women for their teeth, which are used as ornaments. The men simply hate them. The brutes are unable to bark, and almost to walk: they are carried about in the women's arms, and whine like a child crying if put on the ground.

The Solomon Islanders hunt only one quarry—man. They disdain to hunt aught else. Every year when the yam planting is over, the great war canoes are launched; every young fellow who aspires to be a warrior goes. He is not even considered a man until he has taken human life. Thus start the great annual head huntings, the curse of the group. The

fond hope of every one of the crew is to add—no matter how—to the big bundle of skulls hanging up in each Tambu house in the land, the pride and glory of every village, so the ghastly hunt goes on season after season, and this, too, in the year of our Lord 1900.

Well, the great hot Solomon sun trends westward, and it gets a little chilly, a bad time to be abroad in these parts, and leads to fever, so off to the village, make your present to the chief—a few sticks of tobacco, a snake or two, or iguana, and so on; a fig of Barret's (20 to the lb.) to each of your jolly, howling, sing-larking lads or lasses, and to your boat and vessel. Get to your bunk after a bath and your hard day of shikar, but first set your 'anchor watch,' and tell your mate to call you for your turn, 3 to 5 A.M., the most dangerous hours for attack. Mind—your head is as good as any other under the Tambu house: for who, unless those whom the gods doom, would sleep without 'anchor guard' in the wild, savage Solomons?

THE ART OF TRAPPING

BY E. B. OSBORN

ABOUT nine-tenths of the furs procured in the course of a year by the Hudson's Bay Company and the private traders of the North-West Territories and the Mackenzie Basin are taken in traps when the snow is on the ground. Statistics of the 'take,' which varies greatly in quantity and quality from year to year, are not easily obtained; it is not too much to say, however, that the value of the furs taken in an average year throughout the Canadian North-West exceeds £100,000, and that the livelihood of from 2500 to 3000 professional trappers (most of whom are Indians and French half-breeds) is mainly derived from this source. So that, in spite of the vast development of mining and agriculture during the last two decades, the fur trade is still a very appreciable factor in the prosperity of the North-West.

The shooting of fur-bearing animals, whose pelts are always more valuable in the winter than at any season of the year, is not regarded with favour by the North-Western fur-trader. It is almost impossible to hit a fox, moving swiftly and deviously through the obscurities of the bush, with a bullet from a rifle;

and a charge of buckshot, should it reach the mark, is apt to cut up the pelt and diminish its value very considerably, or even render it absolutely valueless. Accordingly, trapping is the method almost invariably employed. I knew one old-time trapper, David Reid by name, who fell in with a silver-grey fox while looking for the wherewithal to fill his pot with a shot-gun, and abstained from shooting because 'he guessed he would sooner do without the skin than be "chafed" (= chaffed) by the Company's men for trying to sell 'em a hairy sieve.' This old man had his own peculiar method of catching skunks, whose pelts are worth 75 cents (3*s.*) at the nearest Hudson's Bay Company's post. In spite of that animal's odious device for defending itself, it was his custom to follow it and literally fall upon it and kill it with his naked hands. I was travelling in his waggon one September evening, when he sighted a skunk on the side of the trail, and, leaping from the box, captured and slew the creature in that highly personal fashion; after which I found it convenient to get out and walk to windward of the waggon.

To this same David Reid I owe my first instruction in trapping—that is to say, he taught me how to set a trap in the snow. This operation has to be carried out with the most scrupulous care. First of all, a shallow circular hole is scraped in the snow, a spot being chosen where it lies evenly and is not likely to drift. In this hole the 'live' trap is deposited, and a wisp of straw or a piece of flimsy paper placed above it. The hole is then covered over with a thin layer of snow-dust, great pains being taken to make the surface continuous with its surroundings. Neither the trap nor the straw nor the covering of snow must be touched with the naked hands, and all footmarks must be carefully obliterated. The bait, consisting of strips of flesh, is then scattered round the trap, at a distance of from three to five feet, and here and there in the neighbourhood. It is most important that these chips of flesh should not have been touched by the trapper's hand, and it is just as well to air them for a few hours after cutting them, so that all odours of humanity may have disappeared.

A very useful species of trap is made as follows: First of all, a place must be found where two young fir-trees or poplars are growing, about fifteen inches apart. A semicircle behind them is enclosed with stout stakes driven firmly into the ground. Then a small log is cut and laid on the ground against the front of the trees and firmly fastened in its place by a couple of

upright pickets two feet in height. You then cut a 'fall-log,' about twenty feet long, and place it between the uprights and the trees, filling up the space above it with 'dinguses,' *i.e.*, short squat logs, the heavier the better. Next the 'trigger' must be prepared; it should be about a foot long, and sharpened at one end, on which the bait—a chunk of meat—is firmly fixed. Then a short piece of wood, sharp at both ends, is cut, and, raising the fall-log, you support it on one end of this while the other holds the end of the trigger; and the trap, which will kill anything smaller than a fox, is quite ready. All the work on it is done with the axe, and the trap is easily completed in half an hour by an experienced North-Western axeman. It took me two hours to make one, which is the chief reason why I only made two all the time I was trapping.

There is one old trapper's custom which is now, I am glad to say, more honoured in the breach than in the observance. With one exception, to be mentioned hereafter, the trapper's worst enemy is the wolverine, who will travel along his line of traps and take out any live thing that may have been caught, and tear up all he does not eat. The wolverine is by far the most wary of the North-Western fauna, and rarely permits himself to be caught in a trap; so that, if he once attaches himself to a trapper, the poor fellow is apt to lose half the proceeds of his season's work, owing to the loss of many pelts and the damage to many more. Accordingly, whenever a trapper caught a wolverine, he would torture him; but the subject is too atrociously painful to discuss.

It is one thing to be able to set a trap or a series of traps, and it is 'another-guess business' to catch marketable pelts. Even if the enthusiastic amateur carries out the instructions given above with the most minute care, and never allows bad weather to prevent him from making his daily rounds, he may easily fail to gather in enough fur to pay a reasonable rate of interest on the capital invested in his traps, dog-train, tent and the rest of his outfit. I have known many such cases. For example, there was a little square-faced Yorkshireman I knew very well, who gave up the whole of a winter to hunting and trapping, and when he sold his 'take' to the Hudson's Bay Company he received the ignoble sum of nineteen dollars! This was a goodish specimen of the Yorkshire sportsman; keen-eyed and indefatigable as a mosquito on a July evening before rainfall, and the kind of North-Western settler who would sooner earn ten cents by any form of sport, from pedro-

playing up to horse-coping, than ten dollars by the exercise of his profession, which was that of a mixed—a very mixed—farmer. I am morally certain that he had practised as a poacher somewhere in among the Pennines—the fellow was such a dead shot by moonlight—and it seemed odds on his learning to equal the achievements of his half-breed neighbours in this branch of winter-hunting. But, though he had most of the gifts which make the successful trapper, he lacked the most important of all! He was too proud to ask advice, and too obstinate to follow it when given unasked. And the result was that his failure as a trapper was so conspicuous that his neighbours nicknamed him 'Catch-'em-alive-oh,' on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*. The plain truth is that the successful trapper must have a knowledge of the habits of the wild creatures he wishes to ensnare. This knowledge can only be acquired by courting the advice of professional trappers, who have lived all their lives by the exercise of their art, and by acting upon their suggestions. The practical value of the old-time hunter's advice is not easily overestimated, as the following excerpts from the writer's own experiences should suffice to prove.

A few winters ago I was residing in Saskatchewan, and made up my mind to cross the North Branch as soon as the river froze up, to set out a line of traps and pitch a winter camp. The country between the North and South Branches was thickly settled and, to a large extent, deforested; so that the settler who required a few thousand tamarac posts or spruce rails was obliged, even then, to get them from beyond the rivers. Accordingly the belt of spruce and pine interspersed with 'muskegs'—swampy areas where the tamarac grows—which runs along the northern bank of the North Branch for two or three hundred miles, and varies in breadth from three to twenty miles, was always full of little lumber-camps, and, in consequence, an undesirable field for the trapper's occupation. The chink-a-chunk of the rail-cutter's axe and the noise of dry spruce falling at the rate of five hundred a day—no axeman is worth his daily dollar unless he can fell that number of trees and trim them into rails between sunrise and sunset—can be heard for miles on a calm winter's day; however pleasing the sounds may be to a traveller who has lost his way in the white silence of the snow-muffled bush, it is certain that wild animals do not care to live within earshot. Afterwards, when the camp is deserted, foxes resort to the place in search of such dainties

as bacon-rinds and bread-crusts and tea-leaves, which seem to be regarded as a tasty addition to the ordinary meal of prairie-chicken, or jack-rabbit, or bush-partridge. This fact, as shall shortly be explained, is turned to good account by the professional trapper. And so it was necessary to find a centre of operations somewhere beyond this belt, which is the beginning of the famous 'Peace Country' of the old hunters, who used to dance at Christmas time at Fort Carlton and Cumberland Post to the skirling of the pipes of Sir George Simpson's piper.

In the end a good camping-place in a sheltered *coulée* was found, and there the writer pitched the eight-foot Hudson's Bay tent, which served as his home for nearly two months. Three days of hard work was required to cut out a track to this place from the river-bank, fifteen miles distant; for the trapper's belongings formed too much of a load to be hauled on a dog-train, and it was necessary to make a road passable for a pair of bob-sleighs and team of horses. These belongings, some of which were luxuries, but the most necessities, included the tent of double duck, a few planks to make a floor for it, a two-dollar camp-stove, a variety of cooking utensils, a sack of flour, a side of bacon, a parcel of miscellaneous groceries, a jar of rye whisky in case of accidents—as often as not the professional trapper prefers pain-killer—a 12-bore shot-gun, a Winchester rifle, ammunition, a bundle of rugs, and a hundred and one other articles of minor consequence. Also there were eighty traps of different sizes, but the great majority of sufficient size to accommodate a fox. Of course, there was a newly ground axe, for a North-Western traveller would as soon think of leaving home without his trousers as without 'the wedge of steel at the far end of an ashen stick,' which is the birthright of all Canadians.

Another hard day's work and the winter-camp was 'fixed up' in the most approved style. The tent was floored and banked up, extra walls were made by crossing poplar rails over the ridge-pole, and a couple of loads of dry jack-pine were hauled and cut into convenient lengths for firing. Then the teamster jingled off by moonlight, through the woodland trails, leaving the would-be trapper to his own devices. He promised to return in a week, but it was a fortnight before the jingling of his sleigh-bells was again heard. By that time the indefinable feeling of oppression, the grip of the voiceless and inhuman silence on the lonely outlier's heart, had ceased to be troublesome, and the prattling of the fire in the little sheet-iron stove

was all the conversation he required. To lie on a pile of rugs after a frugal but sufficient supper, to smoke a pipe of T. & B. tobacco, to listen languidly to the merry flames that ask no questions, and to watch with half-closed eyes the play of the firelight on the grey canvas walls of his dwelling—that is the best and most social hour of the trapper's life.

The first two days were devoted to exploration. Much of the trapper's success depends upon the choice of his routes, which should be so arranged that he can travel his rounds in two or at most three days. The line along which mine were set formed a gigantic figure of eight, at the central point of which was the camping-place. It must have been between seventy and eighty miles in total length, but no part of it was more than ten miles from the point of departure, supposing I cared to travel as the crow flies or is supposed to fly. As a rule, however, I never travelled 'across lots,' except when something occurred to prevent the possibility of traversing the whole of one of the two loops in the course of the day. When I had all my traps, except a reserve of a dozen, set out—the first setting consumed four days—I boldly determined to travel over one or other of the two possible routes every day with the exception of Wednesday, which was given over to 'dead work' about camp, and Sunday, which was devoted to working off my stiffness. This admirable plan, as may readily be guessed, fell through ; for a daily tramp of from twenty to thirty miles on snow-shoes proved somewhat beyond my capacity.

But as long as I was trapping by myself I always managed to visit every trap thrice in the course of a fortnight. Not daring to trust to my instinct for locality, I made a rough map of the country through which the lines of traps passed, the position of each being indicated by an asterisk. But even with this map I could not always find them, and on one occasion I was within an ace of being caught in one of my own snares. The thing clicked off, throwing up a little cloud of snow-dust, not an inch off the heel of my mocassin. The really extraordinary part of the affair was that a few seconds later I caught sight of a fine black fox—the kind commonly spoken of as a 'hundred dollar bill with a white tip to his tail'—stealing off through the brushwood not a hundred yards away. I could not see his smile, but I have not the least doubt that it was writ sarcastic on his fine open countenance. Not an incident to be remembered without a blush.

Now I must confess that my trapping was, on the whole, a

failure until the return of Jakey Bedes. Day after day I travelled my rounds, starting at sunrise and seldom returning before sunset; and day after day I found most of the chips of bait gone and the traps untouched. Three foxes—one of them wearing a pretty silver-grey robe—and a timber-wolf were the only captives of importance during the first three weeks. Both with the gun and the rifle I had a certain amount of good luck, which somewhat compensated; nevertheless, there were times when the game seemed hardly worth the candle. Still I never actually despaired of success. No man is capable of despair so long as he enjoys his meals. And, assuredly, no City alderman ever rejoiced so heartily in his turtle-soup and venison as I rejoiced in my frugal meal of tea and bannock and—whatever game I had gathered in that evening on my way! A bush-partridge, or prairie-chicken, or, indeed, any kind of game in any part of the world should be plucked and cleaned and cooked *before the blood in it is cold.* That is a counsel of perfection known to few English cooks.

But when Jakey Bedes returned—it was at moonset on a still January night that the shimmering sound of his sleigh-bells charmed me out of a dreamless slumber—the reasons of my failure were soon made clear. The invaluable hints which the old fellow gave me are best conveyed in his own prairie English. Before I start him talking, however, let me introduce him. He was (and is, I hope) a wizened little man, with black eyes, bright and expressionless as a bird's, set in a many-wrinkled face, burnt to a mellow brown not only by the sub-tropical suns of sixty North-Western summers, but also by the whitehot cold of as many sub-Arctic winters, a good half of them spent above the latitude of Fort Simpson. Though possessed of a great fund of quiet humour he was never known to laugh, and I think I only saw him smile twice. The first time was when I got mired in a slough, and walked out of a pair of rubber hip-boots in my efforts to escape. The second occasion was when I told him of the mysterious way in which the alluring strips of flesh scattered round my traps were in the habit of vanishing.

'Well, well, boy!' he began, as soon as the smile had flickered out, 'it do seem mysterious-like. When that kind of a game is played on a *moonias* (green) Englishman, he feels hurt in his mind. It do seem to him that workin' between meals ain't just exactly what 'tis cracked up for to be. But there's a reason for all things and for this likewise, and more'n one reason.

Tell me what time o' day you go round scattering them scraps of bait?'

I told him that any hour of the day seemed suitable for such work.

'Now tell me,' he said, chuckling, 'ain't you never heard a kind o' barking noise behind, when you went away from setting bait?'

I had no recollection of hearing any such noise, and I told him, furthermore, that it was unlikely that prowling dogs would wander so far away from the settlements. That additional piece of information was quite unnecessary.

'Dogs!' he exclaimed. 'Who was talking of dogs? I guess it's a sight too far for dogs, not but what collies, once they take to hunting, will sometimes travel a long way afield. But I was by no means referring to dogs. What I mean are the beasties that make a noise which the *moonias* Englishman sometimes mistakes for barking. Orn'ry black fellers sneaking up and down in the bush and——'

'Crows!' I ejaculated. Very well I knew that the noise made by the North-Western crow much resembles that of a dog barking, and I was also aware that he is as shameless a thief as the 'whisky-jack,' or bottle-bodied jay of the prairie lands. But it was soon evident that I had not as yet fathomed the depths of the creature's villainy.

'In course I mean crows! Maybe, when you was out so early fixing up your traps you missed seeing any of them, but they didn't miss seeing you, and understanding the nature of your business. And as soon as you was out of sight and hearing they would fly out of the bush and pick up every little crumb of meat you left around the trap. Yes, sir! The crows are mean low-down birds, I tell you, and a plague on the poor trapper. Many a time a party of them will follow him round all day, and pick up all the grub he left behind him. In winter-time they roost by hundreds together in the thick bush —generally among the jack-pine—and it is only very early in the morning that they fly out into the cold to find berries and other grub. Crow-roosts are queer places to come upon unexpected. I heard tell of one down in Michigan, where there was millions and millions of the dirty black-coated villains. The branches broke down under the weight of such flocks, and it must have been mighty unpleasant for the jack-rabbits living in that neighbourhood. For when the creatures are sharp-set they will eat flesh alive. I heard tell of a time

when a cartload of pigs, going up to Minneapolis, was set upon by a hungry gang of them, and some of the porkers were considerably pecked. A many people would disbelieve such a story, but I myself don't see why it should not be true as truth.

'What you have to do when setting out bait is carefully to notice whether or not crows are around. Though they don't make much noise in winter-time, 'tis easy to hear them with a little careful listening. And if you hear them you can find them, and let drive a shower of small shot into the midst of the gang. They are terrible cowards, and they'll sheer off into the next township and trouble you no more that day. But I myself mostly prefer to set baits in the middle of the day, when they are never around. Anyway, you have to remember they are generally there, or getting there, any time until noon, but especially just after sunrise. My notion is they fly about just then in order to work the stiffness out o' their wing-joints. But, maybe, that's only a notion of mine.'

Such was the explanation of the mysterious disappearance of my baits. It is a pretty good illustration of the extensive and peculiar knowledge of the habits and customs of wild beasts and birds which is required of the North-Western trapper who wishes to make the game pay. Much of this knowledge—that part, for example, which enables him to read the itineraries scribbled on the snow-meadows and to set his traps in the most likely spots—can only be obtained by practical experience, but the residuum is within the reach of those enthusiastic amateurs who are willing to collect and collate the observations of old-timers. And I myself never met a man who was more full of such matter, or more willing to impart it, than old Jakey Bedes. He stayed with me as long as the jar of whisky held out, and, thanks to his very practical advice, my two months' catch assumed respectable proportions. Had I sold it to 'The Company'—the private traders do not, as a rule, pay cash—it would have fetched more than 150 dollars. But I had another use for those pelts.

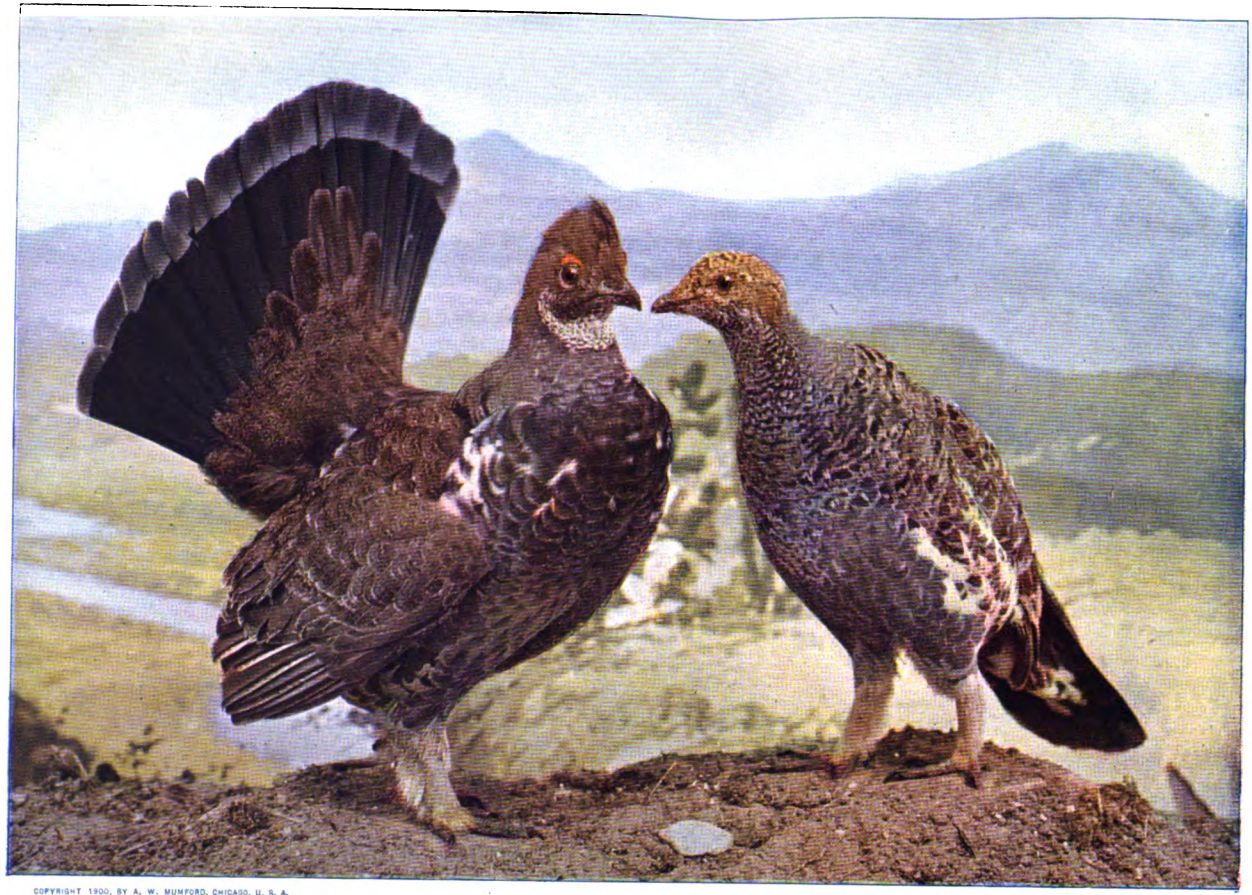
Perhaps the most useful of his many hints was that which enabled me to turn to account the curiosity of the North-Western fox, who resembles the skunk in his fondness for exploring an old camping-place. Instead of setting traps for those creatures in the places where I saw their tracks, as had been my invariable custom; he advised me to light a fire and trample the snow in a spot twenty or thirty yards to one side and

to place the snare near the ashes of the burnt-out blaze, around which scraps of bread, bacon-rinds, and other odds and ends had been scattered. To this simulated camping-place the local fox, who is by no means so wary as his English cousin, would be sure to resort as he returned in his tracks. And if he visited the neighbourhood of the heap of ashes, allowed his appetite to overcome caution, and stayed to pick up the trifles of broken victuals, it was an even chance that he would find himself in the concealed trap, and add his pelt to the trapper's collection. Again, if the fire has been kindled in the open, it is a good plan to set a second trap at the nearest part of the edge of the bush; for it is from that point that he will reconnoitre the position. Short as it was, my experience proved that these tactical subtleties double or even treble the chances of a capture.

During his stay, Jakey Bedes helped me to set several 'dead-falls' in the bush. The dead-fall trap, which is made by felling three or four trees towards a centre and balancing them on a slender upright picket to which the bait—a rabbit stripped of his skin, shall we say—is securely fastened, is intended for cinnamon bear or the possible, but highly improbable, grizzly. It is many years since a grizzly was shot east of the Rockies, though in the days when the buffalo herds roamed the prairies they were not uncommon in the Foot-hills and in the plains of Alberta, and were sometimes seen in the beginnings of Athabasca. However, our dead-falls caught nothing. Again, Jakey's waggon-box was full of hay when he arrived, and he used this stuff for baiting a number of noose-traps. A tuft of hay is fastened to a balanced rail so that any creature trying to secure it must thrust his head through a noose, and, at the same time, destroy the equilibrium of the rail, which should always have a heavy butt. This species of trap is intended for lynx, but, with one exception, none of them caught anything with a decent skin. We had just finished adjusting one of these contrivances, and had journeyed away from it round a bluff, when we heard a long-drawn squeal, which stopped with surprising suddenness. Returning, we found that the noose, now pulled up six feet from the ground, held a struggling, gurgling captive. He was the old husky-dog, a gaunt, grey-coated fellow, named 'Bub' (short for Beelzebub), whom Bedes had taught to retrieve wildfowl. That was not the first time he had been caught in a trap, his previous experience having resulted in the loss of his near hind-foot.

This old dog and his master were well met. If Bub was short of a pad, David was deficient in the matter of toes. The exact deficiency cannot be stated with mathematical exactness ; at a guess I should say he still possessed six and a half or six and three-quarters out of the orthodox allowance of ten. How he lost the remainder is a tale worth telling at no great length. Somewhen in the seventies he was down at 'Pile o' Bones' (now called Regina) on the open prairies, and one mid-January day he left the little settlement (it is a city now, and the capital of the North-West Territories) to ride over to an Indian encampment about thirty miles away to the south-west. Hardly had he ridden half the distance when a blizzard came on, and he was caught many miles away from the nearest shelter. There are no trees in that part of the Great Plains. The wind was blowing at the rate of fifty miles an hour ; the temperature was thirty below Fahrenheit zero ; and he could not see a yard in any direction owing to the arrowy-swift clouds of bitter snow-dust whizzing out of the blind sky and whirring up from the viewless snow-meadows. It is absolutely impossible for the hardiest traveller to face a blizzard ; so that David was compelled to make his broncho lie down and to crouch alongside his four-footed friend. All the rest of the day, and all the following night, the storm boomed on, and when the dawn of another day came—when the ghastly blackness of the troubled night changed to a ghostly toil and moil of cheerless whiteness —it had visibly increased in fury. Already the cold was clutching at the horseman's heart, and, in order to keep himself from freezing, he arose and tottered down wind leading his horse, and now and again resting on the sheltered side of a snowdrift. Towards evening, when opal gleams of red light in the west led him to hope that the storm was about to break, he came upon a patch of willows and small poplars, and, having scooped out a clearing and kindled a meagre fire, he camped here for the night. Hunger vexed him sorely, and he had ideas of killing his horse for food, but thought better of it. The next morning the blizzard was still blowing without visible abatement, and he made up his mind to try for the settlement. He was already badly frozen, but his horse was in a still worse condition, and would not, or could not, carry him. He was obliged to travel on foot, and owing to the impossibility of seeing his way, or even guessing at the direction of the wind, which had changed several times, it seemed a hundred to one against his ever reaching shelter. But all that day he kept on,

walking and crawling through the snow by turns, and occasionally resting behind a bellying drift. And, to cut a long and doleful story short, on the fourth day of the blizzard he was found by two travellers about two miles north of the settlement badly frozen and quite insensible. It was at first feared that he would lose his feet, but he escaped with the loss of an uncertain quantity of toes, a slice of one heel, and—a matter not yet mentioned—the end joints of three fingers. But for his wonderful vitality and trained endurance he would have shared the fate of many a man who has been caught in a blizzard on the treeless prairie.



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FROM "BIRDS THAT HUNT AND ARE HUNTED," BY NELTJE BLANCHAN.

DUSKY GROUSE.

UNIV. OF MICH.

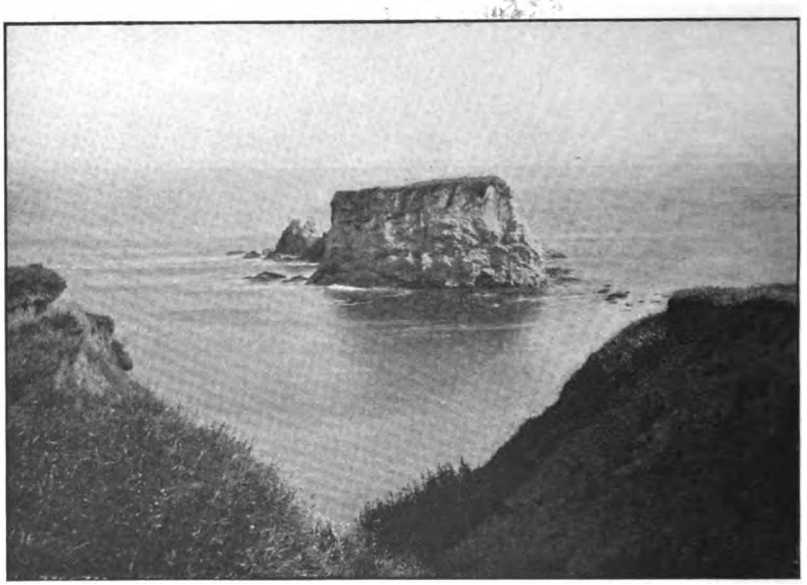
SPORT IN CAITHNESS

BY ALBAN F. L. BACON

To how many of our latter-day sportsmen has Scotland become almost a necessity of their existence! The country, which before 'the Union' was regarded with animosity, has now become prosperous, one of the most potent factors in bringing about this desirable condition of affairs having undoubtedly been the influx of the gold which the Southerner has brought, in return for the sport which the Northerner has been able to offer. In the country where formerly shooting could be had for 'a mere song,' if a man could only surmount the difficulties of travel and communication, sporting rents have risen to an almost ridiculous figure. This has, however, taken place at present only in the most favoured districts; there still remain certain remote parts of Scotland where, if a man will but endure the tedium of a long journey, he may yet be enabled to find much of true sport in return for a moderate outlay.

To come more directly to our subject, we may say that Caithness remains, at any rate in some places, still unspoiled by what may be justly termed fancy prices, and at the same time offers opportunities for sport in its best sense, which we shall endeavour by a few examples to describe. The shooting upon which my personal experiences are based is situated on the northern shores of Caithness, and marches indeed with the Pentland Firth itself, that severs the mainland from the Orkney Islands, which lie like very jewels of the ocean, lashed and beaten by the masterful waves of the Atlantic, but still offering

a brave front to her fierce assaults. To most this would suggest a country wild and bleak, bare of all human habitations, affording no cover for game, a prey to every cold wind, and most unsuitable for all purposes of sport. That it is not cold, at any rate till after Christmas, is evidenced by beds of fuchsias that grow in profusion in the garden, reminding one rather of the other extremity of our Island, the southern land's end as this is the northern. Neither is the country uninhabited. Crofters' houses, like mushrooms, spring up in every direction,



THE PENTLAND FIRTH

and in some cases form large villages of quite respectable proportions. The land, too, is good and well cultivated, particularly so for sporting purposes, turnip-fields and corn-fields intermingling with one another in a way that would delight the heart of any seeker after partridges. It must be admitted that the country is almost bare of trees, which are only planted, as a rule, round the houses to protect them from the winter storms.

Traces of what once were forests are still found, but they have almost entirely vanished from the Caithness of to-day. As one comes northward in the train, on either side stretches away to the horizon an apparently limitless moor, where the grouse are plentiful, and lie well and late. Here, however, the

moorland is found in patches, the outposts only of those great moors we have passed in the train. A great deal of the land is agricultural; but still the heather flourishes in grand condition, even to the very margin of the sea; and in one great patch runs right out, covering the northernmost head of the Scottish mainland. As you gaze across the deep blue water of the bay you can see this bold headland, which has proved fatal to many a good ship; upon which, too, if report speaks truly, one of that ill-omened Spanish Armada was wrecked, pointing the way to the mysterious and unknown north. Its cliffs are of

THE NORTHERNMOST HEAD OF THE SCOTTISH MAINLAND

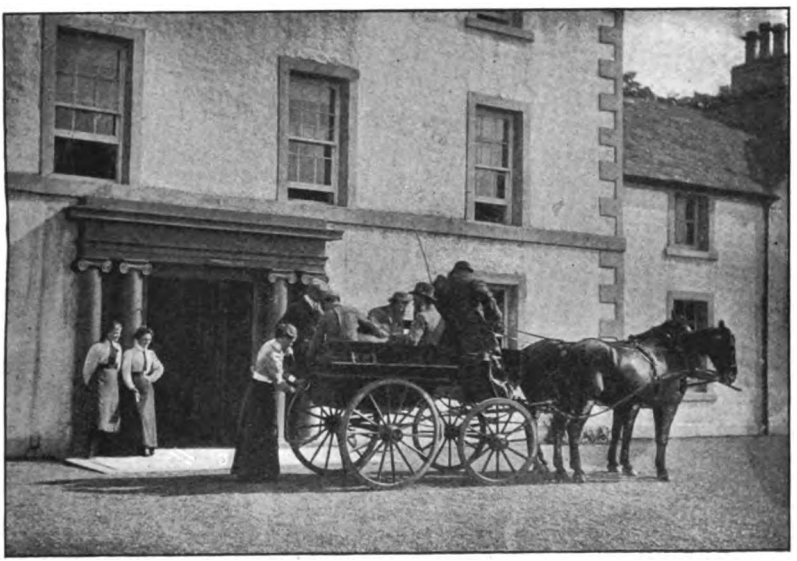
sandstone with a crown of heather, and within their many recesses dwell flocks of blue rock pigeons, which tax the skill of the most expert gunner, and for the successful pursuit of which the calmest of days is a necessity. Upon this head the grouse, cut off from their brethren as they are by a belt of agricultural land, have become sadly diminished in numbers, though they make up to some extent in quality what they lack in quantity, and are well worth the trouble of bringing to bag. If nine brace or so of these fine birds is perhaps but a poor return for a day's hard tramp, yet the air acts as a wonderful tonic, and the seascape is magnificent—the Firth, with its treacherous currents, lapping round the islands of Stroma, Ronaldshay, and Hoy, with the Pentland Skerries in the distance. A blue

mountain loch in the foreground, with its girdle of rushes, in which, perhaps, a teal is lurking, with heather stretching away on every hand, completes the picture. But if we turn our attention to the small outlying patches of heather, that march with the big inland moors themselves, a good day's sport may be had with the grouse any time in August; in fact, till such time as the partridges are by law placed at the mercy of the sportsman. Here twenty brace at the beginning of the season is a good bag; and the birds lie so well that, after ground has been worked four or five times, half that number may still be accounted for.

It is, however, the remarkable variety of game met with during a day's walk in Caithness that lends to this country its peculiar charm. Grouse that flutter up at the muzzle of your gun are not a great test of skill, and, if they are the only game on the ground, are liable to become somewhat monotonous; but if you do not know whether it is a grouse or a snipe that your dog is pointing, the true element of sport—chance, is at once introduced. A day when the bag is chiefly made up by grouse and snipe in equal proportions, with a teal or two and a rabbit thrown in, which totals, perhaps, some forty head in all, affords plenty of fun to the average man, and opportunities for testing his skill. The snipe are usually an important feature of the day's bag, though not so numerous as in former years. The old keeper, who has spent his life upon the place, dates back this diminution to the hard winter of 1895, when, no doubt, the ground was too hard frozen to admit even their long bills in the search after food. Towards evening they are generally most easy to come by, when they have drawn together into the marshy patches from the surrounding country for their final meal. The majority are, probably, home-bred; but the flights begin to come in as October draws to a close, as a sure herald of which comes the little Jack snipe, who does not breed in Caithness.

The woodcock behaves in a similar manner in this respect, never breeding here, but flighting in towards the close of autumn, more especially during hard weather. He may then be found, resting after his long journey, in the plantations of stunted ash and elder, or out on the open sandhills near the sea. These sandhills are the 'happiest hunting-ground' of all to the gunner; a veritable Eldorado. Time was when a dreary flat waste stretched away for some miles inland, and the sand was blown up by the northerly gales to spoil the

farmer's crops. To obviate this the sand was sown with grass seed, and the rough bent springing up formed a nucleus round which the shifting sand gathered. The farmers' crops were saved, and at the same time a comfortable home was provided for our old and much-valued friend the rabbit. He did not neglect his opportunities; the sandhills are simply honeycombed with his burrows. If you like to walk him up very good sport he will give you, twisting like a snipe between the unevennesses of the ground and disappearing down the hole which seems



THE START

always ready at hand to swallow him up. Quick as thought must you be too with your gun, as it is only a glimpse and he is gone, hidden by the rough bent. But the best fun of all is to ferret him. Perhaps it is the light nature of the soil that teaches him in so light-hearted a manner to brave the terrors of the man standing over his hole, with every energy directed to his destruction. Whatever the reason, he is much more ready to bolt than are his more sluggish brethren of the south. No equipment of spades and picks and shovels, and the gigantic excavations that usually ensue, appears to be necessary. A grumbling rattle in the bowels of the earth, a short interval during which your heart beats faster and faster, and you clutch your gun with renewed determination; then, like a flash of

lightning, out he bursts, and away for the nearest hole where safety lies. We will hope it is a clean kill or miss; and then, before you can even get your gun loaded, out break two or three more rabbits, that perhaps get off scot-free. The beauty of this shooting among the sandhills is the variety of the shots obtained—now a snapshot amongst the thick bent, now a clear shot in the open. As you stand on the top of a mound it is necessary to keep eyes all round your head and to be ready to

FERRETING ON THE SANDHILLS OR 'LINKS'

face in any direction at once; now in front, now behind, now to right, now to left. What can be better than this for teaching quick shooting, and no hanging on the object shot at? The more you ponder, the worse almost invariably you shoot. In a place like this, where rabbits are in every 'bury,' there is much to be learned in the selection of the most likely. Rabbits will bolt much better from a shallow 'bury,' for instance, than from a deep one. Then, too, a bury with its holes well and recently cleaned out generally denotes a liberal supply of animal life within. This cleaning out of their holes is performed by the rabbits once, and only once, a year. They differ from us in that theirs is an Autumn, and not a Spring cleaning.

In the actual digging of their holes they scarcely eject any of the earth displaced, but merely contrive to keep it pressed down beneath them as they work. A bag of about a hundred rabbits shot in this way—all good hard running shots—would be despised by few, and can easily be obtained at the beginning of autumn, on an ordinarily favourable day, among these sand-hills. These 'links,' as they are called all over Scotland, are also the resort of a peculiar breed of partridges, whose peculiarity lies mainly in the fact that they are almost unapproach-

ON THE MOOR

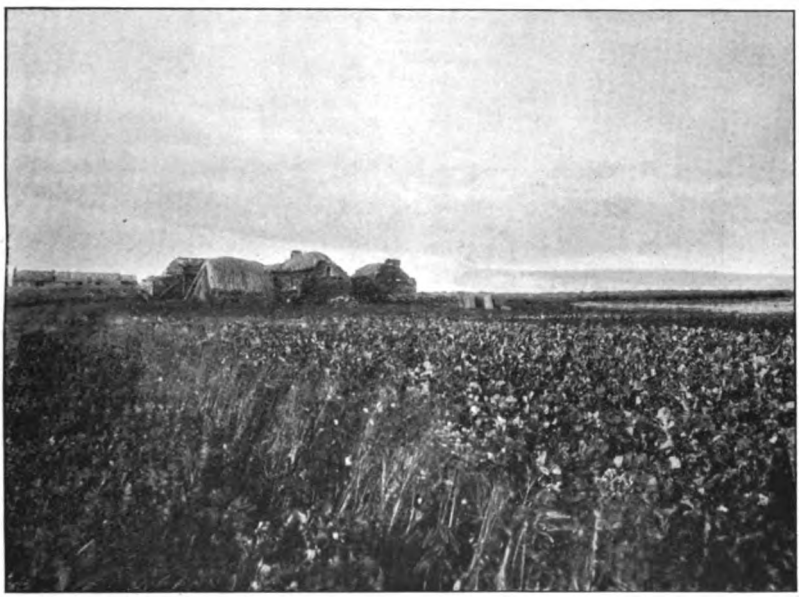
able. Unless you can enlist the services of a very steady old pointer, who will not be led away on the track of every rabbit he comes across, he will be worse than useless, and the birds will run on ahead of the advancing line like mice, hidden by the long grass, and will never be flushed. The land that lies adjacent to these 'links' is, however, the best possible for rearing a good head of partridges, being light and sandy in character, and having none of that heavy clay which renders the soil too wet for the comfort of the birds. Here, in a good season, some fifteen or twenty brace a-day can be got without difficulty, and that too in September, as most of the land is here laid out for pasturage. The little Scotch partridge is of a most unsophisticated nature, and requires very little skill in the

shooting at the beginning of the season; but good dogs are very necessary for its successful pursuit, because in these splendid turnip-fields, which would delight the eye of many a southern farmer, he will lie like a stone and refuse to be flushed by merely walking him up without the assistance of a dog. The cream of the Scotch partridge-shooting, however, comes with the beginning of October, for before that time the late harvest will not have been gathered in. Mixed days after snipe and the grouse that will still lie fill up very pleasantly the interval that

ON THE 'LINKS'

must elapse before that date. And when October comes, what a glorious month it is!—surely the best of the three which the English sportsman usually spends in Scotland. Every day a change can be seen gradually creeping over the landscape. The heather has already gone quite brown; the delightful red shades that we saw across the bay at the beginning of August have now put on a more sombre but by no means less beautiful tint. The leaves begin to drop and turn all kinds of beautiful reds and yellows. The sun makes a point of warming up these autumn days and making them as pleasant as it can, as though to heighten still more the change into the dark and lonely northern winter, when he hides his face, and a kind of twilight reigns.

The shooting, too, still remains good. In a more fashionable part of Scotland, where a higher rent would have to be paid, this would in all probability not be so. In some place where grouse formed the chief and perhaps the only feature of the bag, the lessee would find that there was nothing left for him to shoot when October came round, and would probably, by returning south, lose the most beautiful month in Scotland. In Caithness, however, at probably a far less cost, there would be plenty to occupy his attention till the end of that month.



SCOTCH TURNIPS—A CROFTER'S FARM

The partridges would be at their best, with no standing corn to take refuge in, as in September, and would afford difficult and sporting shots. As we have said before, there would be the chance of fresh snipe, and probably a woodcock or two, flighting in. Finally, if so lucky as to have acquired such a splendid rabbit preserve as that we have previously tried to describe, he would find these denizens of the sandhills still able to afford him a capital day's sport, and grown stronger and quicker on their legs than ever. To the naturalist also there is much that is deeply interesting on this northern coast, be he geological, ornithological, or botanical in his tastes. Sea-birds of all descriptions, from greedy cormorants and the great black-

backed gulls, to little kittiwakes, sandpipers, terns, and dotterel, throng the foreshore, which is also renowned for its rare and beautiful shells. In the winter wild geese and swans, with golden plover innumerable, can be added to this list. The mode of stalking these last is somewhat curious. They will not take cover, but stand out, busily feeding, on short grass close to the shore, or on great slabs of rock which the sea has cut out. They are thus unapproachable in the ordinary way,

THE START AFTER LUNCH

for if you walk right up to them they will be off long before you can get within range. You must therefore walk round them, as they feed in a flock, in circles, ever narrowing as you approach nearer to them, thus driving them closer together into a compact body. In this way they will allow you to approach near enough, and give a better chance for the inhumane but sometimes necessary 'browning' shot. Wildfowl of all kinds indeed, the common mallard, widgeon, and teal, are numerous in this district, but very hard to come by, except at the beginning of August, when a day or two may be spent in 'flapper' shooting; but they soon become too wary, finding a safer haven right out in mid-water, where they can laugh at the

perspiring and water-logged gunner wading fruitlessly up to his middle in the rushes that fringe the lochside.

It will be evident from the foregoing account that the writer has not been describing a part of Caithness where game is very thick on the ground, or where large bags are obtained, such as is, no doubt, the case in some parts of the county. It has, however, a reputation of affording very good mixed shooting of a sporting character which experience proves to be well founded.

To the naturalist-sportsman it will afford, we hope for many years to come, opportunities for spending an enjoyable holiday at a moderate cost to himself. If he be one who loves variety in his sport, and likes to be as much dependent on the sagacity of his dog as on his own exertions, he will find his long journey to the far north amply rewarded.

THE PROPOSED ALTERATION IN THE LAW OF LEG-BEFORE-WICKET

BY P. F. WARNER

RULE 24 of the Laws of Cricket runs as follows : 'The striker is out if, with any part of his person, he stops the ball which, in the opinion of the umpire at the bowler's wicket, shall have been pitched in a straight line from it to the striker's wicket and would have hit it "leg-before-wicket."' It has been proposed to cut out the words 'shall have been pitched in a straight line from it to the striker's wicket,' thereby enabling a bowler to get rid of a batsman leg-before-wicket, irrespective of whether the ball pitches between wicket and wicket. A question that has frequently been asked me during the last few months is whether I am in favour of this alteration. Most unhesitatingly I reply 'No,' and in this article I hope to give several cogent reasons for that answer.

In the first place, are the men who would like to see the existing law upset quite sure that this alteration will accomplish the object they have in view? Their object, I take it, is to reduce the present high scoring in county cricket, and they think that this will be best attained by the proposed change in the law. I am certain it will do nothing of the kind—at least not when the weather is fine and the wicket hard and true (for that is the time when you want scoring reduced), and for this reason. On a true wicket this new law would have little or no effect, as the ball does not turn to any extent, and consequently batsmen do not play the ball with their legs, as is alleged. And as to this leg-play a very great deal of nonsense is talked. I noticed in a leading article in a morning paper a few months ago a sentence that ran something in this style :

'The batsman, protected with pads, puts his elephantine (!) legs in the way and deliberately stops the ball with them.' What particular batsman had the writer of that article in view? I should dearly like to know! Most cricketers, when their legs assume elephantine proportions, prefer to play the game from the pavilion. I was once called 'a British lion' in America, but I personally have never been accused of possessing elephantine legs.

Shrewsbury and Gunn are generally signalled out as the two greatest offenders, but their long and splendid careers must in the nature of things be coming to an end, and that the present generation of cricketers are offenders in this respect I deny. Besides, I was under the impression that the charge against Shrewsbury and Gunn was that they left the ball alone on the off side so frequently that their innings were often wearisome to the spectators. People talk glibly as if playing the ball with one's legs was the easiest thing imaginable. As a matter of fact, it requires the greatest possible skill on a batsman's part, and there are few men who can do it with any degree of certainty or success. My contention thus far is that, on a good wicket, the change in the law will not reduce the scoring; so now let us consider the case of a sticky, difficult wicket. Here the game is quite difficult enough as it is, and no reduction in the score is necessary in the interests of cricket. The scoring is small, and the match is always finished, very often in two days or less. I well remember a Middlesex and Somerset match in Whit-week of 1899 when the game came to an end in one day, the actual time play was in progress being three hours and a quarter! If you bring in this new rule, matches on sticky wickets will hardly ever last more than a day, and I will go further, and assert that four or five hours will, in many instances, be sufficient to bring a match to a conclusion. I do not believe these would-be opponents of the present rule realise the difficulty a batsman experiences in playing Lockwood, Rhodes, Trott, Haigh, Mead, and the many other good bowlers when the ground helps them. The batsman has his turn in fine weather, and the bowler his when the rain comes.

Therefore, putting these two points shortly they amount to this: (1) on a good wicket the alteration of the law will have no appreciable effect, and (2) on a sticky wicket, where the new rule would have the very greatest effect, the game is quite difficult enough as it is. Now this proposal to alter the law emanates from men who are not actually taking part in first-

class cricket at the present time, though some of them were doubtless giants in their day. In my opinion they are, in this matter, quite out of sympathy with the present-day county cricketer, who does *not* want the law altered; he is, in fact, dead against alteration. Only recently the M.C.C. Committee requested the captains of the various counties to consider the question and report thereon. The captains, at a meeting held in December last year, *unanimously* agreed that any alteration in the existing law was not in the best interests of the game. Surely the opinion of such a body ought to be received with the deepest consideration, for it is obvious that these captains speak as practical cricketers who play day after day throughout the summer, and see and understand the game in all its varying phases. The Australians, too, in reply to the circular sent to them by the M.C.C., have given precisely the same answer, and their opinion also is entitled to as great, if not greater, consideration than that of the captains, seeing the position that the Australians now hold in the cricketing world.

Do the supporters of the alteration in the law perceive that, should they have their way, the new law would apply not only to cricket as played in England at Lord's or the Oval, but also to cricket from the Argentine to Canada, and from Yokohama to Timbuctoo? Do they really realise this? And if so, can they imagine that the new law would be in the interests of the game? Have they ever played on a rough West Indian wicket, or on the spongy soil of Portugal? Do they know what a Canadian ground, which is usually a skating-rink for six months in the year, is like? Or have they ever batted on a loose bit of matting at Buluwayo? I am sure they have not, for they would then know that wickets in foreign climes not being usually of the best, scoring is low, and the difficulty of making runs quite great enough already. If the present law is altered it will apply equally to county cricket and Raynes Park cricket; for you cannot have one law for first- and another for second- and third-class cricket—at any rate, not in the case where that law is one of the vital principles of the game.

A common argument of those who would alter the law is that there are too many drawn matches nowadays. To that I will answer that a drawn match is not necessarily a dull one. Some of the best and most exciting matches I have taken part in have ended in draws. However, I am willing to admit that many a county match is a dull affair after the first day's play, as a draw is almost inevitable, and a dull sort of drawn game too

—as is the case when Sussex makes 417 and 269 for four wickets and Surrey 461 ; but—and this is a big 'but'—the real reason why three-quarters of the matches are drawn is the poor standard of fielding in first-class cricket. As Mr. D. L. A. Jephson has pointed out in his article in *Wisden's Almanack*, fielding in county cricket is far and away below what it should be, and really almost a disgrace. Of course there are exceptions, individually and collectively, but, taken as a whole, the fielding in county cricket is nothing like as good as it ought to be. We don't practise fielding enough. We spend hours and hours at the nets batting, but how many minutes do we give to fielding ? Catch the catches, and there would be very few drawn games, even on the best of wickets.

Some teams have the knack of nearly always drawing their matches, notably Warwickshire. Perhaps they play a slow game, or their fielding is bad, or their bowling not quite up to the mark, or the Edgbaston wicket too good. Conversely other teams—for instance, Middlesex—have a knack of finishing their matches. Perhaps we play a freer game, and we certainly have two or three fine bowlers, and at times we don't field badly ; but, whatever the cause, we almost invariably finish our matches, unless the weather prevents. In the last five years Middlesex have seldom drawn a match through high scoring, and I challenge any one to name twelve occasions during that period in which we have failed to finish a match in fine weather. Perhaps it is because Lord's possesses more life and go than other grounds. A very important point, in my opinion, is the duration of play in a county match during the various months of the season. In May, June, and July stumps are drawn at half-past six, and sometimes at seven, play beginning at twelve o'clock on the first day and at half-past eleven on the second and third. In August, however, during which month I have noticed most of the drawn matches take place, play on most grounds begins at the same hour, and stumps are drawn at six o'clock ; so that in the three days there is an hour and a half less play than in a match which takes place in the three previous months. This is a serious waste of time and is the cause of many unfinished games. There is no reason at all why play should not begin at eleven o'clock on the second and third days, and in the early part of August the light is quite fit for cricket up to a quarter-past six. Moreover, abolish the tea interval—it is quite unnecessary. The general meeting of the M.C.C. will be held at Lord's on the afternoon of Wednesday,

May 1, and I earnestly beg every member of the club carefully to consider the question in all its bearings before he votes for an alteration in the law. To my mind there is a spirit of radicalism rampant amongst a certain section of cricketers—not modern players, by-the-way—which is, I feel sure, inimical to the true interests of the game. Remember that this proposed alteration, should it become law, will be the most radical ever made in the game of cricket, a game which has stood for scores of years as the finest in the world.

One wet summer would knock all this talk of reform on the head. After the splendid weather of the season of 1887, when scoring ruled exceptionally high, proposals to alter the leg-before-wicket rule, narrow the bat, &c. &c., were numerous. Nothing, however, came of it, and 1888 turning out one of the wettest seasons on record, and the bowlers, Turner, Ferris, Lohmann, Peel, and Co., having a grand time of it, these same reformers of a year back clamoured for a smaller wicket and a broader bat!

As an *experiment* this new proposal might be tried in a M.C.C. match or two at Lord's, but after the net fiasco there last summer the M.C.C. Committee may possibly be somewhat chary of trying other experiments.

SOUTH AMERICAN SPORTING REMINISCENCES

BY LIEUTENANT PERCIVAL HALL-THOMPSON, R.N.

BEFORE beginning to write these short reminiscences of happy days spent in a hospitable country, I should like to remark that I am a humble member of that great service which takes its followers to the uttermost ends of the earth, and whilst on duty, or rather on leave, I have seized opportunities for such sport as was obtainable.

I found myself engaged for some years in 'wagging the flag,' as it is usually called, of the mighty British Empire up and down the eastern coast of South America ; and it is about that part of the world that I propose to write.

I think our happiest days were spent whilst cruising on the river Parana, between Buenos Ayres and the town of Parana, during the shooting season—that is, from March to September. This river is undoubtedly the home of almost every sort of waterfowl, and big bags were the rule and not the exception. We cruised slowly up the river, stopping at some likely spot ; as soon as the anchor was on the bottom, dogs and guns would appear, and the shooting members, usually three or four, might be heard clamouring for boats to take them ashore. They would start, suitably attired for wading, and shoot along the marshes, which everywhere line the shores of this river, returning in the evening hungry and satisfied, bringing with them perhaps thirty or forty couple of snipe, and over a hundred waterfowl of various descriptions, from the small teal to the

enormous *Parto Grande* (this is the native name), which is a rare duck, as large as an English turkey, the largest duck known. Also, perhaps, there would be a few geese to assist in making up the total.

The whole length of this river is essentially a place where waterfowl of every description may thrive, and the climate is all they could desire. Originally a very broad river flowing between high banks, it has now dwindled to quite a narrow channel (that is to say, navigable channel), but the whole of the space between the two original banks, in places many miles apart, is covered with marshes, lagoons, and small passages where boats only can get through. During the cold season these marshes, &c., are inhabited by myriads of waterfowl of every description. In most places it is, of course, very hard to get near them, but near the shores during the morning and evening flighting the sport is as good as any one could wish for, and fast and furious too. We generally used to spend most of the middle of the day amongst the snipe, which are very plentiful in places, picking up also an occasional duck; then towards the evening we posted ourselves and waited for the inevitable flighting. We made our best days in this way at a small place called Dos Hermanos, about halfway between Buenos Ayres and Rosario, owned by a friendly Englishman, well known to all naval officers who have served in those parts, and to whom their best thanks are due for his great hospitality and kindness.

As regards the river above the town of Parana I know nothing, as it is not deep enough for any of H.M.'s ships. But shallow-draught river steamers run constantly as far as Asuncion, and, I believe, very excellent and varied shooting is to be obtained farther up.

To vary the sport, when we arrived at Rosario the English people could not do too much for us. We received plenty of invitations to go and shoot over their *estanceas* (stations) as much as we liked, and here big bags would be made of what we called the small partridge—Spotted Tinamou is, I think, their proper name. They much resemble the English partridge in habit, except that they are not found in coveys, and in size are about halfway between a partridge and a quail. The best bag I remember of these birds to a single gun was sixty-seven brace in an afternoon. This was made walking them up with the assistance of a good spaniel. Here you could also get a fair amount of Martinetta, or Rufus Tinamou, a fine game bird about

THE MARSHES ARE INHABITED BY MYRIADS OF WATERFOWL OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

UNIV. OF WICH.

the size of a hen pheasant, but requiring a good dog to make him rise to the gun.

Another very pleasant recollection of Rosario is of one occasion when we were given a special train containing luxurious sleeping and dining cars, &c., in which we travelled along the railway line until we reached a good spot for shooting. Then the train was shunted on to a siding and we went away to our sport, returning in the evening to dine and sleep in our train, which meanwhile was moved on to some other favourable locality. On this occasion we bagged a good many birds of a fine large species called Monterras, about the same size as the Martinetta, but living in thick cover and affording very good sport indeed. (I may here mention that there are altogether sixty-five different species of tinamou which all hail from South America.)

The River Uruguay (also a branch of the River Plate, but smaller than the Parana) is also very good for sport, but in the lower reaches where we were able to go, that is to say, as far as the town of Paysandu, we never found waterfowl in any very great quantity, although there was very excellent sport to be obtained close to the banks amongst the various sort of partridges (or tinamou).

Leaving Parana and its hospitable shores and people, and going farther south, we met with more varied sport, and to my mind one of the most enjoyable kind was chasing the cavy in Patagonia. The Patagonian cavy in appearance is like a large hare and weighs up to 25 lb., but he lives in a hole and is seldom found more than a mile distant from it, which, from a sporting point of view, is a great drawback. When first I tried my hand at this form of amusement we were anchored at Port Madryn, close to the Welsh colony of Chupât, our host being a little Welshman but a great sportsman. We rode out some thirty kilometres, taking with us two or three dogs of the greyhound type, but rather heavier, and then started to look for our quarry. The method was as follows : We rode about one hundred yards apart through the thick undergrowth of scrub, and if any one saw a cavy's hole he had strict orders to dismount and lightly stop up the entrance with sand. Presently a cavy would be seen making away as fast as his long legs would carry him, and then the fun began. The man who would get a cavy must ride hard and straight, for if you once lose sight of your quarry you will never see him again ; and as the scrub is very thick in places, to keep him in sight is no easy matter. If the dogs see him they will give chase, but they also only hunt by sight ; nevertheless, if they

should spot him, it is as pretty coursing as you could wish to see. Of course the great majority of cavies escape untouched to their holes, in which case they are left in peace ; but the fun occurs when you happen to find one whose hole you have stopped. Then you can ride him to the finish, for if the dogs have not overtaken him in the first half-mile they seldom do so afterwards.

It was in this province that we got some guanaco shooting, and it may be noted that it is no easy matter to stalk a guanaco. He lives in a waterless and slightly undulating country, and is extremely shy ; add to this the fact that there is hardly any cover, and you have a difficult task to get within rifle-shot. He has the same capacity as the camel for going a long time without water, and I think gets most of the moisture necessary for his existence out of the grass. We were told that the guanaco was of such a curious disposition that if you lay on your back and waved your legs in the air he would come near to see what sort of strange animal you were ; but I personally found that scheme no good. I remember with sorrow one very hot and dusty afternoon when I saw some guanaco in the distance and in sheer desperation tried this plan for some time, only to find on getting up that even those I had seen miles away had vanished. I believe the natives sometimes ride them down and pistol them, but I never attempted this myself, or knew any one who had.

At some places on the coast we found the *Tinamou elegans* in abundance, as also his smaller brother (both crested species), and they gave very good sport with the assistance of a dog, which is indispensable for these birds, for they are much inclined to use their legs as a means of locomotion in preference to their wings.

Again going farther south we arrived at the Falkland Islands, the southernmost English colony, and certainly a unique place in many ways, having an area almost as large as Ireland but a scanty population. The principal town, Stanley, had, I think, a population of about 800 when I was there. Here there are enormous quantities of wild geese, which are in places so tame that you might almost knock them down with a stick, but the grand majority of these have a very fishy flavour, so are useless for the table, and their fearlessness of man makes them no good from a sporting point of view. This is *the* drawback to sport in the Falklands ; even at snipe and duck you have often to throw stones before they will rise to the guns. A short time ago these islands were in great danger of being, like Australia, plagued with imported

rabbits, but they were attacked by some sort of disease which has utterly exterminated them. Some very good sport can be obtained here with hares, but these have been imported by individuals, and, of course, are carefully preserved.

I must just mention, whilst talking of the Falklands, those interesting creatures, more fish than bird in many ways, the penguins, myriads of whom make this their home during the nesting season. I can think of no more curious or interesting sight than a penguin rookery during this time—unnumbered thousands of these interesting little creatures, each sitting bolt upright, with long whiskers and white breasts, on its solitary egg, for all the world like a solemn conclave of old gentlemen in conventional evening dress. They sit so close together that one can hardly walk without knocking them over, and will not move for any man under the sun unless force is actually used. They just snap at your legs as you pass, but nothing more. It is hard for human beings to understand how each one knows its own egg; but somehow they do, and if you take one off its nest (which has nothing to mark it amongst the many thousands) and set it down at a distance, it will walk solemnly straight back to its own egg and sit on it again, apparently not the least disturbed or worried. When the breeding season is well over and the young birds are strong, the whole rookery leave the islands together on the same day, to return again to the precise spot the following year. The return can be prophesied almost to an hour, and no one knows what becomes of them in the intervals. They are, indeed, curious and interesting creatures.

I am afraid of extending my reminiscences to undue limits, but should like to mention the fact that wild-cattle shooting is still to be had in the Falkland Islands, though, unfortunately, these noble animals are getting fewer year by year. Anybody who wants to bag one of them will require plenty of nerve and acuteness, as they go for you on sight without the slightest hesitation, and trees on those islands are absolutely unknown. I could write much about this far-distant English colony right down below the Roaring Forties, in the region of penguins, sea-lions, and albatrosses, but space forbids.

In addition to the game already mentioned, we also at various times and places, between Montevideo and Port Desire, coursed ostriches and deer, and shot pumas and driven deer (the former being rather tame sport, as the puma is a skulking beast). Last, but not least in point of excitement and interest, we learnt to use the lasso with some degree of precision from horseback.

In conclusion, I can only say that this country is well worth the attention of sportsmen who like roughing it a little. My experience is almost confined to the sea-coast or near it, where we always found the people, especially the English residents, most hospitable and willing to assist. Any one with leisure, and anxious not to incur much expense, would, I think, find sport in this country a delightful change.

THE COLOURED PICTURES

BEFORE speaking of the coloured pictures in the present number, we have to thank several correspondents for their kindness in writing to express their cordial appreciation and congratulations. It is extremely pleasant to receive such letters as those which have arrived during the last few weeks. In the present number is Herring's famous picture of 'The Flying Dutchman,' reproduced by the very kind permission of Lord Rosebery, who has been good enough to allow us to copy from his gallery at The Durdans; and we may add that Ladas will follow. Lord Rosebery, in a letter to the Editor, expresses the opinion that Herring's picture is 'very fine,' and of this there can certainly be no doubt. The brown son of Bay Middleton was foaled in 1846 and, as history records, won the Derby and took his revenge on Voltigeur (who had beaten him half a length for the Doncaster Cup) in the famous match at the York Spring Meeting of 1851 over two miles for a thousand sovereigns. 'The Pheasant' (taken amid Spring surroundings), is the first of the series of English game-birds, others of which will be given in due course. The American game-bird this month is the Dusky Grouse (*Dendragapus obscurus*), called also the Blue, Gray, Mountain, Pine, and Fool Grouse; the last uncomplimentary name being given them because 'when flushed they will tree at once, in the silly belief that they are out of danger, and will quietly suffer themselves to be pelted with clubs and stones until they are struck down, one after another.' Next to the Sage Cock, the Dusky Grouse is the largest of its species in the United States, and is said to be the most delicious of all grouse for the table. The birds are well known throughout the western half of the United States, from New Mexico to Alaska and British Columbia. A clutch consists of from 8 to 10 creamy-buff eggs, dotted, spotted and sometimes splotched with brown; nesting begins about the middle of May, dates differing according to the severity of the season and the altitude. The cock-bird is a very inattentive father. 'Too Late' is a picture of a disappointed fox who has evidently reckoned confidently upon one of these ducks for supper, but has not been sufficiently quick and cautious to surprise the birds.

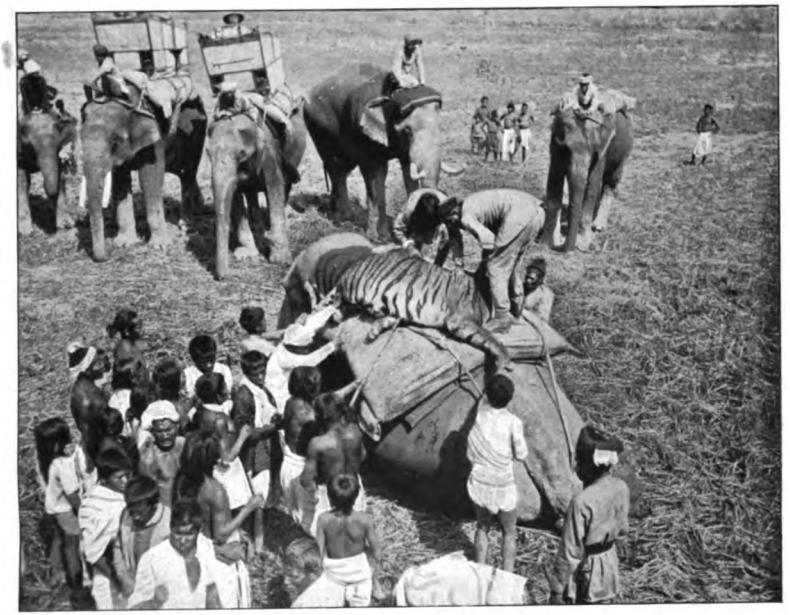
A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph sent in representing any sporting subject. Ten other prizes will also be given away each month, each of them consisting of an original drawing by one or other of the artists who illustrate the Magazine. Good clear pictures are of course necessary, and when possible the negative should be sent as well as the print. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each negative. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects, and these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, athletics are practised. Racing and steeplechasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. All matters of Public School interest will be welcome.

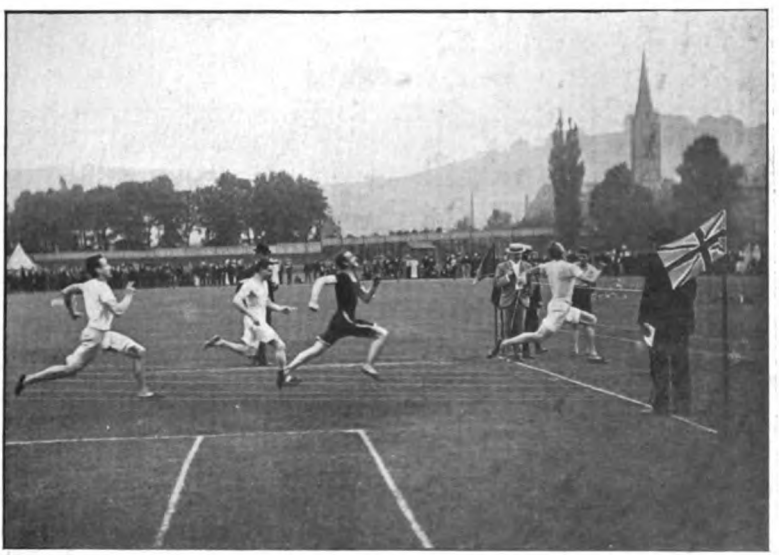
The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright on all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

THE FEBRUARY COMPETITION

The First Prize in the February competition has been divided among the following competitors: Mr. P. B. Vanderbyl, Porchester Terrace, S.W.; Mr. Graystone Bird, Bath; Mr. Cecil Gethen, Hereford; Rev. R. E. Macdonald, Innsbruck; Mr. Ernest C. Jeffery, Manningham; Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin; and Mr. John R. Singer, Chippenham. Original drawings have been sent to a number of other competitors.



PADDING A DEAD TIGER (ASSAM)
Photograph taken by Mr. P. B. Vanderbyl, Porchester Terrace, S.W.



FINISH OF 100 YARDS RACE. BATH ATHLETIC SPORTS, 1899
Photograph taken by Mr. Graystone Bird, Bath

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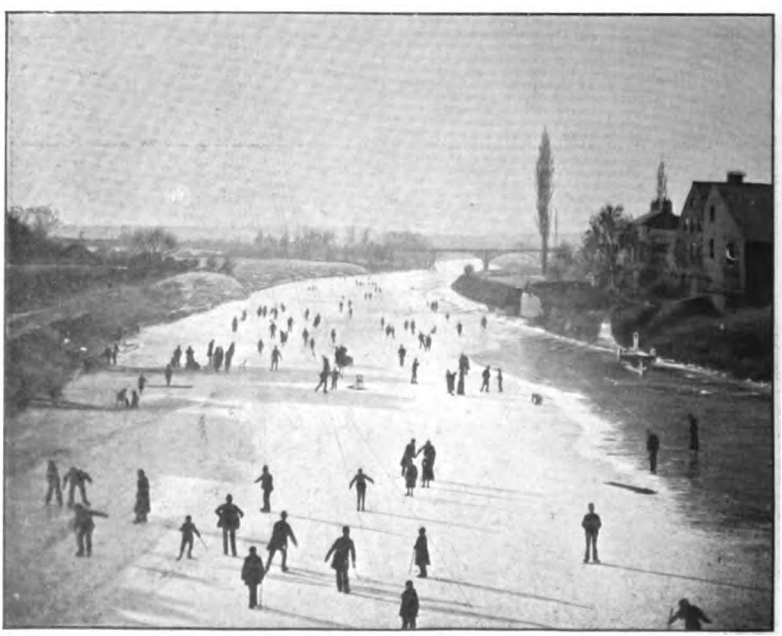
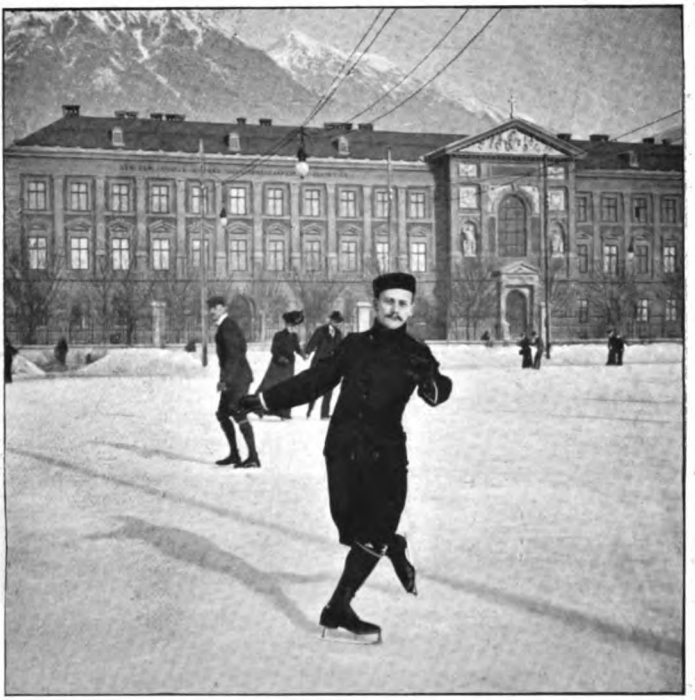
TIGER (ASSAM)

Photograph taken by Mr. P. B. Vanderbyl, Porchester Terrace, S. W.



THE FROZEN RIVER

Photograph taken by Mr. Cecil Gethen, Hereford



MR. MARTIN GORDON, A WINNER OF MANY SKATING COMPETITIONS, ON THE RINK AT INNSBRUCK

Photograph taken by the Rev. R. E. Macdonald, British Vice-Consul, Innsbruck

THE GAME OF LA PAUME, IN THE PLACE DU GRAND SABLON, BRUSSELS

Photograph taken by Mr. Ernest C. Jeffery, Manningham

LIONESS (SOMALILAND)

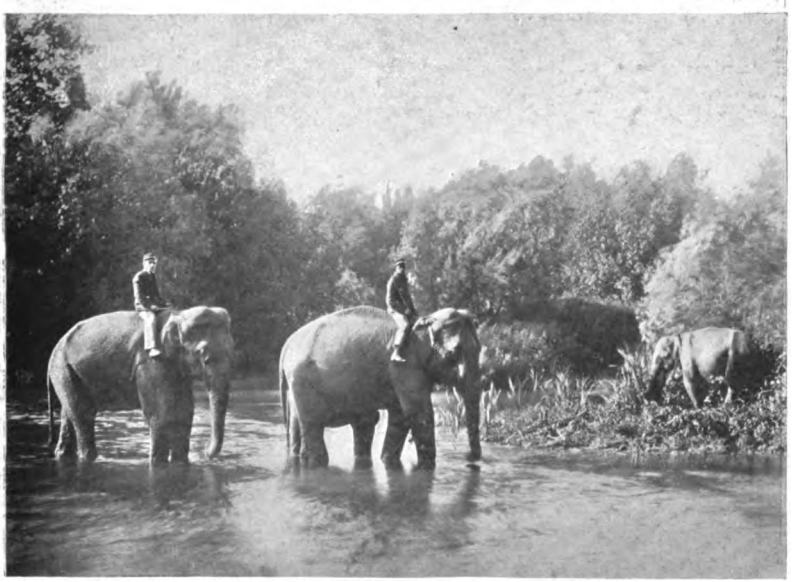
THE 'GUNS' GOING FORWARD (ASSAM)

RHINOCEROS (ASSAM)

The above Photographs were taken by Mr. P. B. Vanderbyl, Porchester Terrace, S.W.

NORTH DOWN HARRIERS

Photograph taken by Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, co. Down



IN THE RIVER AVON, CHIPPENHAM

Photograph taken by Mr. John R. Singer, Chippenham

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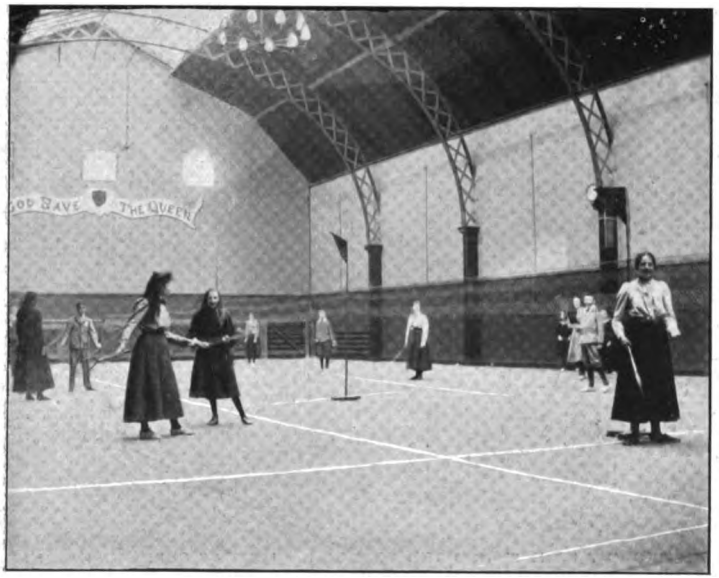
TROUT FISHING

Photograph taken by Mr. E. Griffiths, St. Columb

A VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE GRAND STAND, ALEXANDRIA SPORTING CLUB GROUNDS, EGYPT

Photograph taken by Mr. Robert M. C. Moss, Ramleh, Egypt



A JUVENILE BADMINTON CLUB
Photograph taken by Miss Delta K. Moir, St. Andrews

COLD COMFORT
Photograph taken by Mrs. R. L. Heygate, Worcester

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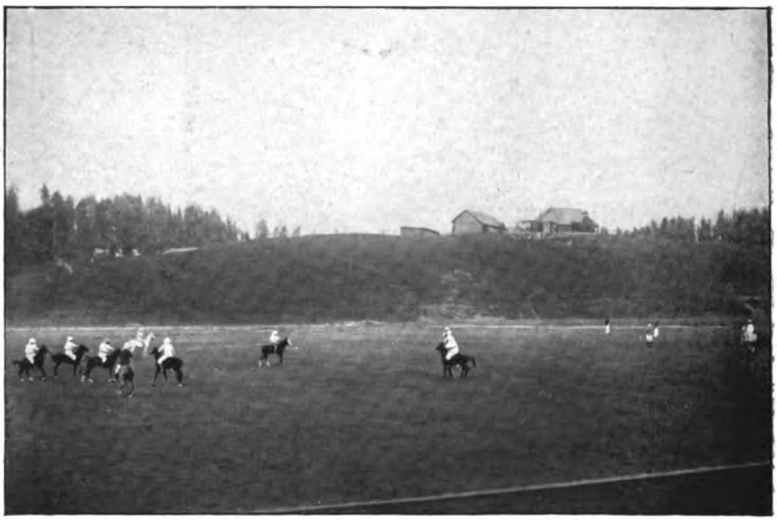
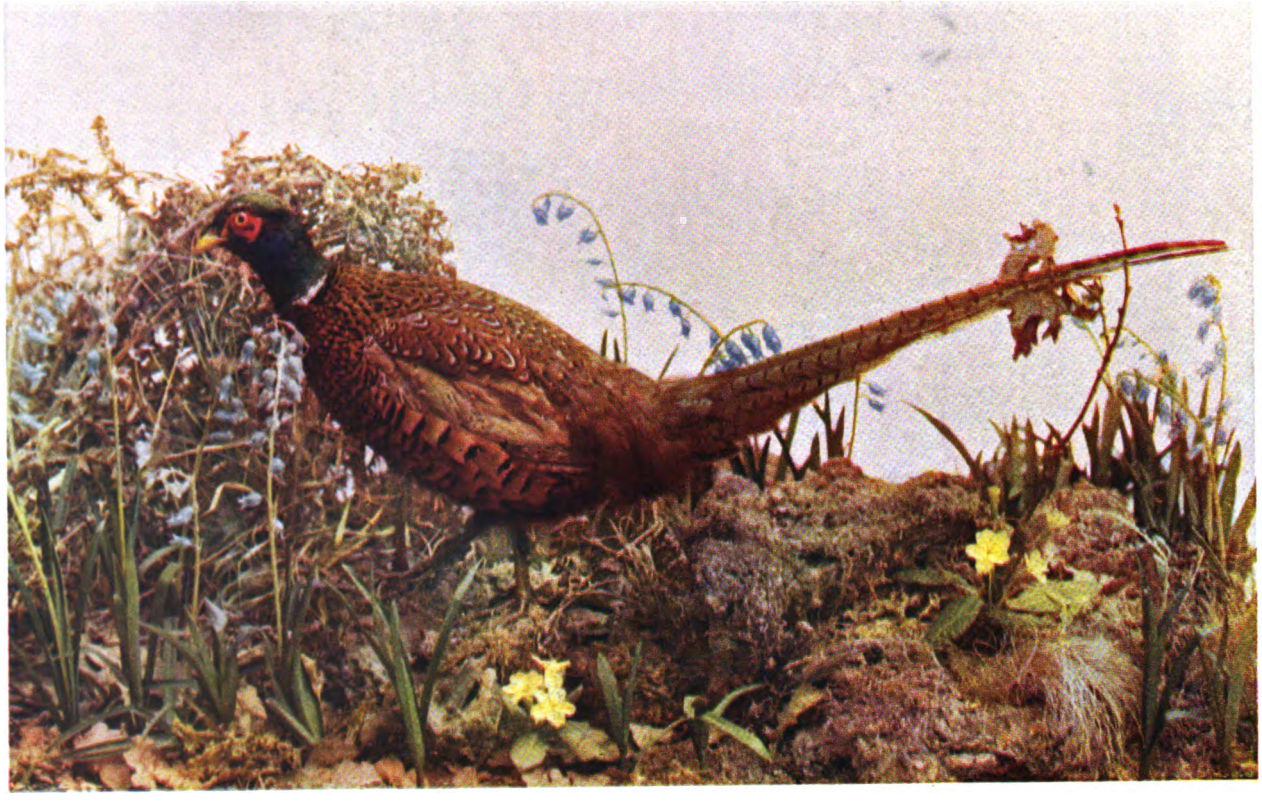


HITTING OUT FROM BEHIND THE GOAL-LINE. POLO AT GULMERG, KASHMIR
Photograph taken by Capt. L. S. Downes, R.F.A., Newbury

SALMON FISHING IN THE SILVER DEE, BALLATER
Photograph taken by Miss C. M. Bacon, Newbury



THE PHEASANT.

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NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

AMONG the letters that have reached me of late are not a few on the everlasting subject of Betting, about which I have been writing, and correspondents have been writing to me, for a good deal more than twenty years past. One of the writers is particularly anxious to know what advice I have to give him with regard to supporting or opposing first and second favourites? The advice I have to give to all people who are hesitating about backing racehorses is the historical admonition bestowed long ago on a querist in a different matter, namely, 'Don't.' But if people want to bet, or if they want to be married, they will take advice, no doubt, but solely on condition that it agrees with their own inclination. With regard to first favourites there is this to be said, that, as a general rule, especially in these latter days when such a fierce light beats upon the Turf from so many different directions, a horse is seldom made favourite without what appears to a number of presumably shrewd persons to be a good reason. Some one wrote to me the other day—I regret that I have so little space for dealing with correspondence—that throughout the year he had calculated thirty-four per cent. of favourites were successful. (I may incidentally remark that at the Sandown Meeting, just over at the time of writing, eleven per cent. of favourites won, but I daresay that in the long run the larger proportion is correct.) The fact remains, however, that in nearly every case a favourite starts at a false price, for the simple reason that he *is* favourite, that circumstance inducing a number of backers to follow him. Persistent backing of first favourites is obviously a losing game—this can be ascertained from an examination of any record of racing—and a particularly expensive one when

'odds on' chances go down, as sometimes they have such a painful habit of doing. At Ascot last year, for instance, 2 to 1 on Lord Melton, 4 to 1 on Perth II., 5 to 4 on Avancez, a shade of odds on Caiman, 9 to 4 on Simondale, and 6 to 4 on Manners, were upset *consecutively*. The persistent backing of second favourites, I should be inclined to think, would result throughout the year in a steady loss of about 25 per cent., but I am writing from rather vague recollection of figures compiled some time since.

What are the proceedings of the average man who goes racing? He reads his favourite papers on his way to a meeting, and furthermore diligently looks up the form—which may be right, but for a variety of reasons is very often most certainly wrong. Probably also he has it in his mind to keep an eye on two or three particular horses, in consequence of something he has heard about them. He most likely travels with friends, each of whom is tolerably sure to think that he 'knows something'; and when our ingenuous backer reaches the course he is certain to find other friends, who are also more or less loaded with what they are pleased to regard as 'information.' Sometimes, no doubt, they may be well informed; more frequently they are not; and then again comes in the question as to whether, if the information points to the horse that ought to win, the creature will do what he ought or be prevented by untoward accident. By the time the numbers are up our backer will most likely be in a state of confusion, and going to the rails he may very likely find that some animal he has never taken into account is a hot favourite. The money suggests that it is a 'good thing'; he cannot let it 'run loose,' and so backs this with one or two of his previous fancies. Keeping an eye on what is going on around him, he suddenly finds that there is a rush on another horse, and he is told that 'the heads' are backing it. He does not like to disregard these 'heads,' and so 'saves' on this also, that word 'saving' having very often an exceedingly sinister signification on the race-course. If something he has not backed wins, he has a very bad race; if one of his lot is successful, the chances are he has not a good one; and so he works his way to that ever-present pitfall, an attempt to 'get home' on the last race; the chances being that his wagers, which have been modest in amount to begin with, have now become of ugly size. This, I am quite sure from long-repeated observation, is a faithful picture; and

every one who has the smallest knowledge of the game may see whether our backer is likely to make money in the long run.

The one sensible way to bet—assuming that any way is sensible, an opinion I do not advance—is to take up some really good horse and diligently follow it; but it is not every year that such an animal comes to the front. After Ormonde had won the Two Thousand, a shrewd man might well have made up his mind that he would back the colt to the end of its career, and so with Donovan, Isinglass, La Flèche, Flying Fox, and a very few others; the danger being, in this case, that confidence breeds recklessness, and when the good horse, carrying, of course, a heavy weight, starts at long odds on, the backer cannot resist the temptation to 'have a dash.' I am foolish enough to bet myself, and the heaviest knocks I ever received have been over really good horses who have failed when their success has seemed as certain as anything can be on the Turf—in more than one case because their jockeys have held the opposition too cheaply. The objection to the one-good-horse system is that the animal is only likely to run some half-dozen times in a year, and the backer will want to bet more frequently. In this event a good plan, or, at any rate let us say a plan better than most, is to make a list of some ten or a dozen horses, and follow them throughout the year, always remembering that a smart two-year-old filly is quite as likely to have lost her form as to have retained it, and ought never to be included until as a three-year-old she has given proof of the fact that she has not gone off. Here the obvious difficulty is to make a wise choice of the animals that are to be followed, and this difficulty is, of course, a very severe one. The plan is, however, surely more reasonable than going aimlessly on to a race-course and being blown about by every wind of doctrine; the bitterness of defeat being frequently enhanced by meeting some friend, just after the supposed good thing and the animals on which you have 'saved' have gone down, and hearing the familiar remark, 'I wish I had seen you just before the race, I should have *made* you back that!'

What shall we say for a dozen animals that, with fair luck, are likely to win good races during the present season? They must not be all Derby horses, and must, indeed, be of different

ages, except that, of course, two-year-olds are necessarily omitted, as nothing is or can be so far known of those that are likely to turn out best. Quite at the beginning of the year some of the less-instructed writers on turf affairs are in the habit of discovering flyers—youngsters 'able to catch pigeons,' to use the phrase of which they are rather fond—but their ideas are based on imagination and ill-digested gossip. Several weeks since I read a glowing account of the capacity of a two-year-old I chance to know a good deal about, and, as a matter of fact, it has never had anything approaching to a gallop up to the time of writing. That kind of report constantly amuses owners, trainers, and others who are behind the scenes. For one of the dozen, however, to come to details, I should certainly take the French colt Eryx (3 yrs., by Galeazzo – Kiss Me), for I have reason to believe that he is a really good horse, and he is in the Eclipse, the St. Leger, and the Jockey Club Stakes. His precise ability must be to a great extent a matter of opinion, but I judge him to be the best of his year in England or France. He is somewhat light of bone, but with judicious treatment there is no apparent reason why he should not stand.

I hear such a good account of Bay Melton's progress that I am disposed to choose him, though he only won a single race last year in half a dozen attempts ; and it would be rash, perhaps, to omit Volodyovski, Veles, and Royal Rouge. I also incline to Doricles, for if he can be trained he should do very well, and if he cannot be he will not run ; but I cannot afford him a place. If —an all-important reservation in consequence of what has been said on a previous page about three-year-old fillies—Running Stream has made average advance from two to three, I would select this daughter of Domino and Dancing Water, having a notion that the speedy Princess Melton does not stay. Of four-year-olds, King's Courier, La Roche, and Disguise II. appear exceedingly likely to distinguish themselves ; and among the fives there are three fillies that ought to win good handicaps in Irish Ivy, Clarehaven, and Spectrum ; for though they are sure to be heavily weighted, with fair treatment they will take a good deal of stopping. Wishard is something of a conjurer with horses and if American methods cure Harrow, I should be sorry to leave him out. Eager, too, showed us what he was at the end of last year, and I am almost inclined to pick him instead of Spectrum, but his reputation is deservedly so high that handicappers are certain to

be very hard on him. Without Harrow (nicely down in handicaps, and therefore tempting) and Eager, I have, however, named a dozen, and we shall see what happens to them during the next eight months.

With reference to a recent article on hunting near Rome, a correspondent comments on the picture of which a very small copy is here reproduced. He says that 'the illustration has appeared in several magazines, and seems to grow more and more exaggerated.' As a matter of fact, I think he is wrong as regards this particular picture, though similar ones of an equally remarkable character have been published. My correspondent considers it impossible for any horse by itself, let alone with a rider, to maintain its equilibrium in the position depicted. 'The centre of gravity in a horse is not close to its tail, as the photographer would have us believe,' he writes, 'and this picture has evidently been doctored to make the feat more striking,' He has frequently ridden down slopes of 70 feet in 70 yards, or 1 in 3, and does 'not believe it is possible to ride down any hill for any distance much steeper than that.' I do not know whether the illustration has been doctored, for the little horse on the left-hand side seems, from his attitude, to stand on rising ground —this second animal was evidently there when the photograph was taken, and is not cunningly inserted. However, in the copy here given I have slightly altered the lines so as to make the little horse stand quite square; and even then the performance of riding down the slope seems only little less marvellous.

A number of books have reached me about which I should like to say something, though that something must necessarily be brief. Captain Horace Hayes is so well known as a practical horseman that his new work, 'Riding and Hunting' (Hurst & Blackett), is specially to be commended to the attention of readers, the more so as it is illustrated by diagrams which elucidate the text, and also by photographs, including, amongst others, all the fences that go to make up the Grand National course, some of them, taken after the race, enabling one to see

that they are less unbreakable than many persons suppose, though, of course, the holes made in them may have resulted in falls. The part of the book I should criticise, if I had space for detail, is that which deals with race-riding. Captain Hayes says, for instance, that 'as a rule, in all fairly long races a jockey should wait,' elsewhere that 'a jockey should never make his own running'; but these and other recommendations depend altogether upon circumstances. A 'Memorial of Mr. F. G. Tait' (J. Nisbet & Co.) will be read with special pleasure by his friends, and with no little interest by golf-players in general, who will not need to be told that his skill when at his best was almost phenomenal; indeed, it is on record that an observer was once heard to remark, after Mr. Tait had done three consecutive holes in three, 'It's no gowff at a', it's just miracles.' The weak part of the book is the inclusion of a number of letters which cannot interest the general reader. In one of them, for instance, we find 'Old Bob Simpson always asks for you; he is a capital chap. He has a very fine business now, and is getting very fat.' The odds are many thousands to one that the reader has never heard of Old Bob Simpson, whose business and corpulence cannot surely concern strangers. 'Association Football,' by N. L. Jackson (George Newnes, Ltd.), has reached a second edition. The name of the author, and of the contributors who have assisted him, guarantee the excellence of this careful work. A new edition has also been issued of famous horses by Theo. Taunton (Sampson Low, Marston & Co.). Some of the earlier plates are in bad condition, or else very poorly printed, and the fact is made obvious that the art of drawing a horse is of comparatively recent growth. Not a few of the earlier pictures represent absolutely impossible animals; others, however, are excellent. Additions have been made to this last issue, and it is a pleasant volume for the man who is interested in the turf to take up, especially if he has other enthusiasts with him, for the volume is a sure draw for subjects for racing talk. A little more editorial care was desirable. On page 351, for example, the author states that 'with the exception of Raconteur, Raeburn, Simonian, and St. Serf, St. Simon colts have proved moderate,' whilst a little farther on he proceeds to talk about Persimmon (whose portrait is given), Diamond Jubilee and Florizel,

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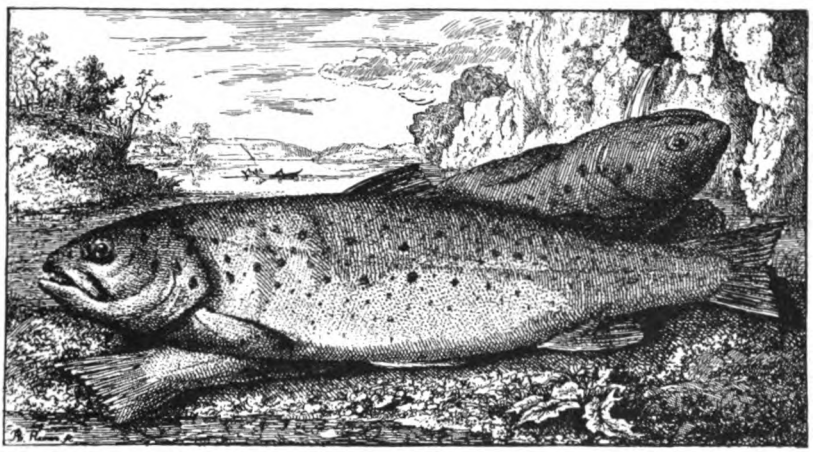

The Badminton Magazine

MISS BROWN

BY L. H. DE VISME SHAW

LONG, long will be it be ere her memory fades from my mind. A dream she was, as far as beauty goes—a fair, graceful girl of maybe eighteen summers, bedight in Worth's very, very latest as she stood by the brook-side on that bright April morning. Of all past memories graved upon my mind, none is ever present with me like that of Miss Brown and the trout she saw me catch. It is a memory absolutely indelible. It took every ounce of happiness out of my existence for months afterwards.

There were four members of the Gravedon Angling Association—the Parson, the Doctor, old Major Formby and myself.

It came about—this was three years before I met Miss Brown—that the Gravedon shooting changed hands. The old tenant had been a keen fisherman; when he first took the Gravedon shoot, he placed a grille at either boundary of the Beck, and stocked the water heavily with fry, although the stream held a good weight of trout already. Each succeeding year—five years I think it was—he supplemented the stock by

so many fry. Then he suddenly abandoned his tenancy. The new man cared nothing for fishing. He told the Doctor this when he came down to take possession and look round the day after the expiry of the old tenant's term. So the Doctor asked him if he would be willing to sublet the Beck. He said yes. Then the Doctor approached old Major Formby, the Parson and myself. It ended in our renting the Beck and calling ourselves the Gravedon Angling Association. We drew up our rules; we decided to follow the system of re-stocking which had been carried on for some years past. There was a good deal of emulousness in the Association from the very start. Old Major Formby thought no one in the country knew anything about fly fishing but himself, and insinuated as much many times before our season began. This put the Parson's wool up, for the Parson had very strained ideas of his own faculty with the rod. The Doctor laughed at the two of them. All three said time would tell. Emulation is catching. I talked little, but I conceived an eminent wish that it might fall to my luck to outstrip the others.

At the end of the first season, old Major Formby had given us a very bad beating all round, not only in the weight of his total catch, but also in the weight of the heaviest fish caught. During the opening week, he creeled a trout weighing an ounce over two pounds. The Parson and the Doctor came in a dead heat for second place, the weight of their best fish being exactly twenty ounces each. My own largest was a wax match short of one pound. I think I must have taken at least a hundred fish from the Gravedon Beck weighing just under a pound—from one to six wax matches under; only once during the whole of the life of the Association, did I kill a trout of more than sixteen ounces. An odd fate seemed to hang over me in this matter.

The old Major missed no opportunity of prosing on what he had done. 'There are just as good fish in the Beck,' he would say, 'as the large one I caught at the beginning of the season. Catching them is all a matter of what people term skill—and skill is all a matter of what I may call a certain natural gift backed up by long practice and the exercise of consummate observation and judgment. If you have any doubt, look at what I have done. The largest fish killed by any of you are the two weighing twenty ounces, while I've creeled six over twenty-two ounces, besides the big one—and I've been out fewer days than any of you. Look at the total weight of my season's catch again. I do not recognise the

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THE RIGHT FLY.

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existence of the element of luck in fishing,' &c. &c. &c. He always wound up by commiserating with myself in particular after having commiserated with the Parson, the Doctor and myself in general. 'I *think*, Harding,' he used to say in conclusion, 'that you really have the natural gift, and if you *have* the natural gift, its presence will make itself apparent to you in time. Practice and persevere, use judgment unstintingly, and do not allow yourself to feel discouraged. You're young yet.'

At Christmas, the old Major presented a challenge cup to the Gravedon Angling Association—a cup to be held by the slayer of the heaviest fish. I fancy he felt pretty safe about that cup. On the opening day of the following season however, the Parson landed a trout of two and a quarter pounds, and immediately collared the Major's cup—and less than twenty-four hours afterwards the Doctor killed another fish weighing only half an ounce short of three pounds, and made a special journey to the vicarage to ease the Parson of his newly won trophy. During that season and the following season no other fish was landed weighing more than one and a half pounds ; at the end of both these seasons the Doctor came in easily first as the killer of the greatest collective weight. The Doctor took over old Major Formby's views on fishing at the same time that he took over the cup. He aired these views with painful frequency. The old Major gave up talking about fishing almost entirely, though he angled with unflagging perseverance.

In the ordinary way of things I liked the Doctor very much indeed ; in the way of fishing I simply hated him. He carried his cockiness about that trout of his—the one weighing two pounds fifteen and a half ounces—to absurd lengths. I fled from him, if I could, the moment he mentioned it. I don't mind chaff a bit as a rule—in fact, I rather like it—but I do *not* care for being eternally chaffed about the same thing. I seldom met the Doctor in those days without feeling most earnestly inclined to kick him. I would have given a good round sum to land a trout just a trifle over two pounds fifteen and a half ounces —whereas not during the whole of three seasons had I been able to kill a fish capable of turning the scale at a pound without the assistance of a match or two.

Then came our fourth season.

One bright spring morning, the morning I met Miss Brown, I made a start for the Beck. All around me the birds gave forth one joyous chorus of song. It was one of those *real* spring mornings which even in this meteorologically degenerate

age still comes to us now and again. We had just passed through—it began in the middle of February—an unbroken spell of about the coldest and most rainless weather ever known for the time of year. Though all four of us had visited the Beck several times, nothing that could be called sport had so far attended our efforts. No fish over two ounces seemed to have even a shred of appetite. Not till the second of the month was the drought broken. And then it simply rained cats and dogs for forty-eight hours right off. At ten minutes past five on the afternoon of the fourth—I like to be exact in times and dates—the downpour suddenly ceased, and the morning of the following day, a Sunday, proved one of the finest, the mildest, the most perfect spring mornings I ever remember. The Monday morning, the morning I met Miss Brown, was just like it.

I was in high spirits as I made my way towards the Beck. I knew I should find the fish feeding after the recent flood. All through I had hoped against hope that it might fall to my lot to kill a fish larger than the Doctor's fish. The hope was strong in me that morning. I knew I should have the water all to myself—or at least should have it all to myself till the afternoon. The Doctor was in town, the Parson had a funeral at half-past eleven, and the old Major was laid up with a slight attack of bronchitis.

The necessity for attending to important letters delayed my start; it was already nearly half-past ten when I reached what we called the 'Castle gate,' a gate leading to the grille dividing our part of the Beck from the part running through the grounds of Gravedon Castle, the seat of his Grace the Duke of ——. After continuing its way for about three hundred yards through the Castle grounds, the stream appeared by the side of the high road, and ran by the side of it in almost a straight line as far as Lodgrave—our market-town, about two miles from Gravedon Castle—where it joined the river. The proprietor of a Lodgrave hotel used to advertise two miles of free trout fishing as among the attractions of the town. But not since the year after the Castle grille was put up had I ever heard of a trout being caught in the public part of the Beck, though plenty of dace might be taken with a fly. The portion of the Beck rented by the Parson, the Doctor, old Major Formby and myself was upwards of five miles in length, though from grille to grille, as the crow flies, could not have been, I think, half that distance. The course of the stream curved about in a most erratic manner.

But all this has nothing to do with Miss Brown.

As I passed through the 'Castle gate' I descried an angler, a female angler, fishing on our side of the grille—and more than that, fishing in our pool of pools, the pool from which all our largest trout had been taken, the Doctor's two-pound-fifteen-and-a-half-ounce fish among them. A woman—I did not know it was Miss Brown at the time—fishing in the water of the Gravedon Angling Association! One of the rules of the Association originally drawn up by the Doctor ran: 'If any member do find any person not a member of the Gravedon Angling Association fishing in the waters of the Association, the said member (as witness his signature appended hereto) do faithfully bind himself to take the said non-member by the collar and kick him off the premises without making any bones about the thing whatsoever.' Obviously this rule was never meant to apply to a lady. I very carefully thought it over. It seemed to me my duty to tell the stranger that, whether through ignorance or by design, she was poaching, and to request her, with all due politeness, to retire from the scene. Suddenly it flashed across my mind that she was probably a guest at the Castle, and had wandered out of bounds unknowingly. If this were the case, nothing would induce me to tell her she was fishing in preserved water—nothing would induce me to run the slightest risk of giving offence to his Grace and possibly thereby losing the one yearly invitation which he gave me with unfailing regularity, an invitation to participate in the slaughter of the surplus cocks on the last two days of the shooting season.

For two or three minutes I stood watching the proceedings of the interloper. She did not move from the spot whereon I had first seen her. She made her casts in a manner that proclaimed her unmistakably a novice in the gentle art. At last I knocked the ashes out of my pipe, put it in my pocket, and strolled up towards the pool.

I had approached to within a few yards of the stranger before she heard my footsteps. She turned suddenly at the sound—she stood looking at me, with parted lips, with a smile of half surprise upon her face. And such a face! It is utterly beyond my power to describe it. To say merely that she was pretty would be nothing but an idle playing with words. Never before had I known what beauty really was. I stood like one in a trance. I felt— But enough.

'Oh, I'm *so* glad somebody else has come along,' she

exclaimed, glancing at my rod. 'I can't catch one, not a single one—isn't it a shame?—and I've been trying for, oh, ages—and a boy said I should get *buckets* full if I came down here. I guess it's because I'm a duffer—don't you?'

Her speech left no doubt as to her nationality. The Duke's second son had married an American heiress, sundry of whose relatives had visited his Grace on different occasions. I had no doubt that one of them stood before me then.

I could think of no exactly suitable answer to her question, so I asked a question on my own account. 'Are you staying at the Castle?'

'Yes,' she said. 'How *did* you guess? We only got down here yesterday—and we're due back in Paris to-morrow. That's hopping about, isn't it? *Do* let me see you catch a real big one. I thought Pop-pa would never stop laughing when I told him I was going to catch a trout. He said he'd give me six new frocks right off if I got one over two ounces. When I've seen you catch a big one I shall know how to do it, shan't I?'

Space does not allow that I should record all the conversation which took place between Miss Brown and myself while I was putting my tackle in trim. She evinced the greatest interest in what I did; she asked innumerable questions concerning trout fishing and trout tackle. Several times our eyes met. I did not hurry, though more than once she expressed impatience in her wishes to see me catch 'a real big one.' She told me she had not disturbed the head of the pool. Thitherward, when all was ready, I took my way, she by my side. She carried my landing-net. Her own rod was left lying on the grass.

'Look!' I said. 'Do you see those circles on the water close by the bushes? They're made by a trout that's just risen at a fly. If you cast over the place where a trout has just risen at a natural fly like that, he will nearly always take the artificial fly, if it's the right sort. There's a deep hole by the bushes there, and you generally find the largest fish in the deepest water. Very likely that fish weighs nearly a pound.' (I was thinking of the wax matches.) 'Let's see what we can do with him.'

And then I made a cast.

That fish met my fly as it touched the water—it looked as though he had seen it coming and had planted himself just where it would drop into his mouth. The next moment he

felt the hook, and flashed down stream like a trout gone mad. I had to flash too. I could feel that I was into a heavier, a far heavier, fish than any I had ever hooked in Gravedon Beck before. He took me down to the Castle grille in a very few seconds indeed. There he turned a somersault. My heart stood still. 'A four-pounder,' I said to myself. Then there was slack line. A cold thrill shot through me. But I felt him again—making up stream. I bore on him all I dared. He took me back to the pool, he took me past the spot where I had hooked him, he took me past a clump of bramble—which I had to jump and only just managed to clear without a cropper—and then he suddenly gave in. Miss Brown, who found her way round the brambles, was there with the landing-net. I took it from her with a trembling hand: I landed the largest trout ever taken from Gravedon Beck! I carried him back past the brambles again in the landing-net, and put him down where my creel and Miss Brown's rod lay. There I stood and bent over him. I estimated his weight to be over rather than under four and a quarter pounds. But my thoughts were bent upon the Doctor even more than upon the trout. *At last* had come the time of my revenge!

And then Miss Brown spoke. I had practically forgotten her existence. She said:

'Oh, *will* you give it to me—please?'

The request took me completely aback. 'I—I'm really afraid—I'm awfully sorry I mean—I'm really afraid I can't do that.'

She laid a tiny gloved hand lightly on my arm. 'Do, *please*,' she said.

This sort of thing is all very well in its way, and under certain circumstances. Under the existing circumstances it was extremely inconvenient. I never felt in such a predicament in my life. She did not take her hand off my arm. I dared not look up and meet her glance. If I had had a credible witness on the spot to weigh the trout and to swear to the weight of it when required, I might have yielded—possibly. But to catch a fish like that and then calmly to give the fish away to a perfect stranger, thus destroying every particle of evidence—and what is a fisherman's word without evidence?—was, considering the Doctor, just a little beyond the potentialities of my own allowance of the spirit of human kindness. I felt a brute of course—just as any other impressionable bachelor would have felt a brute under similar conditions. But I steeled my heart.

'Do, *please*,' she said again.

'If it were not for the Doc—I mean if it were anything else——.'

'Now you're going to be horrid,' she interrupted; 'I *know* you are.'

'Really if——'

Her look stopped me. I can positively affirm that I saw tears in her eyes. She took her hand from my arm and began to feel for a handkerchief. If there is one thing I can't stand, it is seeing a woman in tears. I believe I began to feel very near relenting just at that moment.

'You *are* horrid'—her voice trembled; 'I *knew* you were going to be horrid. You can catch heaps, heaps if you want them, and I can't catch one. Will you sell it to me? I'll give you ten pounds for it—I've got ten sovereigns in my purse.'

I longed to be able to say that there was a rule in our Association against members either giving away or selling their fish under any circumstances whatsoever, and that I had solemnly pledged myself to observe the rule. Then a sudden inspiration came to me, I said:

'The next one I catch——'

'Oh, you *will* sell me the next one, won't you?'

'I won't sell it to you—you may have it for nothing.'

'You promise?'

'Faithfully.'

Again she placed that tiny hand upon my sleeve. 'I guess you're not horrid after all,' she said. 'You're just a *dear*, that's what you are.'

All was peace again. I placed a foundation of wet grass at the bottom of the creel and laid my big trout on the top of it, and then, after one last happiness-inspiring glance, I put the lid on the creel and stood the creel among the brambles.

'Come along,' I said to Miss Brown, 'we'll start just above where I caught this one. Bring the landing-net. We'll have another out in next to no time.'

I stopped when we had passed the pool. Telling Miss Brown to stand well away, I began to cast. I fished steadily up stream for about ten minutes before I had a rise. The fish I hooked then was a fair one—just over three-quarters of a pound—and a plucky one to boot. He fought to the bitter end. When at last he gave in, I held out my hand for the landing-net. I thought Miss Brown was just behind me all the time. I looked round; I could see nothing of her anywhere.

I thought she might have gone back for her own rod. I lifted the exhausted trout gently from the water, and once more made my way towards the clump of brambles. A strange suspicion of, I scarcely knew what, fell upon me. I turned the corner of the bramble clump ; Miss Brown was not there. I glanced at the creel, the lid was off—there was no trout inside. Miss Brown's rod was gone too. The landing-net lay where her rod had lain.

During those few seconds that I stood there rod in hand, many thoughts—hot, wicked thoughts most of them—swirled through my brain. To think that the relative of a duke could stoop to such an act !—to think that one so fair, so young, so innocent-looking as she, could be a thief ! It seemed almost impossible. Yet there was the bald fact staring me in the face. And the pang of it when I thought of the Doctor ! I almost decided to march straight up to the Castle and lay the whole matter before his Grace. But then I saw that this would never do. A woman capable of theft would not scruple to lie. She would say she caught the trout herself, and caught it the Castle side of the grille. How could I prove that I caught it if she said I did not ? No, it would never do—it would only mean that I should make an ass of myself. And I should never be asked to shoot again.

My one hope lay in being able to overtake Miss Brown before she reached the Castle. Probably she would have taken the shortest cut. I dropped my rod, I dashed up the side of the Beck till I reached the sheep-bridge, I dashed over the sheep-bridge, I dashed down the path through the fir plantation, I dashed across the meadow, I dashed through the other fir plantation, and eventually, about five minutes from the start, I found myself peering over the gate that led to the Castle shrubberies. I did not care to go further than that.

Wearily, sad at heart, one to whom the whole world looked cold and dark, I retraced my steps. I continued to fish, now listlessly, now savagely. I caught nothing ; my thoughts were far away. When the Castle clock struck one, I sat on a log and ate my sandwiches and drank the sherry in my flask. I sat there till the Castle clock struck two. I fished for half an hour after that, and caught one undersized fish. Then, dejectedly, I started for home.

Just as I passed through the gate on to the high road I saw the Doctor walking briskly towards me from the direction of the town. It was too late to avoid him. I felt more inclined

to kick the Doctor at that moment than ever I had felt inclined to kick him before. And that is saying a good deal.

'Hallo! Harding,' he said, 'at 'em again? Any luck?'

'Not much,' I answered. I never spoke truer words in my life.

'Anything over a pound?'

'No.'

'By Jove!' he went on, 'I've just seen the prettiest trout I ever saw in my life—four pounds five ounces—caught by a Yankee girl staying at the Castle Hotel.' (Great Scott! I thought, *that* Castle.) 'She got it in the Beck this morning, about halfway between here and the town. I hadn't had anything since I left London, so I thought I'd drop into the Castle for a B. and S. before I started to walk over. Rare pretty girl. They were just packing the fish up for her when I got to the coffee room. Says she's going to have it set up in Paris.'

'Is she still at the hotel?' I asked.

'No, gone up by the 2.30—she and her father. Pork king or something, he is. They rigged her up with tackle at the Castle. That's the kind of fish you want to get hold of, old chap. Makes the wax-match division look pretty small, eh? Pity you didn't see her—might have got a tip or two.'

I said nothing. What could I say? What could any one who was a fisherman say?

In the following Saturday's issue of *The Lodgrave Advertiser and Blankshire Constitutional Gazette* I read :—

'Considerable consternation has been aroused in local piscatorial circles by the capture on Monday last of a magnificent trout in Gravedon Beck, about midway between the town of Lodgrave and Gravedon Castle. As most of our readers are aware, the Beck runs for approximately two miles by the side of the road before it falls into the river. The fortunate and now famous capturer of this truly noble fish, which weighed no less than 4 lb. 5 ozs. (four pounds and five ounces) was Miss Georgidina Brown, daughter of Archimedes P. Brown, Esq., of 54th Street, Chicago. The young lady in question, a guest at the Castle Hotel, Lodgrave, anticipating no doubt that she could show her English cousins "just a thing or two," expressed a wish to visit the Beck for the purpose of indulging in "the contemplative man's recreation," and was accordingly accommodated by the manager of the Hotel (Mr. William Gooch) with the necessary outfit in the way of a rod and so forth. She sallied on her way alone, and even without a net for

"landing" purposes, and returned soon afterwards the proud slayer and possessor of this "record" trout, which is, so we understand, to be mounted for her as a trophy by a Paris taxidermist. We also understand that the trout was in grand "condition." Mr. Archimedes P. Brown had been paying a fleeting visit to Lodgrave for the purpose of investigating as far as possible a tradition to the effect that the father of a Brown who went out in the *May Flower* and founded the American family of which Mr. Archimedes P. Brown is now the head was a native of our town, and, so we are told, he (Mr. Archimedes P. Brown) was successful in gleaning important information on this matter, but from what source we are unaware.'

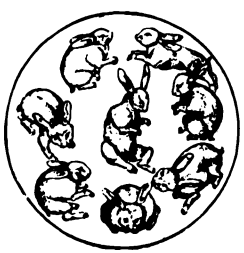
That very day I sat down and wrote to Miss Georgidina (what a name!) Brown, care of Mr. Archimedes P. Brown, 54th Street, Chicago. I registered the letter. She knows exactly the opinion I hold of her. I never received an answer.

Shortly afterwards I came across a line in one of Mr. George R. Sims' poems :—

> Whose face was as fair as a summer day, whose heart was as black as night.

I never think of Miss Brown but what I think also of that line.

I hate the very sound of the name Brown.



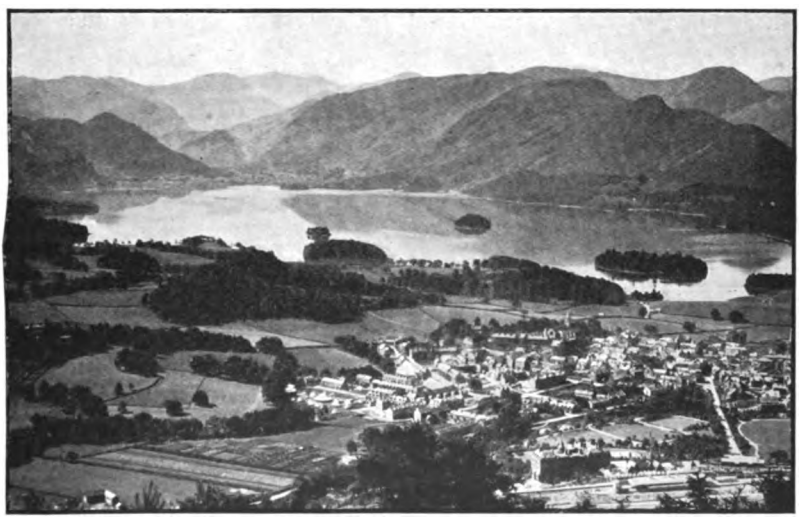
ON THE FELLS OF THE LAKE DISTRICT

BY CLAUDE E. BENSON

THERE exist to-day, and probably have existed for many ages, certain species of apes known as Troglodytes. If there is anything in the Darwinian theory, these apes are clearly the immediate ancestors of rock-climbers. The ape climbs; so does the climber. The ape, if his classical name means anything, lives in caves; the climber is never so happy as when he has buried himself out of sight in the living rock. Inaccessible pinnacles and needles are indeed an abiding joy to him, and it is a pure delight unto his soul to cling to invisible scars on the face of impossible precipices over unfathomable depths. But his Eden is a rugged cliff, split and rifted into gullies, chimneys, and ghylls. In the most difficult of these he conceals himself, neither is he seen again till he appears triumphant on the summit. The most impracticable objects in these impracticable ascents he calls 'pitches,' presumably because you are likely to stick there, or because you have to 'pitch your moving tent' to consider, or because you are exceedingly liable to pitch over on your head during the negotiation, or for some other reason.

Pavey Ark is a typical happy hunting-ground. No climber can sight it without experiencing an irresistible desire to risk his neck in one of its gullies. Even to the ordinary individual these rocks are decidedly interesting. The mass is most picturesque, and looks as if it had been intended for the Dolomites, but had found its way on to the Langdale Pikes by mistake. Since last summer Pavey Ark has acquired a

pathetic interest. A young fellow—I understand he had come to the Lakes to recruit after a successful course of reading—started out one morning in the buoyancy of youth, strength, and freedom, to his death, alone. No details of the accident are known. In addition to the exhibition of doubtful simian heredity, good walking and scrambling is to be had on the Fells. Walking is open to all not suffering from physical infirmity or serious organic disability; scrambling requires a certain amount of strength, nerve, and condition; climbing demands courage and strength, muscle and nerve, training and



DERWENTWATER

experience. The first exercises your legs, mainly; the second, your legs and arms; the third, your legs, arms, and every other portion of your body, including your head, lest perchance you break it untimely.

Let us consider these in the order named. It is the natural order, and the healthiest order as well. People coming from the imprisoned air of great cities, and the sedentary life of the desk, direct to the thin, clear atmosphere of the mountains, are exceedingly likely to 'overdo it' unless they are careful for the first few days. And over-exertion may bring on exhaustion (the consequences of which are often more severe and lasting than is generally imagined), distressing heart symptoms, giddiness or faintness, and the result is a slip or stumble, and possibly a sprain, a contusion, or even more serious trouble.

Keswick is an excellent walking centre, though for climbing proper Wasdale is preferred. However, as at first we only propose to walk, that does not signify. Derwentwater, too, if not quite equal to the Patterdale end of Ulleswater, is as a whole unsurpassed for beauty ; and scenery counts for something. Up and down Skiddaw, lunch at Portinscale, up and down Grisdale Pike, is a good first day's work. Just at the end of the Grisdale walk you can find parts steep enough to let you know whether you are likely to be giddy, though it would require a gymnastic effort to hurt oneself. For the next walk go through Borrowdale, over the Stake Pass, cross the end of Langdale, *ascend by Rossett Gill,* and so back by Esk Hause and Sty Head Gill.

Ascend by Rossett Gill, the verb being emphasised partly because the walk is generally taken the other way, partly because the approach to Wasdale is more effective by Esk Hause than by Sty Head Gill, and partly and chiefly because the track is the most execrable and execrated place to go down I have ever met. It is not even dangerous. It is merely a collection of loose stones, averaging between the size of your fist and your head, all edges and angles. As a variation there are wet and slippery slabs of rock, considerably studded with small stone pyramids, in case you should rest and be thankful somewhat suddenly.

Before starting to scramble equipment must be considered. Up to the present ordinary country walking costume will do. For scrambling one requires longer nails in the boots, and a stick with a metal point may be taken or not, according to the work contemplated. If it is likely to be severe, one finds quite enough for one's hands to do without filling them with sticks. Alpenstocks are very useful under certain conditions in the management of qualified persons. Otherwise they are generally an encumbrance. On the Buttermere side of Honister Crag is a white cross. A girl was killed there. The place looks innocent enough, and it is difficult to ascertain exactly how the accident occurred—these things happen so quickly. All, however, agree in attributing it to the agency of an alpenstock.

To return to equipment. A good lunch is essential—hard work requires substantial feeding—also a pocket pistol, with a cup, to avoid colds. Colds are frequent at the lakes in summer, and the hotter the weather the more numerous the colds. This seeming paradox is easy of explanation. The heated pedestrian, striding over inhospitable fells, far from the blissful

abodes of alcohol and aërated water, suddenly discovers that he has developed a thirst it would be criminal to sell for less than a £5 note. Now, thirst, when it can be satisfied, is one of the greatest boons of providence to suffering humanity. Here

DEEP GHYLL, FIRST PITCH. SCAWFELL

the means of quenching it are handy, the pellucid pool of an ice-cold gill. Down goes the unwary pedestrian, and has a good, conscientious drink with his mouth, and an entirely involuntary one with his eyes, nose and ears. The result is a glorious cold in his head.

Helvellyn is a good mountain to begin scrambling on,

though to the climber it presents little attraction. There is not much rock on the Edges, and what there is is rotten. Walk or drive to Wythburn, walk to the cairn on the summit, go down Swirrell Edge, round the Red Tarn, up Striding Edge, finishing with that detestable frog's climb, two feet back for every three up, among the loose stones, and so home *viâ* Thirlspot. In spite of its climbing disabilities, we will not quit Helvellyn so easily. It has been with us since our schooldays. We all know that 'in the spring of 1805 a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition'—his name was Gough—'perished by losing his way on the mountain Helvellyn,' and that his remains were faithfully guarded by his dog. The English of this passage is rather curious, considering that the accident took place on Striding Edge. One might as well say, 'A celebrated funambulist perished by losing his way on the tight-rope.'

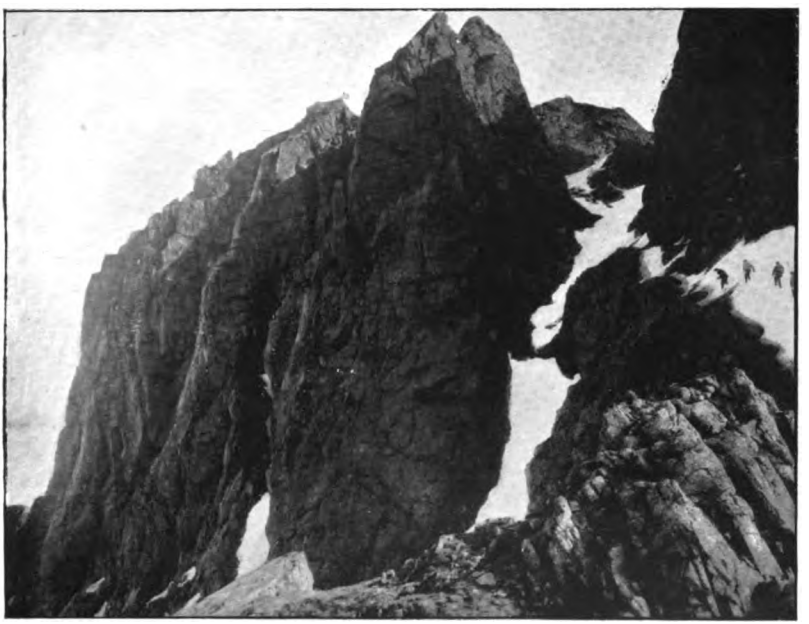
Neither Wordsworth nor Scott is at his best in the poems on this incident. Wordsworth, however, was always accurate; Scott at the lakes was not so happy. Most people know that the scene of Arthur's adventure in 'The Bridal of Triermain' and of De Vaux's subsequent exploits lies in the Vale of St. John, not far from Helvellyn. The tale is romantic enough, but that is no reason for Scott saying that the Saddleback is more poetically known as Glaramara. He means Blencathra; Glaramara is miles away from the Saddleback, on the south side of Langstrath.

Glaramara for some reason is generally neglected. Coombe Ghyll is, of course, known to climbers, but the average man leaves the hill alone. Yet it commands fine views, and there is some fair scrambling over towards Allen Crags. It avenges this neglect by bringing off a little score of its own almost every fine day.

The tourist, on reaching the top of Honister Pass, having been bundled out of the coach at the foot and made to walk, sees before him a craggy summit on the sky line, the most conspicuous object in the landscape. Somehow it always happens some one sooner or later says 'That's Scawfell!' Every one repeats it, until some one clinches the matter by saying 'That's Scafell!' emphasising the difference in pronunciation with the air of a man whose mountaineering experience began with the descent of Ararat and continued without interruption to that day. But it isn't; it's Glaramara.

This is not a bad joke, though it must be somewhat stale,

but it is nothing to the sell which Blencathra is credited with having worked on a scientific party. A tarn on the mountain is reputed to be of unfathomable depth. It is also so closed in by precipices that it is said to reflect the stars at noon. Well, one day a body of experts, with boats and deep-sea instruments and what not, visited that tarn and found its depth to be—three feet. At least, that is the tale I heard. In shape Blencathra resembles a gigantic plum-pudding, one side of which



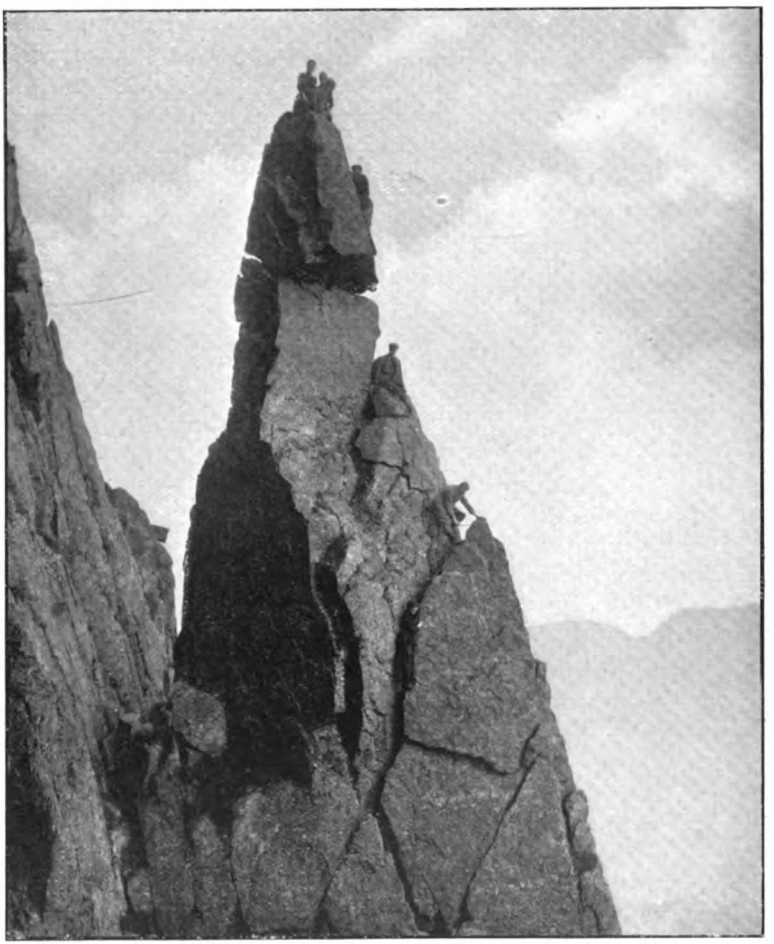
SCAWFELL CRAGS IN WINTER

has been roughly torn away. The broken portion affords both climbing and scrambling. Sharp Edge, perhaps the narrowest ridge in the district, is well known.

The photograph of climbing Sharp Edge is instructive. It teaches one how not to climb. Observe the rope and the climbers. The rope is not primarily intended to assist in a game of follow-my-leader; it is an instrument for mutual steadiness and safety. Its proper use, which has continually to be adapted to the exigencies of the rocks, can only be learnt by experience, but the main principle is simple. It must be so managed that the least possible strain is incurred in the event of a slip; that is to say, it must be kept as taut as possible.

Also, No. 2 must on no account move till No. 1 has secured good handhold or foothold, or both, and so on throughout the party. Now look at the picture and conjecture what might happen in case of a fall.

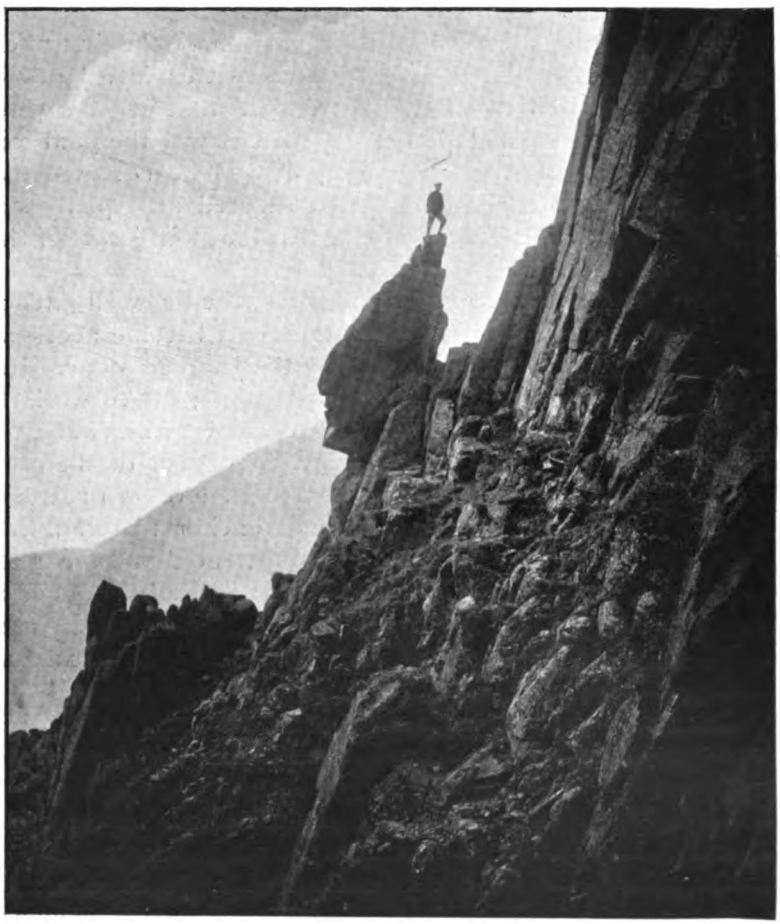
All the best climbs in the lake district have been so ably



NAPES NEEDLE, GREAT GABLE

and exhaustively dealt with by Mr. Owen Glynne Jones in his book on rock-climbing that it would be impertinent to do more than indicate certain favourite spots. Poor fellow! By his early and lamented death the climbing world lost one of its most skilful exponents. He died, as no doubt he would have wished, on his chosen field of battle.

Scawfell Crags is a great place. From the Rake's Progress, a kind of rock switchback running from Lord's Rake to the Mickledore Ridge, spring several admirable climbs—Moss Ghyll, Deep Ghyll, Collier's Climb, &c., and last, I believe, the Keswick



SPHINX ROCK, GREAT GABLE

Brothers' Climb. The Keswick brothers are most expert cragsmen; they have overcome all British difficulties; they have trodden the High Alps under foot; they are, in fact, the kind of men who, if they wished to inspect Big Ben, would select the outside of the Clock Tower for their operations, and look on the overhanging clock case as a highly desirable pitch. Having mastered all that was known of Scawfell, they pro-

ceeded to seek out a little climb of their own, one, according to 'Rock Climbing,' 'worthy of its discoverers,' which, being interpreted, probably means that it offers new and unique opportunities for risking life and limb, calculated to fill the ordinary individual with hopeless terror and the cragsman with bliss unspeakable.

Here is a photograph of the negotiation of the first pitch, Deep Ghyll. How is it done? Thus writes Mr. Jones of difficult bits: 'Think of a foothold; double it. Put your whole weight on it as you straighten out. Take away the hold you first thought of,' and there you are. It will be observed that the gymnast in the photograph has secured an equally serviceable handhold, about as wide as the top joint of his finger.

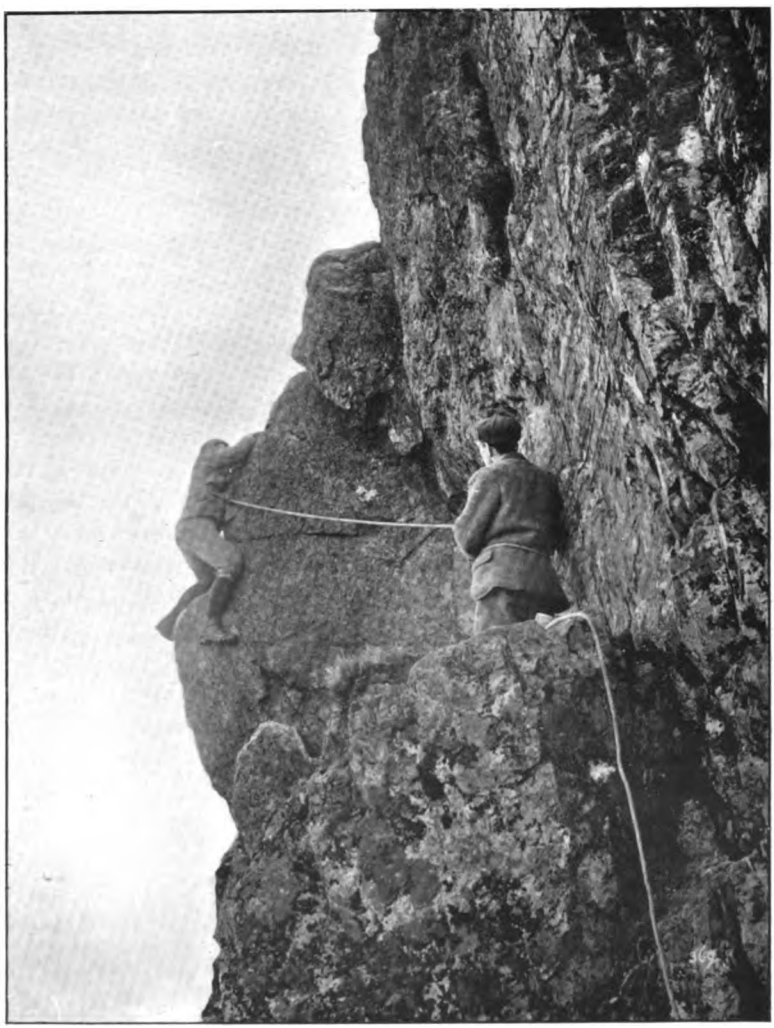
Then here is an account of another of the Scawfell pitches, which gives some idea of how it is done. 'It became necessary to work out of the cave and round by the jammed stone. Just outside was a ledge within reach of the hands; but to work the body up so as to kneel on the ledge was very awkward, the main trouble arising from the depressing effect of the great stone, which forced head and shoulders to the level of one's feet. This prayerful attitude realised, I could anchor myself a little by looping the rope round a stone in the roof,' and the pitch was mastered. Verily climbing is a pleasure strictly confined to those who find pleasure in it; nevertheless, once realised, even in a lesser degree, by a humble scrambler like myself, its fascination is in its way unequalled.

Climbing, as has been shown, teaches humility. It also gives opportunities for self-sacrifice. Mr. Jones had been standing, stretching, and jumping, in spiked boots, on the shoulders of one of the Keswick brothers, but could get no forrarder. Whereat that brother in distress took off his cap, stuffed his handkerchief inside, and replaced it. Mr. Jones mounted, and secured a hold. It is enough to give one a headache to think of.

On the other side of the Mickledore Ridge is Pike Crag, one of the gigantic bastions of Scawfell Pike. The account of one of its climbs reveals a curious phase of the cragsman's mind. The leader first walked up the horizontal ledge of a thin crack, leaning across to the other side of the gully for general support on the hands. At the second step the ledge broke. Down came the climber, and was only saved a severe fall by the rope. Recovering himself, he strode across and

climbed directly upwards to a place of rest. His companion followed.

Still they were not happy. They had only circumvented



THE PILLAR ROCK—THE NOSE

the difficulty, not vanquished it. The proper way to do a thing is, according to climbing law, the most difficult. Down they went again, belayed the rope round some part of the mountain or other, and then the leader backed up. If you want to know what backing up means, place your feet against one doorpost

and your back against the other, and wriggle up till your head touches the lintel. It sounds rather simpler than it is.

Scawfell has the name of a 'bad' mountain, a sort of 'bad man from way back.' No one cares to be caught in a mist on Scawfell. It is, I believe, the only fell that has claimed as a victim a really first-class climber in his prime. It was on December 31, 1893, and the name of the unfortunate man was Milnes Marshall, a most skilful cragsman. He had unroped, and was scrambling about near Lord's Rake to get a photograph of Deep Ghyll when the accident occurred.

On the other side of Wasdale, opposite the Scawfell cluster, is Great Gable, a grand mountain. It has ridges, and needles, and cracks (notably the severe Kern Knotts Crack), and gullies, and chimneys, and places with improper names, suggesting 'facilis descensus Averni.' It's a great place entirely. The Napes Needle is the best-known feature, and there is plenty of scrambling on that side of the mountain. The Ennerdale face requires climbing.

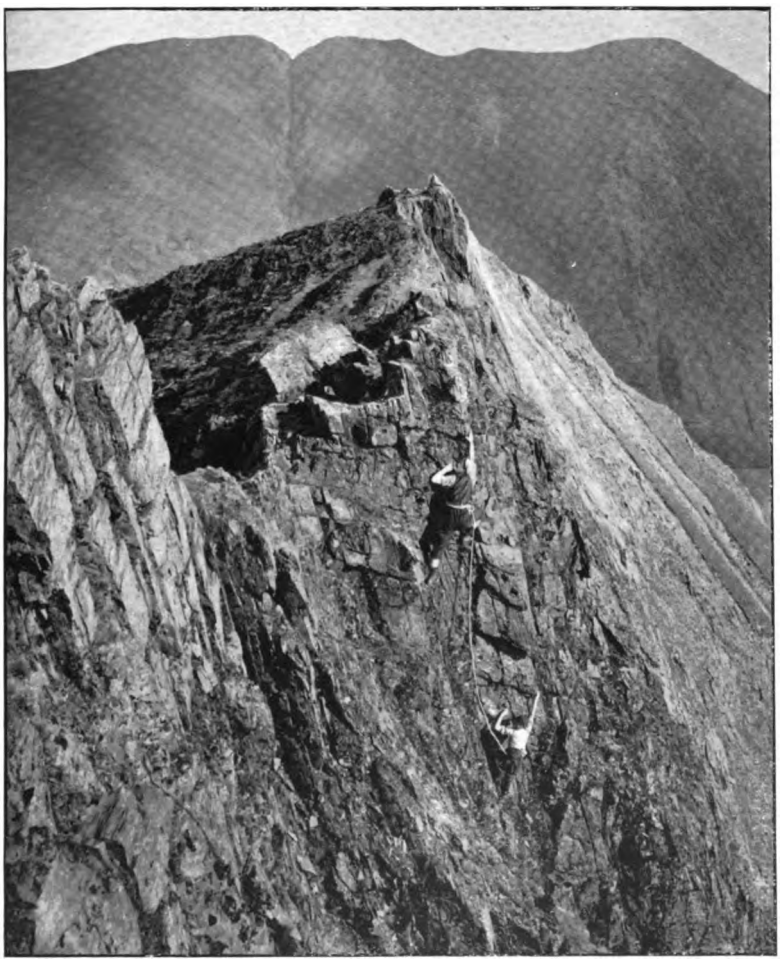
Great Gable is not a nice place in a mist, any more than Scawfell. Under these conditions, on August 10, 1882, the Rev. W. A. Pope walked, stumbled, or fell over the Ennerdale face. It is not easy to understand how the accident occurred. The party was a rather large one, including several ladies, but no one else even got into trouble, except for the confusion caused by the darkness.

But the most famous climb, the pride, joy, and ambition of the cragsman's heart, is the Pillar Rock. Fascinating it is, but also most exasperating. The unsuspecting climber, deeply skilled in the sport, but, alas, without local instruction, attacks its south face. The way to the top is easy, up one of those deep gullies, of course. No sooner prospected than assayed. After much toil he reaches the top of the gully, and then—there yawns before him the impracticable cleft of Jordan, with the unattainable Promised Land beyond. Then he says things unscriptural, and climbs down Pisgah.

Scawfell Pinnacle boasts a Pisgah, Jordan, and Promised Land as well. The Pillar, not to be outdone, has put up a Shamrock in addition. This has nothing to do with Ireland: it is merely a colloquialism for Sham Rock, so named from its liability to be mistaken for the genuine Pillar.

There are several ways up. The 'Slab and Notch' route is reputed to be the easiest and the 'Hand Traverse' the stiffest course. The Notch is one of those places where one

has merely to plaister oneself against the cliff with half one's foot balanced on a wrinkle on the rock face, and the rest of the body supported by atmosphere. The 'Hand Traverse' consists—I take Mr. Jones' account—in hanging by the hands

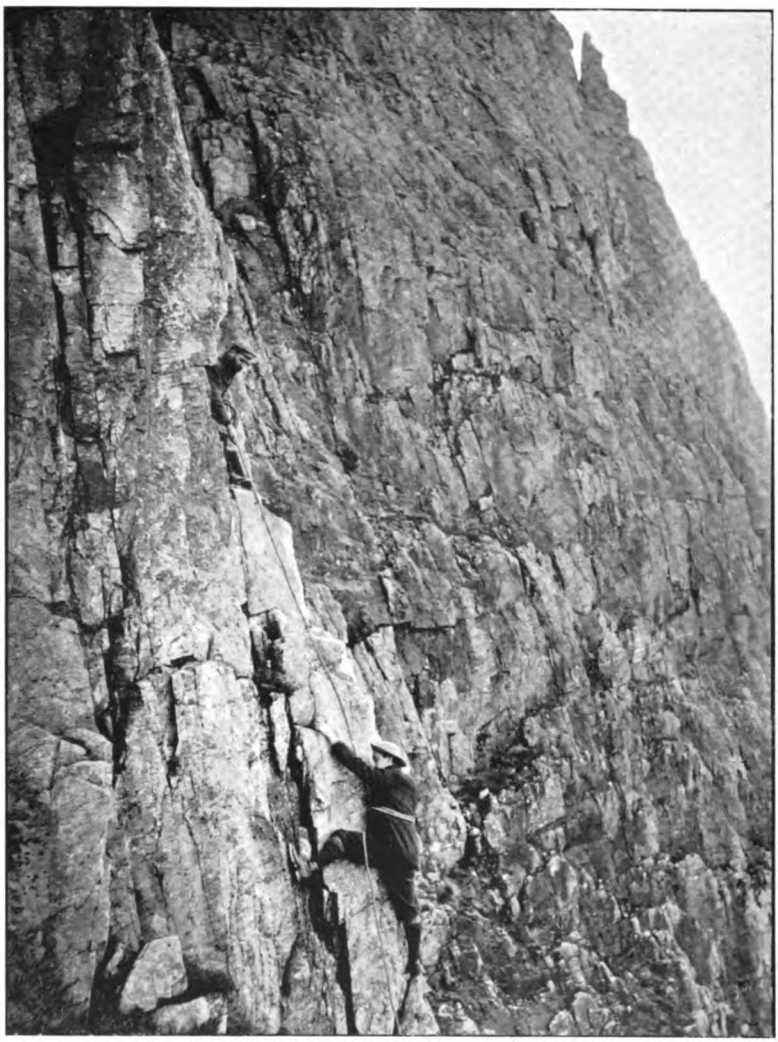


SHARP EDGE, SADDLEBACK

to a narrow ledge, taking care to keep the legs well away from the rock, and traversing along, as on a gymnasium ladder, for eight feet. Then pull yourself up, grab a ledge two feet higher, and traverse as before. But of course all these routes, these Notches, Noses, Hand Traverses, and Stomach Traverses, were not found out in a day; they required much patient study—

and toil for the matter of that. The photograph of the Nose gives a very good idea of the work undertaken.

Two remarkable deaths have occurred in connection with

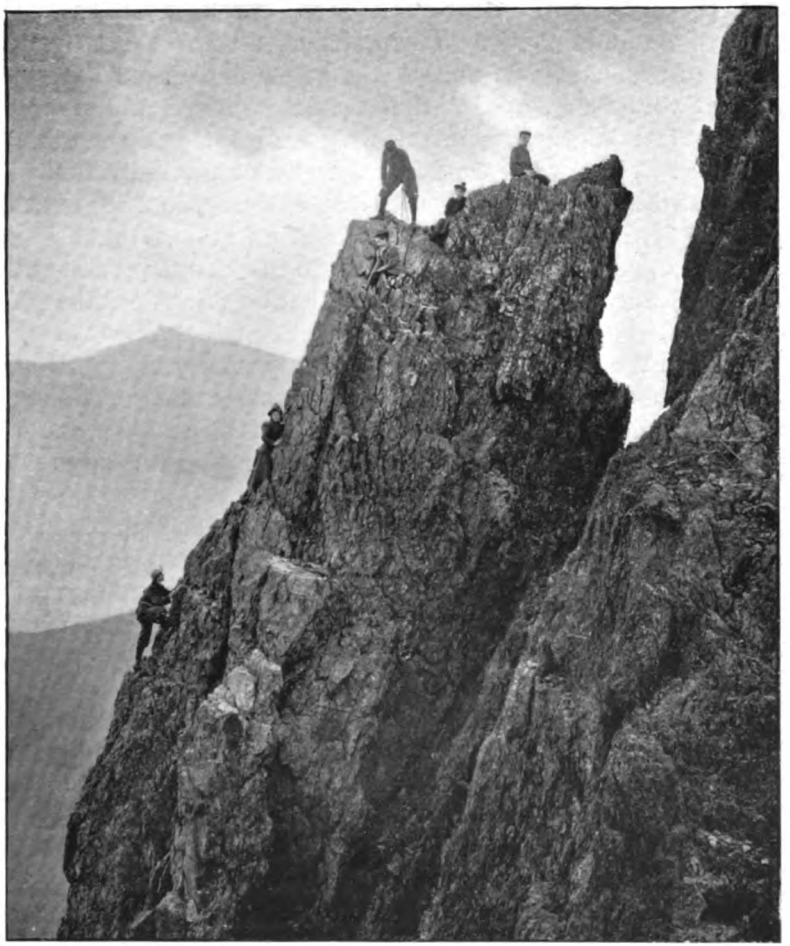


THE BEGINNING OF THE CROWBERRY, GLENCOE

the Pillar (one was not actually on the rock), remarkable on account of the ages of the victims. On Good Friday 1883, a boy of seventeen named Walker was scrambling about with some companions of his own age. He attempted to slide down

to a ledge a few feet below, and, missing the foothold he expected to find, fell and was instantly killed. Walker's Gully, a sharp indentation clearly seen on the north side, is named after him.

The Rev. Mr. Jackson, on the other hand, was no less than



CRAZY PINNACLE, NORTH WALES

eighty-two. He was the father of the Pillar, and for years had made a practice of climbing it. On May 1, 1878, he set out alone and did not return. His body was found by the Pillar Mountain, some 400 yards from the rock itself. He must have fallen between 1000 and 1200 feet.

My purpose in speaking of these accidents is to emphasise

the fact that our fells teach, in their humble way, the same lesson that the Alps reiterate with grim insistence year after year: namely, that mountains, unless treated with respect, will assuredly take toll.

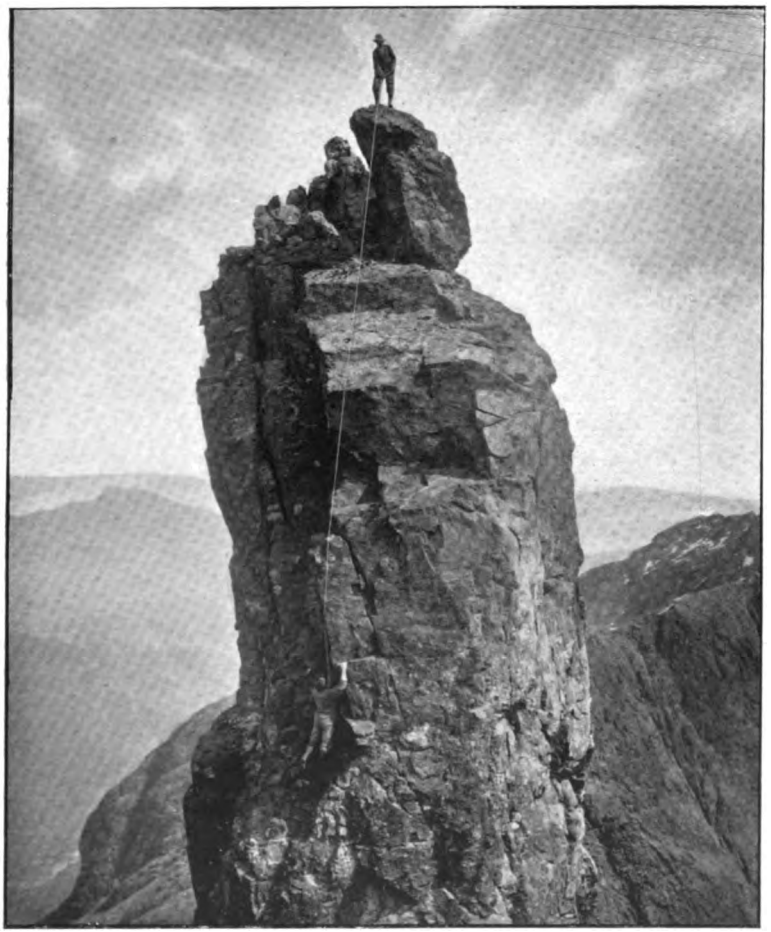
There is nothing in the least clever in breaking one's neck, or even one's arm. Over-confidence, carelessness, rashness, want of condition, want of experience, all these are fruitful causes of accident. Of course it is better to train on the spot, but that would sometimes curtail a short holiday unduly. Still, even in London, men manage to get fit for various athletic functions. Now, what would be thought of the individual who appeared, untrained and in every-day costume, to run, say, the quarter? He would bring ridicule both on himself and a grand sport, and probably manage to damage his health permanently. Yet people are prone to do equally idiotic things on the Fells without seeing the folly—I might say the criminal folly—of their conduct in the least. A man must be properly equipped and in proper condition, and, even among experts, the party should not consist of fewer than three. If there is an accident one can stay with the injured man whilst the other goes for help. To attempt difficult places alone is—unwise.

One must walk before one can scramble, and scramble before one can climb. The best, the only way to learn to climb, is to master an easy course, if possible under the tuition of a cragsman, before attempting a severe one. And one maxim cannot be too often repeated: exceptionally hard courses should be left to exceptional men.

One always hesitates to write in praise of a sport in which there is an element of danger, in case some hot-headed young fellow should enthusiastically and unpreparedly take it up and come to grief over it. There is not the slightest reason why he should. On the Fells, as on the links, one can always find an adversary exactly suited to one's powers.

The winter is a favourite time for climbing. This appears foolhardy to some, but the foolhardiness is only apparent. Apart from the practice, including the use of the axe, it gives for snow mountains, it has several claims to consideration. For instance, climbing is hot work, and summer is hotter than winter: few will deny that. Again, water is wet: ghylls naturally supply it abundantly, and a mountain cascade running down your arms and saturating your body is not pleasant. Of course, in winter water is colder, but on the Fells it is generally frozen, and does not wet you to the same extent.

Thirdly, stones, which in the summer maintain a precarious hold in the scanty soil, become in winter firmly morticed holds for hand or foot. Finally, that is, as far as I mean to go, the bottoms of gullies are often choked with snow to a considerable



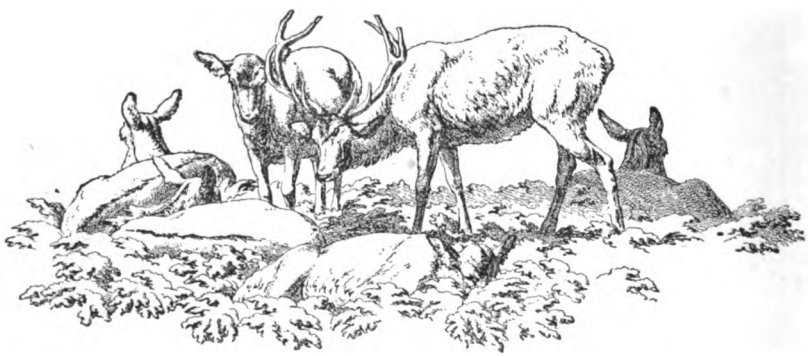
THE INACCESSIBLE PINNACLE, SKYE

depth. Now, snowdrift is, I submit, softer to fall on than rock.

One last and most valuable hint. Should you go climbing in the summer, take your rod with you, having previously announced to all whom it may or may not concern, and reiterated to yourself, that you are going simply for the fishing.

Then will the sky become cloudless, and the water will get low, and will clear to the proverbial gin. Angling will become an impossibility, and the Fells a delight. And if it does come on to rain, you can 'sell' the weather by fishing. The burns are full of brown trout, and the lakes contain brown and grey trout, char, pike, perch, and other coarse fish—and cows. I have never caught a cow myself, but I know a parson who hooked one. It broke him, however. Down the Derwent you can get fair salmon and white trout fishing; Cockermouth is about the best centre. And then, when it clears, back to the Fells again.

I should like to record my indebtedness to Mr. G. P. Abraham and his sons, the Keswick Brothers, for the assistance they have afforded me in preparing this paper, and for their ready courtesy in placing their wonderful photographs at my disposal.



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THE PICK OF THE PACK.

UNIV OF MICH

ABOUT NAMING A HORSE

BY P. HAMPSON

NEXT to the difficulty of buying a good horse, perhaps the greatest perplexity which besets the owner of steeds is the difficulty of providing a suitable name for his new purchase. A glance through the pages of the *Racing Calendar* reveals the sad straits to which the lovers of horses are reduced in their quest for a satisfactory system of nomenclature. It is not granted to every one to be able at once to light upon the one special name which is suitable for a particular horse. *Poeta nascitur non fit* is true for others besides poets; and a certain instinct or inspiration is necessary before a man may venture to name his steed, unless he is content to follow the vulgar crowd, and insult his horse by bestowing upon it a ridiculous or inappropriate designation. It is not given to every one to call a beautiful water-jumper *Filter* because he *clears* water.

After a slight perusal of the afore-mentioned lists of horses which are now astonishing the world by their performances, an idea occurred to me that it might be well to form a new agency for the naming of nags, which would save owners a vast amount of trouble, and benefit the human race. Our ears would not be besieged by the shouting of a host of incomprehensible and foolish appellations, in all languages, with every variety of pronunciation. It is hard upon the vulgar folk to ask them to pronounce all kinds of French and Italian names. It is hateful to refined ears to hear classical names, ransacked from the

dictionary, yelled out with every conceivable kind of false quantity. Against all these miseries our agency would effectually guard us. I commend the idea to some enterprising person, and doubtless we shall see with satisfaction the speedy formation of a prosperous 'Horse-Naming Association.'

Some owners show much ingenuity, others a mere mechanical method of uniting together portions of the names of the sire and dam, whilst others are simply guided by chance, and seem to choose the first word which suggests itself to their not very vivid imaginations. We will give some examples of these methods of horse-nomenclature.

Perhaps the simplest plan, adopted by many, is to seize upon the name of some notable personage, and name the colt after him. Immortality lies this way. To have a horse named after you is surely the height of ambition. Imagination cannot soar higher than this. Perhaps when I have established my famous agency, or won the Derby, or accomplished some other feat equally remarkable, I too may thus attain to fame. I should find myself in strange company. Already has *Mr. Kruger* been so honoured, and has not lived in vain. Kruger's sire was, however, Holland, and his dam Wild Cat, which ancestry may perhaps account for the Dutch duplicity and playful ferociousness of his prototype. Mrs. Kruger also appears as *Tante Kruger*, the suitably named daughter of Forager and Psalmsinger. America's hero, *Admiral Dewey*, has a horse named after him. *Salisbury* and *Balfour* also appear on this scroll of fame; and *Beaconsfield* is not forgotten, although he appears as the son of Primrose League, whereas the latter should certainly be the offspring of the great statesman. *Joe Chamberlain* is a useful horse, and there is another Joe, *Joe Miller*, who is appropriately named as the son of Merrymaker. Sir Mancherjee *Bhownagree*, M.P., has conferred his name on a steed which is the son of M.P., and has therefore a fitting ancestry. *Blondin II.* is the appropriately named offspring of Equipoise, and recalls the memory of the mighty hero of the tight-rope. Why the famous Roman Catholic controversialist, *Cardinal Bellarmine*, should be so immortalised is not apparent, unless the steed be a steeplechaser, and clears obstacles with as much ease as his renowned namesake did in his *Disputationes de Controversiis Fidei*. We do not know whether racing and painting are antagonistic; at any rate, few artists are honoured in the *Racing Calendar*, and *Landseer* is the only name we have discovered. Amongst other celebrities immortalised on the

Turf we find the *Duke of Wellington*, *General Buller*, '*Bobs*,' *Prince Christian*, the *Duke of Fife*, and *Prince Albert*.

Ladies and heroines have furnished many names for steeds. The learned Prioress of Sopewell Nunnery, at St. Albans, Dame Juliana Berners, who cared more for sport than for the study of her breviary, and wrote the 'Book of St. Albans' in 1486, has bestowed her name on two steeds, the colt *Berners* being the offspring of Dame Juliana. *Lady Ribblesdale*, *Lady Rothschild*, *Lady Breadalbane* (an offspring of Bread Knife), and countless other ladies, appear on the list, including also *Ladysmith*.

The use of classical names is on the decline. In a not very exact or careful perusal we have only discovered ten names. Of the gods and goddesses we have *Jupiter* and *Juno;* and the Greek name for the King of Heaven, *Zeus*. A solitary Muse appears—*Calliope*. *Hector* and *Ilia* suggest the story of the Trojan War. *Tarquinius* appears as the appropriately named son of Tyrant ; and *Xenophon*, *Œdipus*, and *Solon* complete the list. *Solon* is naturally the son of Wise Man, who is also the sire of Sound Knowledge.

Of songs and singers we find a few. There is a *Jenny Lind*, also a *Gay Tomtit*—who ought to be a son of Letty Lind—a *Gaiety Girl*, a *Geisha Girl*, and a *Eugene Stratton*, the worthy son of Merry-go-round.

Of books and authors there are several. *Esther Waters* is the offspring of Clarissa, with whose fate she had something in common. *Edna Lyall* has a mare named after her. The famous and delightful authoress is by no means a sporting writer, but doubtless her many books had attracted the attention of the steed's owner. If the mare should ever have a foal, perhaps *Knight Errant* would not be an inappropriate name. Sir Walter Scott's novels, *Ivanhoe*, *Kenilworth* (son of Earl of Leicester), and *The Abbot* have furnished names to horses. *Dr. Nikola* immortalises Guy Boothby's favourite character. The *Gentleman of France* reminds us of Stanley Weyman, and *Misunderstood* is naturally the offspring of Florence Montgomery. *Torfrida*, the heroine of Kingsley's delightful novel, 'Hereward the Wake,' has bestowed her title on a steed. *Artful Dodger*, son of Oliver Twist, is a racing memorial of Dickens.

One of the best-named horses lately running, and one that does credit to its name, is Mr. Wargrave's *Sweet Sounds*, by Isinglass—Sweet Lavender. The play on the word 'I-sing-lass' is a stroke of genius in equine nomenclature. Among the best of recent names is Lord Stanley's *Crestfallen*, by Ocean

Wave—Dolores. Another offspring of Ocean Wave, with Bella Haine for dam, is well named *Belle Mer*.

No ingenuity is shown in the simple method of coupling together a part of the names of sire and dam, but the practice is common. Thus the son of Marcion and Altiora becomes *Alt Mark*; the son of Baron Farney and Courtown is called *Baronscourt*; and Amphion and Bellicent have an offspring named *Belamphion*. Endless examples of this method of providing names for steeds could be given after a brief study of the Racing Calendar. A son of Orme and Caul is named *Ormicaul*, which is simply pitiable, and *Bendorwich* for a son of Bend Or and Corby Witch is as bad.

The clergy are not forgotten in Turf nomenclature, for we find *The Dean*, who is the well-named offspring of Sky Pilot. Science, too, lends its aid in finding names for racehorses; the *Calendar* tells of *Argon*, who is the son of Chemistry.

Many horses are named after places. The town or village where the training stables are situated has furnished several names; but naturally there is a limit to their store of designations, and owners have to journey further afield. Thus, *Tugela* and *Fashoda* have already been appropriated. A horse was named after the village where I am writing, but he has 'gone under,' like his late owner, and shall be nameless.

The whole subject of equine nomenclature is full of interest. It cannot be called an exact science, and too many names are chosen haphazard, and with little care or ingenuity. I venture to advocate the bestowal of greater thought in providing names for our good friends and companions, our steeds, which would prevent the perpetration of so many absurdities and dreary and grotesque *facetiæ* in the *Racing Calendars* and *Sportsman's Guides*.

Some of the best names of recent years, uniting sire and dam an *absolute* essential, that occur to recollection are: *Crestfallen* (Ocean Wave — Dolores), *Arc-en-Ciel* (Blue-Green — Orange), *Floreat Etona* (Florentine—Light Blue), *Lowly* (Common —Lonely), *War* (Kilwarlin—Tragedy), *Fast* (Galopin—Dissipation), *Nimble Ninepence* (Doubloon—Leapfrog), *Astern* (Ocean Wave—Trail), *Star Chamber* (Tyrant—Astrology), *Peccavi* (Wild Oats—Afterthought), *Adjutant* (Zealot—Drill), *Bequest* (Testator —Festive), *Drachma* (Pyræus—Bi-metallism), *Ecu d'Or* (Gold—Light of Other Days), *Lohengrin* (Morion—Miracle), *Night Mail* (Poste Restante—Cynthia), *Penny Ugly* (Common—St. Valentine), *Rolling Stone* (Geologist—Activity), *Tripod* (Suspender—

Gipsy), *High Note* (Suspender—Rondo), *Glass-eye* (Isinglass—Glare) (the filly had only one), *Duck Gun* (Carbine — The Smew), *Garrison Hack* (Son of a Gun — Dowerless), *Manse* (Best Man—Scotch Agnes), *Windsor Chimes* (Queen's Birthday —Peal of Bells), *Whinbush* (Common—Needles), and *Hoopoo* (Marvel—Crest).

MODERN WICKET-KEEPERS

BY HOME GORDON

EVERYBODY knows the veteran spectator of cricket matches who assures all and sundry that the game has gone to the dogs. When Ranjitsinhji cuts a fast ball to the boundary, or Jessop drives a tempting slow into the pavilion, the captious critic murmurs something about a plumb wicket and remarks that you ought to have seen Alfred Lubbock or Robert Carpenter. When Lockwood dismisses a batsman with a beauty, or Rhodes sends back the opposing 'crack,' the supporter of the good old times talks of Tarrant and Willsher. He is also fond of telling you that the fielding is not what it was in his young days. Only in wicket-keeping will the most crusty votary of antiquity allow that modern cricket has advanced. Make as much allowance as you choose for improved turf, the fact will remain that to-day there are more fine stumpers in first-class cricket than ever before, albeit we have no Blackham.

In most ways 1878 may be regarded as the date of the beginning of modern cricket, coinciding as it does with the visit of the first Australian team. That season marked the introduction to English spectators of Mr. McCarthy Blackham, the greatest wicket-keeper of all. When praise is given to the magnificence of the old Australian attack—such a quintet as Messrs. Spofforth, Palmer, Giffen, Garrett, and Boyle was unsurpassed—it must be remembered that the presence of such a wicket-keeper as Mr. Blackham had much to do with their success; for they had the confidence that no matter what change of pitch or pace might be tried, he was always to be depended upon. It was he who finally dismissed the long-stop

from the cricket-field, though he was not the first who had dispensed with that stumper's assistant. His judgment was especially acute in deciding when to stand close to the wicket and when to be a yard or two behind. Often in the middle of an over he would change his position, and the system of communication he kept up with the bowlers generally escaped the notice of the batsman, doomed to fall a victim. Mr. Blackham had almost as much to say to the demoralisation of opponents as the 'Demon Bowler' himself. Tour after tour he showed the same consummate mastery in his department, though his gnarled and deformed hands bore testimony to the cruel punishment they had received. Perhaps his finest feat in England was in the return match with the Gentlemen at the Oval on June 28, 1884. The amateurs needed about fifty to win with three wickets to fall, but Mr. Blackham stumped Lord Harris, Mr. W. E. Roller and Mr. Stanley Christopherson in four overs, thus finishing the game. The ball with which he whipped off the bails of the Surrey cricketer's wicket was said by Mr. A. C. Bannerman to be the fastest he ever saw Mr. F. R. Spofforth deliver.

It is curious to recall that when the first team was sent over in 1878, Australians believed Mr. W. L. Murdoch to be almost as good a wicket-keeper as Mr. Blackham. In 1882, the burly Mr. A. H. Jarvis fairly divided the stumping honours with the famous Victorian. Again in 1886, his nimbleness was astounding. Indeed the rapidity with which he would whisk round the stumps to receive a ball which had been cut behind the wicket was quite acrobatic. Turning to more recent tours, the mantle of Mr. Blackham fell on Mr. J. J. Kelly, who was absolutely modelled on him, and by temperament was of the same dogged type. At first he hardly impressed spectators with his ability, but he did an enormous amount of work in highly respectable fashion. Standing back to the express deliveries of Mr. E. Jones he dropped some catches, yet his record was creditable and he never tried to attract attention.

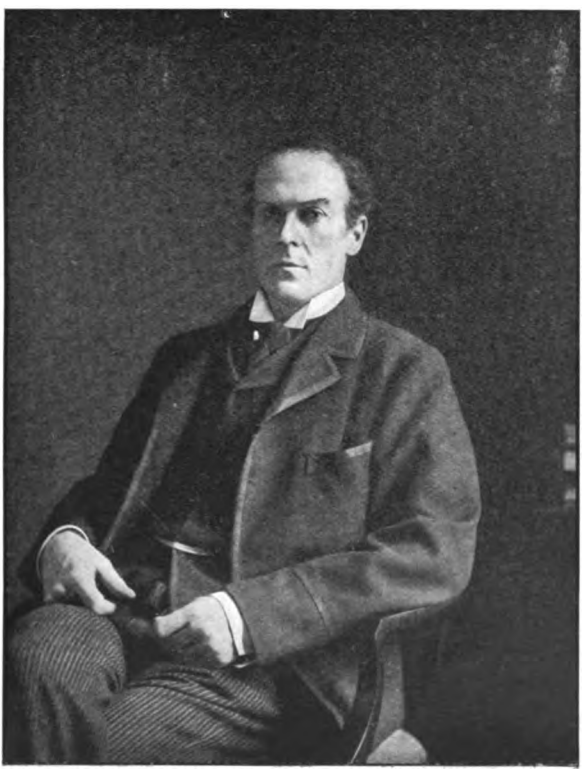
Wicket-keeping has been termed the only branch of cricket on which the statistic fiend has found nothing to base calculations. To remove this unjust assertion, I have carefully compiled the following table, which records the form behind the sticks of every one who in first-class cricket since 1878 has sent back one hundred opponents. Of course, the years are quite delusive, because whilst the professionals played regularly the amateurs in some cases only participated in one or two

matches, therefore it is for the former that the column has been made.

—	Years in First-class Matches.	Stumped.	Caught.	Total.
Mordecai Sherwin (Notts)	16	182	515	697
David Hunter (Yorkshire)	12	200	455	655
Henry Wood (Surrey)	18	101	472	573
The late Richard Pilling (Lancashire)	12	177	339	516
H. R. Butt (Sussex)	11	139	366	505
J. H. Board (Gloucestershire)	10	112	339	451
A. A. Lilley (Warwickshire)	12	76	289	365
Mr. Gregor MacGregor (Cambridge and Middlesex)	13	76	279	355
Charles Smith (Lancashire)	7	90	239	329
Mr. J. McCarthy Blackham (Victoria)	8	127	177	304
The late J. Hunter (Yorkshire)	9	105	187	292
Henry Phillips (Sussex)	14	109	182	291
William Storer (Derbyshire)	8	47	230	277
F. H. Huish (Kent)	5	35	227	262
T. M. Russell (Essex)	8	67	184	251
J. P. Whiteside (Leicestershire)	11	53	186	239
Mr. Manley C. Kemp (Oxford and Kent)	16	73	148	221
Mr. A. E. Newton (Oxford and Somersetshire)	9	52	129	181
Mr. J. A. Bush (Gloucestershire)	11	68	112	180
Edward Pooley (Surrey)	6	81	83	164
Mr. A. T. Kemble (Lancashire)	9	54	84	138
Hon. Alfred Lyttelton (Cambridge and Middlesex)	9	37	80	117
Mr. H. Phillipson (Oxford and Middlesex)	11	31	80	111

Two deductions can be made at once from these figures. The first is that given even moderate luck David Hunter, who is thirty-nine years old but remarkably young for his age, should easily obtain the record for dismissing most cricketers in first-class matches, unless the marvellous way in which Huish snaps batsmen behind the sticks should bring him rapidly up the list. The other deduction is that with better wickets and more scientifically steady batting, fewer cricketers are now stumped than was formerly the case. The figures of Pooley (only since 1878) and Pilling, as compared with those of Storer and Lilley, will furnish obvious instances of this change of proportion.

Figures, however, do not entirely represent form, especially as the fashion of huddling up the twelfth line of the score as extras prevents any analysis of byes and leg-byes. Form tells more behind the wicket, as affecting the way in which a batsman treats bowling, than most people believe. A noted judge of the game delivered this dictum to me: 'In English cricket at their best take Pilling, Sherwin, Lilley, Storer, and, perhaps,



THE HON. ALFRED LYTTELTON

Hunter, with Alfred Lyttelton, MacGregor, Tylecote and Martyn, and below them draw the line. It may be arbitrary, and some may seem to tread close on their heels. But it is a pretty fair category for the absolutely A1 class.'

Mr. Alfred Lyttelton was the first wicket-keeper ever chosen to represent England. Whilst immeasurably a better bat than any one else available in 1880, he was also quite worthy of selection for his skill in his own department. An enthusiastic cricketer, who kept his hands particularly near the bails and

seldom drew back from the fastest balls—recollect how he took Mr. Hugh Rotherham's deliveries in Gentlemen *v.* Players, 1881—the ease with which he manipulated all sorts of bowling was delightful. Perhaps he was at his best with the crafty balls of Mr. P. H. Morton, but at all times he was brilliant. More than once he wore a hard straw hat whilst keeping wicket, but of course never on a windy day. Not until Mr. Gregor MacGregor went up to Cambridge from Uppingham did a greater amateur arise.

Of Mr. Gregor MacGregor as a stumper it is impossible to speak too highly. It is true he has his days. Against the Australians at Leyton for Cambridge Past and Present he was not at his best, whilst at the Antipodes Mr. Phillipson was considered his superior, and last year his form on occasions was below his own standard. But these details are hardly blemishes on such splendid performances as those so frequently and unobtrusively accomplished by the Scotchman. His exceptional quietness is deceptive, for when once he is after the ball his alertness seems that of a cat pouncing on a mouse. Judgment and good humour, combined with the technical mastery of his department, have helped to make him so admirable. It is generally supposed that his catching of F. H. Sugg off Mr. C. J. Kortright in Gentlemen *v.* Players, in 1893, was the finest thing of the kind ever seen at Lord's, for despite the pace it was taken rather less than half-stump high. The way in which match after match he stood up to the formidable deliveries of Mr. S. M. J. Woods in Cambridge days, when balls were known to go clean over his head, really put the seal on his great reputation.

The career of Mr. Henry Martyn has been so brief that it may seem invidious to place him immediately after the two amateurs who have again and again been our national wicket-keepers. Yet the position must be considered well-earned. Coming from Exeter Grammar School, not getting his 'blue' until his third year, nor having yet qualified for a first-class county, his opportunities have been lamentably few. But since Mr. MacGregor no such wicket-keeper has been seen in the University match. On the leg-side he is amazingly sure, and his style is a model of neatness. In first-class cricket he has altogether only played in seventeen matches, in which he has dismissed forty-four batsmen, stumping twenty-eight and catching sixteen. But to-day it would be difficult to name his superior, and he narrowly missed getting a century against Cambridge by clean hard

hitting. In estimating his figures it must be borne in mind that both seasons his cricket has concluded when others were often playing themselves into form, and his performance against the Players in allowing only thirteen byes in a total of 502, with Messrs. Kortright, Jessop, Woods, and Ernest Smith bowling, is

MR. GREGOR MACGREGOR

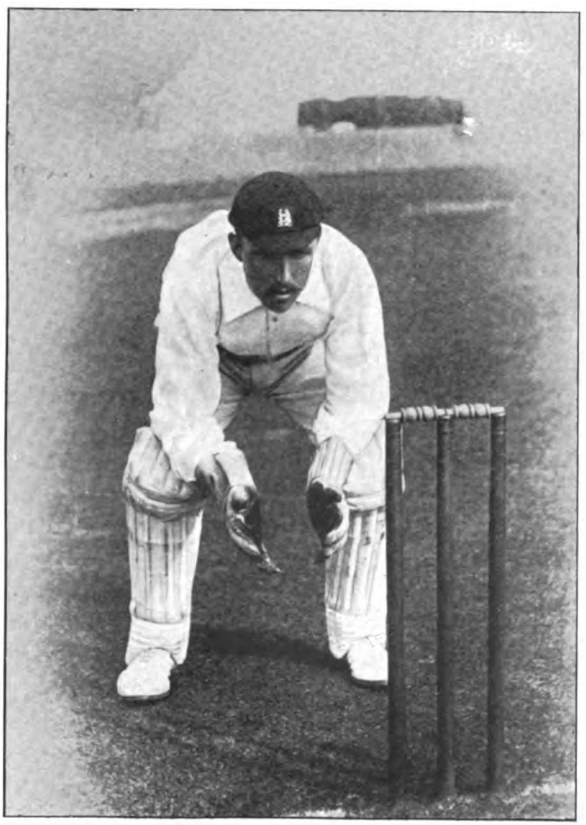
very fine. To-day the skill of Mr. E. F. S. Tylecote is only a memory, but in the early eighties, when he played for Kent after deserting Bedfordshire, he had an enviable reputation for nerve in standing up to the fastest bowling. One of Mr. Stoddart's last team told me that at the Melbourne Club a member recalled his feat in December 1882, of stumping A. C. Bannerman off a fast leg ball sent down by Mr. C. F. H.

Leslie. He was also a free, formidable bat, who seventeen times represented the Gentlemen, making 107 in 1883, besides 100 in 1882 for Kent *v.* Australians in the Canterbury Week.

Pilling must be rated as the best professional stumper of our era, though he died ten years ago at the age of thirty-five, from the effects of a chill caught at a football match. His style was the perfection of neatness and rapidity without the least unnecessary show. From the time that he succeeded Mr. E. Jackson in 1877 until he gave up the gloves he had no compeer in the North. Nor was his batting altogether despicable, for he once made 78 *v.* Somersetshire, and with Briggs he added 173 for the last wicket of Lancashire *v.* Surrey at Liverpool in 1885, which was the record until passed by Mr. R. W. Nicholls and Roche at Lord's in 1899. Pilling may be regarded as the earliest instance of a cricketer who never entirely recovered from a colonial tour. The last twenty years is strewn with such shattered wrecks. Mordecai Sherwin, so long popular with the crowd, has now entered the slender ranks of capable umpires. It is a general error to suppose he was one of the cricketers unearthed during the famous 'Notts' row' of 1881, for he had been seen in the county ranks five years before. Of course, he played for the gallery, occasionally laying himself out to get a laugh from the spectators, but he kept attentively to his work, and his cheery good-humour often helped a side suffering from a prolonged spell of fielding. Sherwin resembled Pinder in physique, but his great bulk never made him slow on his feet.

Lilley is of course the England wicket-keeper of to-day, though he has resisted every effort to tempt him to make a trip to Australia. Considering the curious uniformity of Warwickshire bowling, the ability with which he receives every form of delivery in big matches is the more remarkable. No wicket-keeper has ever moved so little, for his length of reach enables Lilley to gather balls which other men would have to leap for. Still it must be pointed out that he always stands back to express deliveries. The casual spectator is not so much impressed with him as with Storer, but the soundness of the Birmingham man remains unsurpassed to-day. He is also a most finished bat, though as a rule he is painfully slow. One of the earliest of the modern wicket-keepers to take off his pads and go on as a regular change bowler he has latterly in great measure desisted from this. On the other hand, last season Storer for the most part gave up the gloves to Berwick and

became a regular bowler for Derbyshire. This fine wicket-keeper is the opposite in many respects to Lilley, for he is excitable, restless, and apt to grow weary when things go wrong. His first feat of importance has rarely been surpassed. For M.C.C. *v.* Australians, at Lord's, in 1893, he caught four, stumped one, and did not give an extra in an innings of 179, with Mr.



LILLEY

Kortright 'bowling like greased lightning,' and Shacklock also doing well. Since then he has done big things behind the sticks, whilst he has shown himself one of the most dogged bats in England, his 'pulls' when in the mood being brought off with singular certainty.

Hunter has enjoyed a curious experience. For ten years he was regularly playing for Scarborough and as good a wicket-keeper as to-day, when his brother Joseph Hunter was

the satisfactory county stumper. On the death of the latter, David Hunter filled the place in excellent fashion. Though he has had good understudies in Bairstow and Earnshaw he has rarely given up the gloves. Indeed, few wicket-keepers have ever shown greater power of resisting pain. Like all the other Yorkshiremen he made his fifty last season in county cricket, and he is as tough and as wary a stumper as can be found. Henry Wood has at last retired after fifteen years' service as Surrey's successor to Pooley. He gradually trained on in his own province until he was chosen to represent England in 1888. With hands easily knocked up, and eyes which never recovered the glare of the sun at the Cape in 1889, his vicissitudes have been many, and had Marshall been a better performer Wood would have gladly resigned some years before. His duties must have often caused him great physical pain, and his shortness of stature was an additional handicap at a post where reach is so valuable.

The run of county wicket-keepers in contemporary cricket presents a high average. Board is first-class, especially since he has passed from the jurisdiction of Dr. W. G. Grace to that of Mr. G. L. Jessop, whose deliveries he takes with great pluck. At the same time his trick of running after balls on the leg-side and leaving point to go to the wicket is not commendable, though excusable owing to his eagerness. Allusion has already been made to the way in which Huish snaps catches at the wicket. Nothing at all like his average per innings can be shown, and yet his reputation suffers from a perhaps unfair conviction that he unduly misses putting down the bails. Whether if his hands were a little lower for fast bowling he would not be quite excellent may be advanced as a friendly suggestion. Straw may be dismissed with the comment that after the fine cricket of the Fosters his safe and steady wicket-keeping is the most attractive feature of Worcestershire cricket. Butt is really one of the soundest men behind the sticks in England, and his ability is enhanced by the weakness of the Sussex attack, so that his prolonged sojourns in the field are creditably free from symptoms of either fatigue or annoyance. When he was going to Brighton for the Colts' match, one of the aged locals in his own town said to him, 'What be the use of thee going to try for the county? Thee'll be bowled sure, and no dacent bat'll let the like of you serve him out backstopping.' The village oracle was of course incorrect, but the tale is worth recording to emphasise the fact of the frequent lack of success

a county cricketer has on his own village green. Shacklock, in the height of his success, told me that in 1892 he 'never had such a tonking as when I went home. They just drove my best balls to the ropes as fast as I pitched them on the darned middle stump.' Of course this is partly due to familiarity with the methods of the bowler *as they have been gradually developing*, and partially because the most ardent county player involuntarily relaxes a little of his systematic efforts whilst trying half unconsciously to play to the local gallery.

Some wicket-keepers are made not born. Such a one is Russell, the able Essex man, who never kept wicket until he had attained his majority, and then carefully trained himself to be as trustworthy in that position as he is formidable as a bat. He belongs to the small number of professional wicket-keepers who have scored centuries for their counties. There are not many besides Lilley and Storer. Those who may be mentioned are the veteran Henry Phillips, whose prime for Sussex dates back to the later seventies, when he used to take Lillywhite and Fillery better than he subsequently shaped to Juniper. His century against the Australians at Brighton in July 1884 made some stir, though his opponents were weary after the Test defeat at the Oval. He hit a seven, with fifteen fours, and his partnership with Mr. G. N. Wyatt yielded 182 runs. Pooley, who in his earlier days was quite an aggressive bat, though he later lost his power for making runs, obtained a century for Players *v.* Gentlemen of the South in 1871. Board played with great spirit for 214 in three and a half hours against Somersetshire last year. Davenport, the Cheshire stumper, who was much better as a bat than in the other position, made 158 for M.C.C. and Ground *v.* Derbyshire, but his vigorous score was compiled when the county was not first-class.

Lancashire at present employ a syndicate of professional wicket-keepers, of which Charles Smith is the best. None, however, is the equal of Mr. A. T. Kemble, who to-day is captain of the Manchester Club, and for some years was a most able county stumper. In Whiteside Leicestershire have an efficient and most unassuming comptroller of a position by no means a sinecure when Woodcock is sending down those fast deliveries he learnt from the baseball champions at Staten Island. Notts are none too fortunate in other respects, but in falling back on Carlin the executive probably only consider they are employing a temporary stop-gap at the wicket. With an allusion to the sound work done by Henty in the olden times

for Kent, the roll of regular professional wicket-keepers has been finished.

Reverting to amateurs, perhaps the most brilliant not yet mentioned is Mr. H. Phillipson. 'Punch' brought up to New College a reputation unparalleled at Eton since the time of Mr. C. T. Studd, and he at once sprang into the front rank of cricketers. He was an exceedingly fine wicket-keeper, who kept his hands close to the stumps just below the level of the bails. Unlike some others he was a sound judge of the game, and in the year when he was captain met with bad luck in having to deal with such a weak side. As a bat he was a redoubtable hitter, but abnormally reckless, gradually abandoning all the defensive tactics he had so finely displayed in the match against Harrow in 1885. His extraordinary hitting at Chiswick Park when with Mr. K. J. Key he added 340 will always be his best performance; but it must be borne in mind that hay-fever and ill-health at times told against him, though his stumping was wonderfully good. In Australia he did remarkably well, especially after the failure of Mr. L. H. Gay, and his feats there astonished those accustomed to watch Mr. Blackham. But the light generally so trying to Englishmen suited his sight, and enabled him to take Richardson's deliveries with a safety which approached infallibility. Mr. L. H. Gay has enjoyed a strangely varied cricket career. He was one of that batch of brilliant cricketers which suddenly emerged from Brighton College. At Cambridge he showed himself a first-rate wicket-keeper and a valuable hitter, but for Somersetshire he was never so satisfactory. He did not 'come off' as the English wicket-keeper for Mr. Stoddart's team.

Somersetshire have always had a fine crop of wicket-keepers. In the days before the joint efforts of Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane and Mr. H. T. Hewitt brought the county up to first-class rank Mr. F. T. Welman was extremely efficient. This gentleman, who was at one time in the Papal Guard, was rather weak against fast bowling, but for all purposes was above the county standard of his period. Mr. A. E. Newton, an admirable wicket-keeper, has for years done capital work, which ought to have been more frequently recognised by his inclusion in some representative eleven. In rapidity with his left hand he is difficult to match, and his nerves are always steady. When in Australia with Mr. Vernon's team his batting reached a higher level than ever in England, but he gave up the post behind the sticks to Mr. M. P. Bowden. There is a touch of eccentricity about the

cricket of the Rev. A. P. Wickham, but he is undeniably an admirable wicket-keeper, and woe to the batsman who is foolish enough to think he can afford to take liberties.

Mr. M. C. Kemp enjoyed a distinguished career as a wicket-keeper. From Harrow, when in 1880 he was the best school cricketer of the year except Mr. C. F. H. Leslie, he went up to Hertford College and did valuable service for the dark blue team, as well as for Kent, in the ranks of which county he played whenever able until the appearance of Huish. As a batsman, though good against slow bowling, he was always too impatient to play himself in against fast deliveries, and latterly was generally dismissed by a shooter. Behind the wickets he was unusually keen as well as quick on his feet, and his vexatious habit of breaking the wicket when there was no possibility of an appeal to the umpire was less noticeable after he went down from Oxford.

The late Prince Christian Victor had a high repute at Wellington, but owing to the presence of Mr. Phillipson had no chance of a trial at Oxford. In army matches his form, both as batsman and wicket-keeper, was distinctly above the level of service cricket.

Some University wicket-keepers not yet considered must obtain inclusion in any exhaustive survey. Mr. W. H. Brain, a Cliftonian and younger brother of a singularly unlucky batsman, was very good, but owing to his poor performances as a bat, and the tremendous amount of stumping talent available when he was up at Oxford, his merits were unduly disregarded. Mr. R. W. Fox, a Wellingtonian, came very near front rank, and has occasionally appeared for Sussex since he went down. But more undivided attention to the progress of the game is needed to make him absolutely efficient, and the stress of army life will afford scant opportunities to train on. Finer than all these, indeed one of the best wicket-keepers of his time, was Mr. R. P. Lewis. Unfortunately the extreme tenderness of his hands seriously interfered with his cricket, for it was impossible to say at what moment he might be incapacitated. As a batsman his attempts to make runs caused general amusement, but in spite of crudeness he managed to stick in whilst Dr. W. G. Grace converted a tie into a victory by one wicket for the Gentlemen over the Players at the Oval in 1896. It may be mentioned that last season the Oxford reserve wicket-keeper enjoyed the unique distinction of playing for the Gentlemen at the Oval without being chosen for the University match, though in residence.

In achieving this Mr. A. B. Reynolds comes close to the luck of Mr. V. F. S. Crawford, who actually made his *début* in first-class cricket by going in first for the Gentlemen *v.* Players at Hastings.

Of Cambridge wicket-keepers not yet discussed by far the best is the old Westminster boy, Mr. E. H. Bray. Probably no one ever took the fierce deliveries of Mr. G. L. Jessop with more ease, and his form was enhanced by the fact that he is a capital batsman, who plays a lively game. Whilst Messrs. W. G. Druce and T. L. Taylor both enjoyed respectable reputations as wicket-keepers, their real claim to University distinction rested on their great ability as batsmen. A sound stumper, who faded from good cricket directly he took his degree, was Mr. L. Orford, who shaped admirably in this department and reflected credit on his fine school coach, H. H. Stephenson. A sad fate befell Mr. Hone, one of the Irish family who have done so much for the game in the sister isle. He kept wicket in efficient fashion for Cambridge in 1881, and died in the autumn of the same year from the effects of a dose of carbolic acid given to him in mistake for a black draught. Within a month also expired Mr. Bissett Halliwell who, in the early seventies, used to stand up pluckily to every kind of bowling, and owing to his steady form for Middlesex was on several occasions invited to represent the Gentlemen.

Some allusion must be made to good wicket-keepers whose appearances in first-class cricket have been transitory. The principal of these is Mr. G. A. B. Leatham, who played for the Gentlemen at Lord's in 1882, and showed consistent form for the Yorkshire Gentlemen when they were in their prime as a formidable club. Sir Kenneth Burrowes one season helped Middlesex when that county were in straits. For London County Council Club last year reappeared Mr. R. B. Brooks, who on an important encounter of Surrey *v.* Notts took the gloves with excellent credit. Mr. F. Fielding and Mr. E. Malden might both have developed into excellent wicket-keepers had pressure of business allowed them to play. When the exigencies of the Service release Captain Charles he has shown marked ability, though he loses quickness by crouching so much when taking balls returned from the deep field.

There still remain four wicket-keepers of very differing calibre to be dealt with. To-day the most promising young cricketer is Mr. W. P. Robertson. He is modelled on Mr. MacGregor and is the best understudy of the great Scotchman.

The Hampshire captain, Mr. Charles Robson, is a most hard-working cricketer, and when he can get no one else he keeps wicket for the county himself, with a rare contempt for knocks and a good temper which triumphs over the adversities of his luckless side. At one time Mr. C. W. Wright donned the gloves with regularity, and he enjoys the distinction of having been chosen to represent the Gentlemen both for this department and also for his batting when Mr. E. F. S. Tylecote was playing. But as a matter of fact this good-humoured sportsman will probably agree that behind the sticks he was not so successful as with the willow. Poor West was a luckless wicket-keeper. He came out, good willing fellow, as a very moderate bowler and as a hard hitter. In the absolute dearth of what might almost be termed 'back-stoppers,' Messrs. Walker and Webbe pressed him into the service. It is no disparagement to say that he missed more than he caught, for he would confess it himself. But his name must be recorded, as he occupied a thankless post in some sort of fashion for a long while. It may be added that the orginal appearance of Sir Timothy O'Brien, when making centuries for Kensington Park Club, was as a Middlesex wicket-keeper. He received no second trial and ceased to keep when he went up to Oxford.

The names of those who have put on the gloves at a pinch are legion; still, a few may be referred to in concluding this paper. Of late years, 'W. G.' himself has only kept wicket once, and when he came into the pavilion observed 'It is not my job!' On the other hand, Diver is a most capable understudy to Lilley, and might easily have become a regular wicket-keeper at a pinch. That 'handy man of the cricket-field,' Captain E. G. Wynyard, will keep wicket just as he will stand in any position, bowl lobs or overhand, and bat admirably. He is the only soldier who has represented England in a test match. During Cheltenham week one year I saw Mr. H. V. Page in a condition of mild martyrdom, doing his best in the unwonted post of stumper. Mr. W. W. Read donned pads again and again for Surrey, though the bowlers of the county never appreciated his appearance in the capacity. Mr. A. J. Webbe was at one time quite respectable in a post which he did not much like. Possibly the very worst wicket-keeper ever representing a side in the University match was that fine and formidable hitter, Mr. W. H. Fowler. Mr. L. C. H. Palairet, with scrupulous care of his own hands, once or twice helped Somersetshire in a sudden emergency. Tunnicliffe has performed the

same kind office for Yorkshire, whilst in smaller cricket it is probably accurate to conclude that at some time every prominent player has been put behind the sticks. But between occupying the position, and being rated 'A1' in the capacity, lies a great gap. Whilst we have a plethora of bats and a lack of good fast bowlers, we have to-day an unprecedented number of able wicket-keepers.

FIELD TRIALS FOR RETRIEVERS AND SPANIELS

BY LEO PARSEY

FROM a shooting man's point of view the utility of field trials for retrievers and spaniels is open to question, owing chiefly to the unavoidable difficulties in the way of securing trials similar in character to the ordinary work for which these dogs are generally used. In the case of pointers and setters, field trials may be of advantage, as the work of these breeds is partly of a mechanical nature, and at any rate they create an interest in a class of dogs that is in danger of entirely losing popularity owing to the changed conditions under which sport is now carried on. Even when point shooting, few men would, for choice, shoot over field-trial winners, especially in a confined country where the fields are small or on a bad scenting day in hot weather. The noise made by these fast ranging dogs in rushing through a heavy crop of roots when the foliage is dry and crisp is sufficient to put every bird immediately on the alert, and it is only a steady, well trained and experienced animal that has the sense to moderate his pace and to take every possible advantage, even of the slightest breath of wind, in working to birds.

The ordinary work of the modern retriever is of a totally

different character, and performed under conditions more trying to the steadiness of the dog than have hitherto been obtainable at field trials. The temperament, intelligence, conformation and scenting powers can to a certain extent be judged, but these are not the only qualities required from a thoroughly broken dog.

At field trials the dogs engaged have no opportunity of giving proof of their steadiness under heavy fire, nor have they the chance of showing their perseverance and nose on winged birds where ground game is plentiful. Many of the dogs do not even see a bird fall to the shot, and only in exceptional cases have they the chance of testing their abilities in finding and retrieving a runner. Then, too, the excitement and jealousy of other dogs at a big shoot or heavy partridge or grouse drive is entirely absent, and the energy and stamina of the dog cannot be effectually tested. In grouse driving early in the season, when the bags are heavy and the weather hot, many well broken dogs will pick up a few birds at the end of the first drive, but simply decline to work afterwards with any degree of keenness, and only seek for the dead in a half-hearted manner. Possibly this may be due to a great extent to the fashion that has sprung up of late years for the wavy-coated variety which, as the breeders say, 'require no breaking,' and which certainly are as a rule far more easily kept under control than the old type of curly-coated dog. Rightly or wrongly, it is the opinion of many of the older keepers that the modern retriever lacks the dash and perseverance, and is neither so well able to stand a long day, nor so quick on runners, as the old-fashioned variety, which, despite his being somewhat headstrong, was at least keen enough at his work even though he occasionally needed a slip at a hot corner.

Most men who have had experience with dogs are aware that a young retriever will at times make the most ridiculous mistakes, and at a big shoot completely lose his head with the excitement of the heavy firing and the sight of birds falling in all directions.

The only tests to which retrievers are subjected at field trials are of a simple and elementary nature: they must be free from chase, able to retrieve game in good style, capable of finding a dead bird, with, in rare instances, an opportunity of showing their scenting powers on a runner. In very few cases can an estimate be formed of the working abilities of the dogs under ordinary circumstances, nor is the opportunity afforded of seeing

the manner in which they are able to puzzle out the line of an old cock pheasant that has only been pinioned ; this being one of the most severe tests to which a dog can be subjected, as it tries not only the nose, but also the intelligence, of the animal. I saw an instance of this only recently, when a cock pheasant that was pinioned fell in thick turnips where ground game also was plentiful. The two dogs with the guns could make nothing of it ; they could only follow the line to the hedge, where they appeared completely at fault. One of the keepers was then called up, and putting his dog, a curly-coated, small-sized retriever, on the line, the dog puzzled it out to the hedgerow, but after taking it a few yards down he checked, then, using his brains, cast back, and again recovered the line, as the wily old cock had doubled sharp back, took it on to the far hedge, through this and down a narrow belt of undergrowth and then along a dry road, for fully a hundred yards, until he marked the bird under a thicket of brambles by the roadside. Rushing round this he seized a favourable chance, dashed in and brought back the bird, still alive, at a gallop and put it into the hands of his master. This dog, however, always needed a slip at a big shoot.

Granted that the work for which retrievers are now required is to lie at heel during a drive, or go with the guns when walking up partridges without taking any notice of ground game, and at the same time to be absolutely steady and quiet at a hot corner during a big rise of pheasants, the tasks given at field trials are not of a nature on which a true estimate of the dog's working capabilities can be based with any degree of accuracy.

If the retriever is required solely as a 'single-handed dog,' an approximate opinion could be formed of his suitability for the purpose, but even then a bad scenting day may give an erroneous idea of the dog's work.

Then, too, when worked singly or in braces, by their owners or trainers, they are sure to show to better advantage than during an ordinary day's shooting. Frequently a dog is seen with a keeper when walking up birds that to the casual observer appears to be perfectly steady, that neither runs in to shot nor attempts to chase fur ; but it must not be forgotten that the man keeps his eye on the dog in order to check at once the slightest inclination to break in, and the movement of his foot or the lifting of his stick warns the dog that he is being constantly watched.

If, however, the man had a gun and was obliged to pay more attention to the shooting than to the work of his retriever, it would possibly be found that the dog would take the chance of slipping away after a hare that broke back or, if another dog rushed in to shot, he also would probably follow the bad example.

It would almost appear that when a dog is broken from his natural instinct of chasing, his spirit is also to a certain extent broken, and he becomes somewhat 'cowed,' as one never, or very rarely, sees a no-slip dog so keen at work as one that at a big shoot needs a slip or lead to prevent him from breaking in. Possibly the no-slip dog is afraid of working too keenly for fear of making a mistake, which he knows from previous experience will entail a severe punishment. The best working dogs are those that are most frequently in the company of their master, as they learn to know his wishes and become far more intelligent than an animal that spends the greater part of his existence in a kennel where he has no opportunity of learning anything, but even under the most favourable circumstances a retriever cannot be termed thoroughly broken until he has had two seasons' work. So much depends on the knowledge which cannot be taught, and that only comes from experience.

The mere fact that a young dog will retrieve tenderly, be steady when taken out alone, and be able sometimes, in good scenting weather, to puzzle out the line of a runner, must not be taken as conclusive evidence that he may with safety be taken to a big shoot.

Where large bags are made, and where numbers of rabbits are killed in the open, retrievers are seen occasionally that are as steady as a rock and do not offer to chase, but when put on the line of a winged bird they frequently will only follow a certain distance in a half-hearted kind of way, and when they do retrieve their game they bring it up in a very slow manner.

The same remarks apply to the field trials for spaniels, which are equally useless from a practical point of view, and which afford but a slight idea of the dog's capabilities under normal conditions. When the work of the spaniels is confined for the most part to hunting within range in small coverts or in hedgerows, and where the dog is also wanted to retrieve, the trials may give some idea of the value of the animal for this particular purpose ; but if the dog is intended to be used for walking up partridges, or for work on the moors, the trials are of little value,

as spaniels, even more than retrievers, are inclined to be jealous and keen in chasing fur.

For pheasant shooting under the modern fancy for big bags spaniels are too small to be of real value, as they cannot carry a pheasant easily, and in the case of winged birds soon get into the habit of being hard-mouthed, finding from experience that a dead pheasant gives far less trouble than one that is struggling for liberty. On grouse moors, too, they are too short in the leg to move about quickly in long heather, and being so near the ground I think their scenting powers are injuriously affected by the pollen from the blossoming heather early in the season.

The type of spaniel that finds favour in the show ring is practically useless for work in high roots or thick undergrowth, and the sooner the short-legged, long-bodied animals are superseded by the old-fashioned style of spaniel, of which the Sussex was probably the best example, the better it will be in the interests of sport. Field trials may possibly grow in favour with a certain class of advertising dog-dealers and quasi-keepers who will probably make a practice of sending their dogs for the sole purpose of selling at an enhanced, and too often fictitious, value, but the conditions under which the trials at these meetings take place must, of necessity, afford but a mere approximation of the value of the dog for work under less artificial circumstances.

If those most interested in improving the breed of working retrievers and spaniels could arrange for the trials to take place at a big shoot under normal conditions, where a big bag of game was killed, and where the work of the dogs could be seen to more advantage, a criterion of their real value could be formed, but until this is done the performances of dogs at field trials will carry but little weight with shooting men.

A MORE OR LESS HAPPY FAMILY

BY W. H. HUDSON

UNDOUBTEDLY the three commonest water-birds found in inland waters throughout England are the coot, moor-hen, and dabchick, or little grebe; and, on account of their abundance and general distribution, they are almost as familiar to most persons as our domestic birds. Even in the metropolis one cannot well walk through any park or open space, where there is a sheet of ornamental water, without casually seeing one or all three of them. Yet one does not grow tired of seeing or of watching them, as we do of noting the actions of other species that inhabit the same places—duck and teal and swans and geese, and many other water and waterside birds. And the reason of this—what a funny reason it is! It is because these three common birds, members of two orders which the modern scientific zoologist has set down as among the lowest, and therefore most stupid, of the feathered inhabitants of the globe, do actually exhibit a quicker intelligence and a far greater variety in their actions and habits, than those which are accounted superior!

The coot is not so abundant as the other two, and is less varied in colour and less lively in his motions, and consequently attracts us less. The moor-hen is the most attractive and the commonest: a mere collection, or a selection, of the entertaining anecdotes that have been printed about this one bird would fill

a good-sized volume. But I am not now going over that old ground.

It happened that the last ten weeks of the late summer of 1900 were spent by me in a small cottage standing by itself in a sequestered spot on the edge of the Itchen Valley; and the beautiful swift little river, in all its many channels, and reedy marshes, and fish-ponds, and backwaters, from its source a few miles above Alresford to Southampton Water, was everywhere inhabited by these three birds. From the cottage windows, or from the lawn outside, I looked upon the main current of the river, not fifty yards away; and there were the birds always in sight; and when I was not looking at them I could hear them. Without paying particular attention to these birds, since I was mainly occupied in watching for, and listening to, other less familiar sights and sounds, their presence in the river was a constant source of interest and amusement.

At one spot, where the stream made a slight bend, the floating water-weeds brought down by the current were constantly being caught by a few scattered bulrushes growing a few feet from the edge; the arrested weeds formed a minute group of islets, and on these convenient little refuges and resting-places in the waterway a dozen or more of the birds could be seen at any time. The old coots would stand on the floating weeds and preen and preen their plumage by the hour. They were like mermaids combing out their locks, and had the clear stream for a mirror. The dull brown white-breasted young coots, now fully grown, would meanwhile swim about picking up their own food. The moor-hens were with them, preening and feeding, and one had its nest there. It was a very big conspicuous nest, built up on a bunch of floating weeds, and formed, when the bird was sitting on its eggs, a pretty and curious object; for every day fresh bright-green sedge leaves were plucked and woven round it, and on that high bright-green nest, as on a throne, the bird sat, and when I went near the edge of the water she (or he) would flirt her tail to display the snowy-white under feathers, and nod her head, and stand up as if to display her pretty green legs so as to let me see and admire all her colours; and finally, not being at all shy, she would settle quietly down again.

The little grebes, too, had chosen that spot to build on. Poor things! how they worked and sat, and built and sat again, all the summer long. And all along the river it was the same thing—the grebes industriously making their nests and trying

ever so hard to hatch their eggs ; and then at intervals of a few days the ruthless water-keeper would come by with his long fatal pole, to dash their hopes. For whenever he saw a suspicious-looking bunch of dead floating weeds which might be a grebe's nest, down would come the end of the pole on it, and the eggs would be spilt out of the wet bed and rolled down by the swift water to the sea. And then the birds would cheerfully set to work again at the very same spot : but it was never easy to tell which bunch of wet weeds their eggs were hidden in. Watching with a glass at a little distance, I knew when the hen was sitting on her eggs, but if any person approached she would hastily pull the wet weeds from the edge over them and slip into the water, diving and going away to some distance. While the female sat the male was always busy, diving and catching little fishes ; he would dive down in one spot and suddenly pop up a couple of yards away, right among the coots and moor-hens. This Jack-in-the-box action on his part never upset their nerves. They took not the slightest notice of him, and were altogether a more or less happy family, all very tolerant of each other's little eccentricities.

The little grebe fished for himself and for his sitting mate ; he never seemed so happy and proud as when he was swimming to her, patiently sitting on her wet nest, with a little silvery fish in his beak. He also fished for old decaying weeds, which he fetched up from the bottom to add to the nest. Whenever he popped up among or near the other birds with an old rag of a weed in his beak, one or two of the grown-up coots would try to take it from him ; and seeing them gaining on him he would dive down to come up in another place, still clinging to the old rag half a yard long ; and again the chase would be renewed, and again he would dive ; until at last, after many narrow escapes and much strategy, the nest would be gained, and the sitting bird would take the weed from him and draw it up and tuck it round her, pleased with his devotedness and at the sight of his triumph over the coots. As a rule, after giving her something—a little fish or a wet weed to pull up and make herself comfortable with—they would join their voices in that long trilling cry of theirs, like a metallic, musical-sounding policeman's rattle.

It was not in a mere frolicsome spirit that the young coots hunted the dabchick with his weed, but rather, I imagine, because the white succulent parts of the stems of plants growing in the water is their favourite food ; they are accustomed to

have it dived for by their parents and brought up to them; and they never appear to get enough to satisfy them; and when they are big, and their parents refuse to slave for them, they seem to want to make the little grebes their fishers for succulent stems.

Late in the summer of 1899 I witnessed a very pretty little bird comedy at the Pen Ponds, in Richmond Park, which seemed to throw a strong light on the inner or domestic life of the coot. For a space of twenty minutes I watched an old coot industriously diving and bringing up the white parts of the stems of the Limnanth, or water-crocus, as I prefer to call it. Why should we go on calling this beautiful water-flower Limnanthemum nymphoides, or Limnanth for short, when we can find an English name for water crow's-foot, or any other British wild flower? The old bird was attended by a full-grown young one, which she was feeding, and the unfailing diligence and quickness of the parent were as wonderful to see as the gluttonous disposition of its offspring. The old coot dived at least three times every minute, and each time came up with a clean white stem, the thickness of a stout clay pipe-stem, and cut the proper length—about three to four inches. This the young bird would take and instantly swallow; but before it was well down his throat the old bird would be gone for another. I was with a friend, and we wondered when its cormorant-devouring appetite would be appeased, and how its maw could contain so much food, and we compared it to a hungry Italian greedily sucking down macaroni.

While this was going on a second young bird had been on the old nest on the little island in the lake, quietly dozing; and at length this one got off his dozing-place and swam out to where the weed-fishing and feeding were in progress. As he came up, the old coot rose with a white stem in her beak, and the new-comer pushed forward to take it; but the other thrust himself before him, and, snatching the stem from his parent's beak, swallowed it himself. The old coot remained perfectly motionless for a space of about four seconds, looking fixedly at the greedy one who had been gorging for twenty minutes yet refused to give place to the other. Then very suddenly, and with incredible fury, she dashed at and began hunting it over the pond. In vain he rose up and flew over the water, beating the surface with his feet; in vain he dived; again and again she overtook and dealt him the most savage blows with her sharp beak, until, her anger thoroughly appeased and the punishment

completed, she swam back to the second bird, waiting at the same spot for her return, and began once more diving for white stems of the water-crocus.

Never again, we exclaimed, would the greedy young bird behave in the unmannerly way which had brought so terrible a castigation upon him! The coot is certainly a good mother who does not spoil her child by sparing the rod.

And this is the bird which our comparative anatomists, after pulling it to pieces, tell us is a small-brained unintelligent creature, and which Drayton, who, being a poet, ought to have known better, described as 'a formal brainless ass'!

To come back to the Itchen birds. The little group, or happy family, I have described was but one of the many groups of the same kind existing all along the river; and these separate groups, though at a distance from each other, and not exactly on visiting terms, each being jealous of its own stretch of water, yet kept up a sort of neighbourly intercourse in their own way. Single cries were heard at all times from different points; but once or two or three times in the day a cry of a coot or a moor-hen would be responded to by a bird at a distance; then another would take it up at a more distant point, and another still, until cries answering cries would be heard all along the stream. At such times the voice of the skulking water-rail would be audible too, but whether this excessively secretive bird had any social relation with the others beyond joining in the general greeting and outcry I could not discover. Thus, all these separate little groups, composed of three different species, were like the members of one tribe or people broken up into families; and altogether it seemed that their lines had fallen to them in pleasant places, although it cannot be said that the placid current of their existence was never troubled.

I know not what happened to disturb them, but sometimes all at once cries were heard which were unmistakably emitted in anger, and sounds of splashing and struggling among the bulrushes; and the rushes would be swayed about this way and that, and birds would appear in hot pursuit of one another over the water; and then, just when one was in the midst of wondering what all this fury in their cooty breasts could be about, lo! it would all be over, and the little grebe would be busy catching his silvery fishes; and the moor-hen, pleased as ever at her own prettiness, nodding and prinking and flirting her feathers; and the coot, as usual, mermaid-like, combing out her slate-coloured tresses.

We have seen that of these three species the little grebe was not so happy as the others owing to his taste for little fishes being offensive to the fish-breeder and preserver. When I first saw how this river was watched over by the water-keepers, I came to the conclusion that very few or no dabchicks would succeed in hatching any young. And none were hatched until August, and then to my surprise I heard at one point the small plaintive *peep-peep* of the young birds crying to be fed. One little grebe, more cunning or more fortunate than the others, had at last succeeded in bringing off her young; and once out of their shells they were safe. But by-and-by the little duckling-like sound was heard at another point, and then at another; and this continued in September, until, by the middle of that month, you could walk miles along the river, and before you left the sound of one little brood hungrily crying to be fed behind you the little *peep-peep* of another brood would begin to be heard in advance of you.

Often enough it is 'dogged as does it' in bird as well as in human affairs, and never had birds more deserved to succeed than these dogged little grebes. I doubt if a single pair failed to bring out at least a couple of young by the end of September. And at that date you could see young birds apparently just out of the shell, while those that had been hatched in August were full grown.

About the habits of the little grebe, as about those of the moor-hen, many curious and entertaining things have been written, but what amused me most in these birds, when I watched them in late September on the Itchen, was the skilful way in which the parent bird taught her grown-up young ones to fish. At an early period the fishes given to the downy young are very small, and are always well bruised in the beak before the young bird is allowed to take it, however eager he may be to seize it. Afterwards, when the young are more grown, the size of the fishes is increased, and they are less and less bruised, although always killed. Finally, the young has to be taught to catch for himself; and at first he does not appear to have any aptitude for such a task, or any desire to acquire it. He is tormented with hunger, and all he knows is that his parent can catch fish for him, and his only desire is that she shall go on catching them as fast as he can swallow them. And she catches him a fish, and gives it to him, but, oh mockery, it was not really dead this time, and instantly falls into the water and is lost! Not hopelessly lost, however, for down she goes

like lightning and comes up in ten seconds with it again. And he takes and drops it again, and looks stupid, and again she recovers and gives it to him. How many hundreds of times, how many thousands of times, I wonder, must this lesson be repeated before the young grebe finds out how to keep and to kill? Yet that is after all only the beginning of his education. The main thing is that he must be taught to dive after the fishes he lets fall, and he does not appear to have any inclination to do such a thing. A small, quite dead, fish must be given to him carelessly, so that it shall fall, and he must be taught to pick up a fallen morsel from the surface; but from that first simple act to the swift plunge and long chase after and capture of uninjured vigorous fishes what an immense distance there is! But it is probably the case that, after the first reluctance of the young bird has been overcome and a habit of diving after escaped fishes acquired, he makes exceedingly rapid progress.

From the painting by George Rankin.

THE HAUNT OF THE STAG.

UNIV. OF MICH.

FOX-HUNTING IN THE HIGHLANDS

BY D. L. CAMERON

FOX-HUNTING in the Highlands is a very different thing from fox-hunting in England. Among the mountains it is not a sport, but a stern necessity, for the amount of damage done to the sheep farmers' stock is enormous. In the lambing season their depredations are particularly annoying.

One way of dealing with foxes is to organise a systematic drive, with keepers at all the passes and shepherds as beaters. That works well enough where there are plenty of men, but on the ordinary sheep farm it is impossible. They have lost, too, the art by which, if a writer of an old description of Scotland published in 1603 is to be believed, they used 'to prevent their (the foxes') malice and to preserve the poultry. . . .Every house nourishes a young fox, and then killing the same they mix the flesh thereof among such meat as they give to the fowls and other little beastial; and by this means as many of the cattle as eat thereof are safely preserved from the dangers of the fox by the space of almost two months after, so that they may wander where they will, for the fox smelling the flesh of their fellows yet in their crops will in no ways meddle with them, but eschew and know such a one, although it were among a hundred others.' The fox in those days must have had a fine amount of scrupulosity, different indeed from his descendant nowadays. It must have been a pretty sight to see these shepherds going forth with their wallets full of fox-meat to feed

the 'little beastial.' Perhaps, if lambs were only brought up on such a diet they might in time pursue and kill the foxes for themselves. An even prettier sight, must have been to see the guileless agriculturist feeding the credulous writer with such scraps of knowledge as he judged convenient for him.

This way of dealing with the pest being unhappily fallen into disuse, and the fox being, as a rule, too cunning to put foot near a trap or to taste poisoned bait, it is necessary to hunt him down in his den among the hills and shoot him wherever he can be found. It does not sound quite the correct thing, but what else is there for it? You cannot, without winged horses, hunt the beast in the orthodox way, and the hill foxes transported to the low country never thrive.

A CELEBRATED HUNTER

The shepherds know the holes and caves where the foxes breed, and during the winter and spring these are all systematically visited. Two neighbouring farmers, perhaps, may join forces with the gamekeeper representing the shooting tenant. They will be attended on their visitation by ten or twelve little terriers of all sorts, upon whom the real burden of the work falls. These dogs are a very mixed lot, not much to look at maybe, but keen on their work for all that. Curiously, you will hardly ever find either fox-terrier or fox-hound among them. The latter is too big to squirm into the holes where the fox lurks, and the former is said to be too tender about the paws for rough hill work. Dandie-dinmonts there are, of all colours, real Skye terriers,—not the corpulent creature of the shows, tousy as an unshaven poodle—smooth English terriers, Irish terriers, black Scotch terriers. And a hideous row they unite in raising. Each man's dogs regard every other man's dogs with an attitude expressive in every bristling hair of hatred, contempt, and defiance. Presently the lot are stoned or kicked into scornful toleration of each other, and the party moves off. Up the steep hillside they go, at a steady pace, that gets rapidly over the ground. These men are used to hill-work all their days, and, perhaps, some of them could fulfil the old test of a good shepherd, that requires among other hard matters that he

should be able to climb a hill at top speed with a spoonful of dry meal in his mouth. Try it and see how it feels.

At last they come to a cairn known in other years as an abode of foxes. Now, the peculiar smell of a fox is perceptible even to the human nose, and the dogs with their more sensitive sense of smell, are wild with excitement. The cairn itself is a ruckle of stones with a narrow opening that goes back no one can say how far into the hillside. In go the dogs (or some of them) eagerly, determinedly, and the sound of furious barking comes faintly from far within. It is interesting to notice the different behaviour of the dogs. Some have rushed in joyously, as the heroes of Finn went down to battle, and they are not to be seen, but there are others plainly visible. Here is one old stager ; he was the first in; but, see, he has let all the rest squeeze past, and there is his fat body barely inside, but what a noise he is making ! There is a young terrier delirious with excitement, going through a whole pantomime of parlour tricks, but not venturing in at all. The last glimpse of the dandie-dinmont, of the prize strain, showed him making swiftly for home, terrified by the first whiff of fox that reached his delicate nostrils. Surely there is still another dog somewhere? Ah ! there she is, in that clump of bracken, quietly sleeping at a safe distance from the uproar. The dogs we do not see, the real workers, seem to enjoy themselves amazingly, and even the oldest dogs seem to find it hard to give up the excitement of the thing. One elderly dog I know of, even when her teeth were worn to mere stumps, insisted on joining in as long as she could keep up with the hunt, and when advancing years brought stiffened joints that forbade this, she would sit on a hillock and howl a lament after the departing hunters. Even after the most terrible injuries a dog will recover and be eager for the fray in a few days. Sometimes the poor little beasts have to be carried home terribly mauled, but it is astonishing how rapidly even ghastly-looking wounds heal up. Fresh butter is the only medicament used, and the patient licks that off promptly, so whether the healing results from it or the curative power reputed to be in the dog's own tongue, is hard to tell. I remember one terrier carried home a frightful mass of blood and mud, scarce breathing as it seemed. Even his master, a man accustomed to such sights, thought the poor beast had fought its last fight. It was too ill even to look at its usual supper of porridge, but being offered a piece of mutton revived sufficiently to eat it up, and then managed to wag its tail feebly.

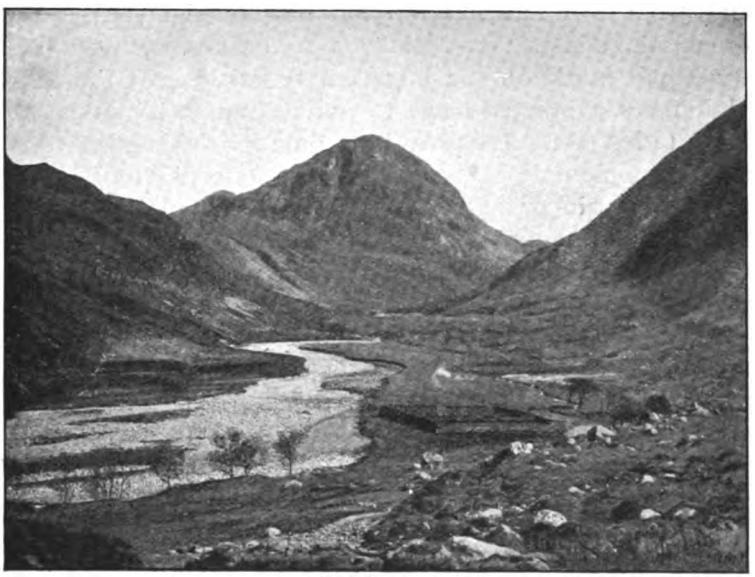
Next morning it was going about as usual; within a day or two it had fought with and beaten another larger dog; within a week it had been after foxes again and brought home a few more honourable scars. Truly dogs delight to bark and bite, at least some dogs do.

But we have wandered from the cairn, where the dogs are still barking loudly. It is a great trial of patience to stand on the bleak hillside while a piercing wind is blowing, and wait for things to happen. You must stand, gun in hand ready to fire the instant the fox bolts, for be sure, if ever you look away for a moment, that moment will be the one chosen by the fox, and you will not see much of the beast. The terriers have no chance in the open, and though they may follow for some distance, they soon come back looking reproachfully at you. Sometimes you may have to wait for an hour or more ere the dogs get the beast to move, and then perhaps your fingers are so numbed by the bitter wind that you miss the shot badly. The chances are by no means so much against the fox as they seem. Or, as I have known it happen, the dogs manage to persuade some beast out into the open, but it is not a fox at all, but a harmless badger. This is rare, for even a human nose can distinguish the characteristic aroma, and it is not often that a badger will bolt. He prefers sitting tight, and he can use his teeth most effectually too. Or the dogs, not finding the enemy at home, fall out among themselves. I remember waiting outside a hole with an unmistakably foxy smell while two ill-tempered little beasts fought inside. There was a terrific noise, and for all we knew, the pack might be engaging a whole clan of foxes inside. In the heat of the fight, however, the two incautiously rolled out into the open, still with their teeth fixed in each other. The rest seem to have made a ring for the combatants in their subterranean battlefield, and seemingly they had enjoyed the fun immensely.

So cairn after cairn is searched. Some are empty, out of others the fox cannot be coaxed, a few perhaps deliver up a fox. You may get two or three foxes in a day, but you must travel many a weary mile to do so much. On the other hand you may cross the seven bens and the seven glens, and the seven mountain moors of the stories without ever seeing a fox.

There are long night watches, too, sometimes undertaken on the off chance of a shot at the fox as he comes home to his cairn in the gray dawning. But the amateur is rarely enthusiastic enough for that. The man whose substance is being eaten up by foxes, however, will spend the whole day tramping the

hill, lie out at night, and in the morning start another hard day's work quite as a matter of course. It is cold, dreary work; how bitterly cold even April nights are, a thousand feet or two up the hillside, few realise who have not felt them. The wind is bitter, and it is never still. Yet the old hands, wrapped up in their plaids, sleep comfortably enough in the lee of some great rock, and they seem always to waken at the right moment. To sleep on the hard rocky ground, with a biting wind blowing, is beyond the power of most, and for them the night passes slowly



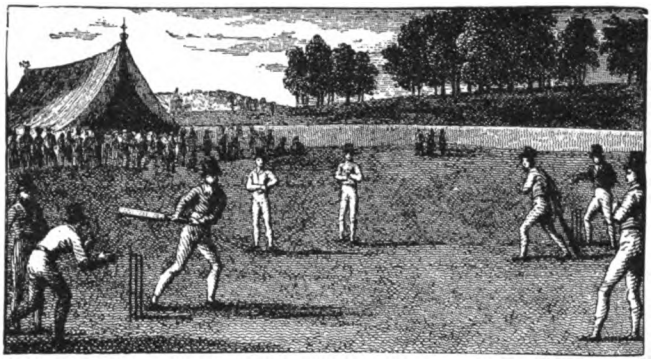
THE HOME OF THE HIGHLAND FOX

enough. One must not smoke, for the smell of tobacco is rather too plain a warning to the fox. Many an old tale is told in low whispering tones by these watchers huddled together beneath their sheltering rock. It is an ideal time for tales of the weird. A ghost story told in town at midday is one thing ; told here in the midst of the mysterious night it is something far different.

Oh, but the wind is cold and the night drags heavily on ! The stories are all told now, and there is nothing to do but wait silently for the dawn. Yonder in the farmhouse far below is the tiny gleam from the lamp set there to cheer us in the darkness. Cheer us ! Why, the sight makes some of us miscall ourselves for several kinds of fools, to be hunkering here in the

cold, while down there there are warm fires and comfortable beds, and meat and drink. But the dawn is coming now—slowly, imperceptibly, it is coming. There is a gradual lightening all round, and far below one can descry the outline of the great sea loch. Perhaps with the dawn there may come a wind from that same sea loch, bringing with it a damp chilling mist that wraps round everything and narrows the circle of vision to a few yards. In that case our labour is vain, and we may go home with such patience as we may have left over. Even if the weather keeps clear, the dull uncertain light, the numbness that comes from the cramped position during the night, and the cold, all make the odds rather in favour of the fox. After all, he is but a small mark, on the huge empty expanse of the hillside, and it takes a practised eye to notice him at all as he steals quietly to his den. He gives little time for deliberation of aim, and in a moment it is evident whether our night of watching has been in vain or not. Even to miss is, on the whole, less annoying than never to see the fox at all, and that may happen, for he is likely more wide awake than you are, and if he sees you first his departure is unobtrusive and swift.

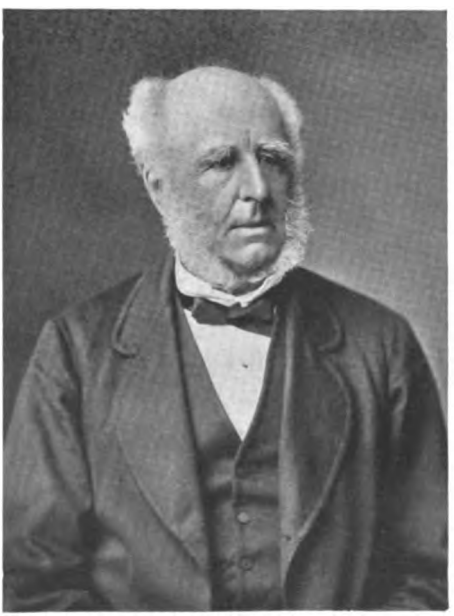
In spite of every effort to keep them down, foxes are steadily increasing in some districts. This is owing to the vast tracts under deer, where they breed in peace. In some forests they are trapped and shot as systematically as on the sheep farms, but as a rule they are left very much to themselves. It is certainly disheartening for the sheep farmer to do his best to kill off the foxes on his own ground, and then to have his lambs killed by foxes wandering in from the neighbouring deer forests.



THE OLDEST LIVING CRICKETER

BY H. JENNER-FUST III

THE oldest living cricketer—first-class cricketer, that is—is my grandfather, Mr. Herbert Jenner-Fust, LL.D., of Hill Court, Falfield, Gloucestershire. Born on February 23, 1806, when George III. was king, he is now ninety-five years of age, and the unhappy death of our beloved Queen has enabled him to see five monarchs reign.



MR. HERBERT JENNER-FUST AT THE AGE OF 72

As a cricketer he was known as Herbert Jenner, the Fust was an addition of much later date. His father, Sir Herbert Jenner, a judge of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury in the early days of the last century, assumed the name in addition to his own in 1841, when he took the present family seat, under the will of his kinsman Sir John Fust, Bart.; and my grandfather added it in 1864.

Herbert Jenner's first public appearance was for Eton against Harrow at Lords in 1822. In this match he was not a conspicuous success, the total number of his runs in the two innings amounting to only two. He captained Cambridge in the first inter-University match in 1827, and here his efforts were rewarded with a much larger measure of success, as, in addition to making forty-seven runs out of a total of ninety-two put together by the Cantabs, he succeeded in taking five of the Oxonian's wickets. The match is sufficiently historic to justify the reproduction of the score in full.

OXFORD *v.* CAMBRIDGE.

(*Played at Lords, June* 4, 1827.)

OXFORD.		CAMBRIDGE.	
Charles Wordsworth, b Jenner	8	H. Webb, b Wordsworth	7
A. E. Knatchbull, c Romilly	43	— Kingdon, b Wordsworth	5
— Ellis, b Jenner	12	Herbert Jenner, c Bird	47
J. Papillon, run out	42	E. H. Pickering, b Wordsworth	3
E. Pole, b Jenner	11	J. Dolphin, b Bayley	6
R. Price, b Horsman	71	— Romilly, b Wordsworth	8
— Bayley, b Kingdon	14	— Freer, b Wordsworth	3
— Bird, b Jenner	17	— Templeton, run out	5
— Deane, b Jenner	4	W. G. Cooksley, b Wordsworth	0
— Pilkington, not out	12	E. Handley, b Wordsworth	0
E. Lewis, b Horsman	14	E. Horsman, not out	2
B. 10	10	B. 6	6
	258		92

(*Unfinished.*)

Of this match he is the only survivor, Bishop Wordsworth, the last but himself, having died in 1892.

That his abilities were recognised by his contemporaries is evident, for in 1833, at the early age of twenty-seven, he was elected President of the M.C.C. It should be said in explanation that in those days the chairmanship was a reward of merit at cricket, and not, as it is now, a purely ornamental position.

Herbert Jenner as a cricketer was a thoroughly all round man. As a 'wielder of the willow' he was second to few, and his bowling, of course underhand, was very destructive. But his real forte lay in keeping wicket, and it was behind the sticks that he made his name, being probably the finest keeper of his day. Keeping wicket in those days was a very different thing from what it is now. *Then* a wicket-keeper simply kept wicket,

and did not, as now, have to act as a longstop as well. Consequently he was enabled to take risks in the way of stumping off leg balls that no keeper nowadays would dream of taking, in case he should give away byes. The present day unfortunate, having no one behind him, has to make it his first care to save byes by stopping the ball at all costs—taking a wicket is quite a secondary consideration. To make sure of stopping the ball he must jump in front of it; this takes his eye off it, and consequently, a fine piece of stumping off a fast leg ball is very seldom seen. If the keeper could afford to stand still and use his hands only, taking the risk of the ball going to the boundary, many more wickets would be got in this way. Moreover, unless a chance of stumping offered itself, the ball was often allowed to pass, and thus the keeper's fingers were greatly saved. I have more than once heard my grandfather say, 'Don't get in your longstop's way, give him a chance.'

Jenner did not plant himself close behind the stumps in an immovable position as is the present custom. He stood easily a yard or so behind the wicket, and only moved up if he saw his opportunity. He always kept without pads or gloves, and has often laughed at me for what he is pleased to call my effeminacy in this respect. That curse of wicket-keepers—soft hands—makes it necessary for me to wear two pairs of inside gloves in addition to the regulation pair. My grandfather is, I hope and believe, ignorant of the existence of those inside gloves—he is quite sufficiently down on gloves at all—and I am afraid when he reads these lines his scorn for my methods will only be equalled by his contempt for the ludicrous inadequacy of the English language when one is wishful to express himself strongly, but in a gentlemanly manner withal! Lest it should be thought that he had to face bowling slower than the modern expresses, he tells the following tale, for the truth of which, though he is not in the habit of drawing the long-bow, I will *not* be responsible:

'I was keeping wicket,' he says, 'and a lightning bowler, "Brown of Brighton," was on. He bowled a ball which *broke* the bat, the batsman's leg, and the middle and leg stumps, whizzed past me, went through a coat held in front of it by the longstop, killed a dog, and finally disappeared through a stout oak paling!'[1]

[1] It is hardly necessary to say that this story must be taken *cum grano salis*. What actually happened was this. A ball bowled in practice by Brown went through a coat and killed a dog. Inasmuch, however, as the

There is reason to believe that this was one of the occasions when my grandfather acted up to his maxim of *giving the long-stop a chance!*

Though admiration for the good old days at the expense of the present is the prerogative of old age, it must not be thought that my grandfather is one of those who have 'naught but praise for the good old days, and naught but blame for the new,' for this is by no means the case. At the same time it is not altogether surprising that a cricketer of his great age should have a certain contempt for some features of the modern game. He maintains, and many who read this article will agree with him, though it must be confessed the remedy is not easy, that the billiard-table wickets must be thanked for the present mammoth scores, and therefore, for so many unfinished matches, and says that the beauty of the game in his day was the splendid uncertainty of it. One ball, he will tell you, would come on perfectly true, the next would go over your head into the longstop's hands, and a third would apparently disappear underground where it pitched, to only appear again at the bottom of your stumps. His contempt for the batsman who guards his wicket with his legs is a thing to wonder at, and I shall never forget his delight some years ago when W. Gunn, I think it was, was bowled by an off break which he never attempted to play with his bat—a delight which, I am bound to say, I heartily shared. He would like to see the l.b.w. rule altered, and made to read as follows:

'The batsman shall be out if with any part of his person he stop the ball which, in the opinion of the umpire, *would have hit the wicket*'—no matter where it pitched. He thinks this would at any rate help to reduce the tall scoring, and many will agree with him. After all, the man who keeps up his wicket by means of his legs is but a poor sportsman.

I have been bowled to by him in practice and, moreover, bowled out, a fact of which I am very proud. His bowling, to my eyes, was a fast medium underhand jerk—in his prime it is hardly necessary to say that he did *not* jerk. This recalls a good story. A certain umpire thought his delivery doubtful, and made up his mind to no-ball him. My grandfather got wind of this, and laid his plans accordingly. The umpire appeared:

'Morning, Mr. Jenner, which end do you bowl, sir?'

famous Alfred Mynn was one of the bowlers to whom my grandfather kept wicket, it is unnecessary to further emphasise his pluck in keeping without pads or gloves.

'Morning—this end,' upon which the umpire took his stand. Jenner examined the ground more carefully, and then saying that he thought the other end would suit him better, crossed over. The umpire remarking, 'I do like to watch 'ee bowl, sir,' followed him. Jenner again examined the ground, looked at the sky, tested the wind, and finally announcing his intention of sticking to his original end, crossed back again. The umpire could not in decency change again, and was checkmated. Nowadays he would simply have no-balled my grandfather from the other end.

When captaining a side from behind the wicket, and wishing to attract a fieldsman's attention, he always used his hands in preference to his voice. For he held, and surely rightly, that if the batsmen's attention were attracted as well, the battle was half lost before it was begun. In this connection it will be interesting to recall what happened on one occasion when he was keeping wicket, and the great Fuller Pilch, perhaps the finest 'Cover' the world has seen, was in his accustomed place. The batsmen kept on running Pilch, and as the latter was too far out, always managed to get home. Time after time did Pilch rush in, pick up as clean as a whistle, and slam to the top of the wicket—not *at* the top be it mentioned—time after time my grandfather's appeal on putting down the wicket was met by a stentorian 'not out.' My grandfather would not sing out. At last he managed to attract Pilch's attention without the batsmen's knowledge, and moved him a couple of yards nearer the wicket. The very next ball was hit straight to cover, and the striker yelled 'come.' Once more Pilch dashed in, picked up clean, and slammed to the bails, the wicket was put down, and the umpire's uplifted hand proclaimed the fact that an exceedingly fine piece of generalship had met with its due reward. Nowadays Pilch would have been called to, and—the batsmen would not have run.

The veteran's last appearance was in 1880. He was then seventy-four years of age. He played for his own village of Hill against the neighbouring village of Rockhampton. Of this match it is recorded that he 'bowled at one end, kept wicket to the other bowler, and managed. The only thing he did not do was to run for himself, and for this cause he was run out after scoring eleven by a zealous, but too eager, youth, who had volunteered his services. In various ways he got ten wickets, besides running out two. His side won by twenty-one runs.' A worthy finish to a great career.

My grandfather's energies as a sportsman were not confined to cricket. He was a capital shot. I had almost written *is*, for it is only four years since he ceased to carry a gun. I have had my eye wiped, and well wiped by him too. How well I remember his merry chuckle when his bird dropped! Few men of twenty-six with a grandfather of ninety-five can lay claim to that distinction. In 1887, at the age of 81, he gaily proceeded to put up a record for the estate by bringing off a right and left at duck. I who write nearly equalled this feat last year out of the same pond. Having crept up at five in the afternoon when it was practically dark, I heard duck get up. Nothing was to be seen till they suddenly swung up against the sky line, when I pulled, and both saw and heard my bird fall. Running up I could find no trace of it, and, after searching for five minutes, made up my mind that my eyes and ears had deceived me, and was just going home, 'shuffling and rejecting inadequate adjectives,' when a 'quack quack,' and a terrific commotion in the bushes fringing the pond, made me hurry back again. There was my bird right enough and a pretty dance he led me, twice round the pond and once into it, before I got another shot at him in the water and—missed. Then I scrambled up through the bushes, and—*mirabile dictu*—up got another duck right under my nose and flew against the sky line. Him I dropped all right, and the assistance of a dog and a lantern enabled me to pick up the wounded one. So did I get my two duck, but a right and left it was not, and my grandfather's record for the estate stands, and, as far as the *age* of the holder is concerned, is likely to stand for some centuries!

His every-day life is, as it always has been, simplicity itself. Breakfast at nine still finds him in his place, and he is seldom late. Up to about four years ago he shaved daily, but then an illness forced him to give this up, and he has never begun it again. This is a matter for regret, as his mouth, sweet but firm, and his square, well-moulded chin were a pleasure to look upon. After breakfast he takes a stroll round the garden, and then writing, for he is an excellent correspondent, generally occupies his time till one o'clock luncheon. After lunch another stroll is usually the order of the day, this time accompanied by his old spaniel Bob, who is so stiff with age, and be it said with overeating, that his hind legs move together like those of a mechanical toy. Bob duly exercised, he comes back to tea and the *Times*, which only arrives at five, and is

devoured till dinner at seven. At this meal he eats what other people do, and up to a year or two ago regularly drank his two glasses of old port afterwards. Now he sticks to brown sherry. He reads till about half-past ten and then goes to bed.

All his faculties are retained with one exception, and his sight is most remarkable. The exception is his hearing. He is tremendously deaf, and it is necessary to speak right into his ear to make him hear at all. A capital raconteur himself, he always appreciates a good story, and his laugh on such occasions is good to hear. As a young man his activity and energy were enormous. Four o'clock in the morning often found him in his garden, and for years he used to ride to London from Chislehurst for his daily work at Doctors Commons. Even now he is quite active and cares little for the weather. Often when a figure is seen afar in pouring rain, and the question is asked: 'Who on earth is that?' the answer comes, 'Must be the Squire—no one else would be out in this weather!' and often the answer is right.

One day he electrified us at luncheon by suddenly dropping his knife and fork with a crash and bolting for the door. I thought he was ill, and followed hard at his heels. He was out at the front door, down half a dozen steps like a flash, and half way across the lawn to the big gates before I got up to him. Laying a detaining hand on his shoulder, I tried to stop him, but he shook me off and ran on another ten yards to the gates. 'There they go!' he exclaimed excitedly. He had seen a red coat cross the low-lying ground between the house and the Severn, and wanted to spot the hounds! This incident, which happened two or three years ago, speaks well for his sight as well as for his activity, as the red coat in question was at least half a mile away.

For a man of his age his prejudices are wonderfully few. One thing, however, he will not have, and that is smoking in the house. This is a survival of the old times when no gentleman ever dreamt of smoking in the presence of ladies, and practically never in the house. He smokes a cigar now and then, but very seldom, and always retires to the seclusion of the shrubbery to enjoy his weed. If caught he will be almost apologetic, and he was once heard to say to my brother who is an inveterate smoker: 'You must excuse me, you know I find this' shyly holding up his cigar, 'occasionally necessary!' On one occasion when he had been seedy and was not able to get out, he was asked if he wouldn't enjoy a smoke, and at

once confessed it was the one thing needful to his peace. Asked why then in the name of fortune he didn't have it, he countered, effectually as he thought, with the question, 'Where?'

'In the house, Squire,' said some one, 'no one minds.'

'In the *house!*' was the thunderstruck reply, as he half rose, gasping, from his chair. The matter was hurriedly dropped, and has not since been referred to!

A good landlord, and kindly to a fault, what wonder that the country-side almost worship him. *Apropos* of this there is a good story. A lady in a neighbouring parish was explaining to her Sunday-school class that every one had sinned in a greater or less degree.

'Except Mr. Jenner-Fust,' came the quick retort from a small boy.

'Even Mr. Jenner-Fust,' was the smiling rejoinder.

'No, he has not,' said the child, who was now thoroughly angry, clenching his small fists and growing purple with rage.

'Well, perhaps,' said the lady, somewhat alarmed at the storm she had unwittingly raised, 'perhaps he was naughty when he was a very little boy.'

'No, *never*,' came the passionate reply, with the certainty of faith.

The lady said afterwards that, sooner than undermine his touching faith in the Squire, she admitted that perhaps she was wrong!

All things earthly come to an end, and this sketch must share the general fate. I have, I fear, said little about my grandfather's personal qualities, but such qualities as make a man lovable and endear him to those around him he has in abundance, and, at the Bar and elsewhere, he has given good proof that he possesses as well those sterner qualities which make for success in life. If I have not dwelt on these things, it is because I recognise my utter inability to do justice to the theme. This only will I say, and I say it most emphatically, to know him is to love him. Pages of eulogy could say no more. How proud we are of him is known to us alone, and I could not tell it if I would. That he may long be spared to enjoy an honoured old age is a wish near to the hearts of all who know him, as well as of all those to whom he is near and dear, and I can safely say to no heart more near than to my own.

May he make a record score! There seems no reason why he should not.

SHOOTING THE VIRGINIAN PARTRIDGE IN FLORIDA

BY A. J. BOGER

WITH a couple of spare months at my disposal, and in doubt how most pleasantly to enjoy them, I called to mind an invitation kindly given by an American friend to join him in Florida on the occasion of his annual shoot. It appeared that there was just convenient time to carry out the programme, and by cable the matter was soon settled. His business was to make all the arrangements and collect the dogs—he was more or less on the spot, being a resident of Philadelphia—mine to get to New York as fast as the *Campania* would take me, and thence by the first train south to the land of quails; for quails they shall be called, in spite of the heading of the article. The fact is that the bird is, strictly speaking, the Virginian partridge, and has nothing to do with the quail that we see at home or those that come from the continent; but as he is invariably spoken of as a quail, we will so dub him for the sake of simplicity.

My host came aboard the train with the two dogs and his own tackle on the way through Georgia, where he was then staying, and we travelled on together till the selected spot was reached. Bingo and Lee, a pointer and setter respectively, were as fine a looking couple as anybody could wish for, and I well remember thinking at the time that if their prowess in the field was to equal their good looks, I was in for a good thing. Their master knew them both well, and assured me that he had never seen their equals; and I am bound to say that his remarks on the subject were afterwards abundantly justified.

The wayside station at which we left the train was situated

in country which is thoroughly typical of Northern Florida—pine and prairie. The village itself stood on soil 75 per cent. of which was sand, and was practically only a large clearing in the pines, with enough wooden houses to form a couple of streets. About half a mile from the village, on the edge of the forest, stood the abode of one of the 'magnates of the town,' and it was here that we had arranged to take up our quarters on payment of a very moderate sum per week.

LEE AND BINGO

The local job-master was soon discovered, and arrangements made for the hire of a buggy and a negro driver, both of which were to be at our services all day and every day; for it must be understood that the shooting in the immediate neighbourhood of the houses was well-nigh worthless on account of the native pot-hunters, but upon driving five or six miles into the country the sport became excellent.

Given anything like a fine day—and this was practically a certainty, as Florida has a superb winter climate—we used to leave the house at half-past eight to nine in the morning, drive out about half a dozen miles till we came to a likely looking clearing, hand over the buggy and horses to the owner of the

WILLIAMS THE DRIVER AND SHIKARI

BINGO POINTING QUAIL

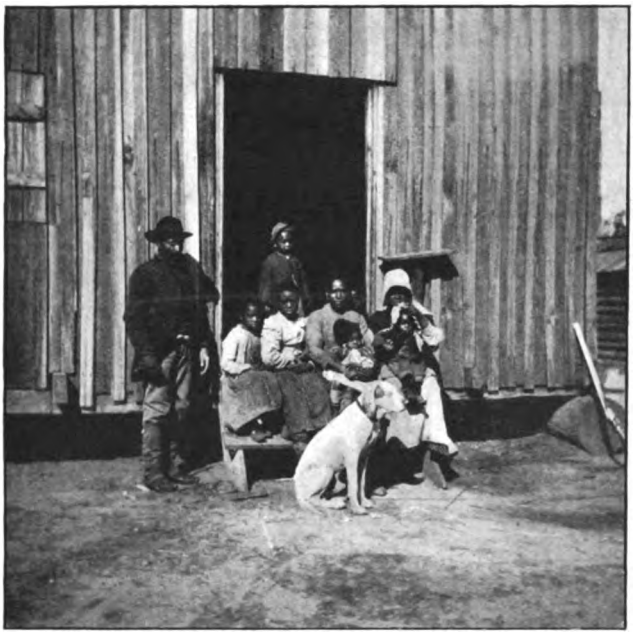
clearing (whose hut would be hard by), and start operations. The owner, in nine cases out of ten, would be a negro, and so far from raising any objection to one's shooting over his two or three Indian cornfields, would eagerly jump at the chance of getting the brace or two of birds which he knew would be left behind after lunch.

On the very first day that we went out we had hardly got over the fence into the first cornfield when Bingo came to a dead point, in some thistley growth near a large felled pine. I

LEE POINTING A QUAIL THAT IS JUST UNDER HIS NOSE

left the rise to my companion, who got his right and left whilst I got him very successfully—with a kodak.

Williams, who has the eyes of a hawk, marks down about five that got up at the shot in some long grass over the fence amongst the trees. We leave them for a short while in order to pick up the rest of the covey, which we are able to do, accounting for four more. But this has taken some little time, and meanwhile our friends over the fence have scattered, so that when we get there they have either totally disappeared or are lying like stones within a few feet of us. Occasionally one sees them just under the dog's nose, perfectly immovable save



THE 'LAIRD OF THE MANOR' AND HIS FAMILY

IN POSITION FOR DUCK

UNIV. OF MICH.

for the glitter of the eye and the slight movement of the eyelid. In this respect their behaviour is precisely similar to that of Bingo and Lee, who, when they do suddenly get wind of one that eventually gets up within three feet of them, immediately freeze into two statues, and so remain till all is over—as far as that particular quail is concerned.

Having satisfied ourselves that we shall not get any more of the covey, we return to the corn and probably find another,

BINGO: A POINT

perhaps two more coveys, with which we deal in a similar manner. The middle of the day is hot; and if you want your dogs to work well after lunch, especially if they are being used nearly every day, you will find that from twelve till two had better be given up to lunch and a siesta.

The laird of the manor draws some water from his well, whilst we produce whisky or beer from the buggy, and we soon settle down in some quiet shady corner within shooting distance of the hut. The 'laird,' by the way, has a considerable family—seven daughters and four sons, the latter being out at work. How he supports them on the product of two fields of

Indian corn and one of cotton, is a mystery that he alone can solve.

Sometimes we spied a bit of marsh that looked as if it would hold snipe, and on many occasions the bag was thereby substantially increased. There are places 'down Florida way' where magnificent snipe shooting can be got, but as we were mainly after quail we did not go out of our way to find them. The same applies to the duck, though once or twice we had

COOKING LUNCH

a very pretty bit of sport in this line. On one of the occasions we made rather a lengthy journey and stayed the night at one of these little plantations. The hut consisted of two rooms. My friend and I stretched ourselves out in one, and papa and Mrs. Negro with their family in the other. Near their place was a large lagoon or lake, partly open, but for the most part overgrown with weeds, and in many places it was merely a forest under water. Whilst it was still dark we slipped down to the water's edge, and by dawn my companion had taken up a position in his punt, concealed by a small tree, in the intended line of flight of the duck, whilst I was being 'poled' slowly and silently along the edges of the rushes and reeds.

The birds rose singly and in pairs in front of me, some within shot and others a hundred yards ahead. At each shot there was a great disturbance of waters and flapping of wings all round. Duck were rising on all sides. Flat in the bottom of the punt was then the order of the day, until confidence was restored and they settled again. This could not, of course, last long, as the duck soon discovered that the game was not good enough, and cleared for more secluded regions. But we

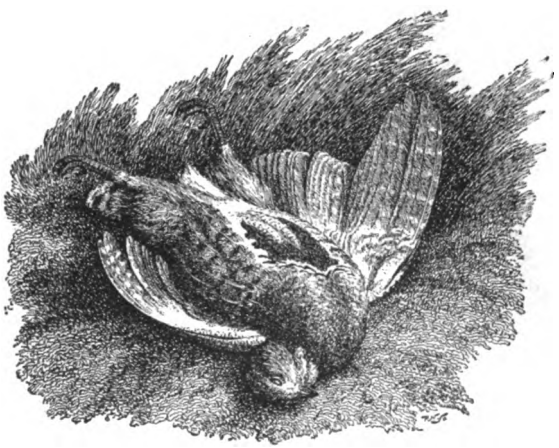
BINGO

had each fired between a dozen and twenty shots and had picked up—well, never mind how many we picked up; anyhow we enjoyed ourselves.

Farther down in central Florida the quail are often to be found in the palmetto scrub, where the excellence of the cover causes them to lie almost too well sometimes, and occasionally to be passed over where the thickness of the growth precludes penetration. Here, also, it is frequently difficult to follow one's birds after the covey rise, as they disappear almost immediately, whereas in the cornfields they can always be clearly seen until they top the fence, and as a rule they do not go more

than 150 yards beyond, so that with a wide cast or two the dogs are almost sure to pick them up.

On the various kinds of sport to be obtained in Florida one might easily fill a book, but I have here merely endeavoured to point out as shortly as possible, with the aid of the photographs which I took on the spot, how thoroughly enjoyable the pursuit of the quail is. Be it remembered that he bounds from the ground like a rubber ball, and flies like a bullet—there is no winding up to attain his top speed; he is going that from the very start, and as often as not he has to be shot between the pines, which are perhaps only ten feet apart. It is a very different affair from shooting grouse over dogs, at all events *early* in the year, for these even are not always absolute 'sitters' later on when they are wild.



TWO CATS

RA AND MENTU

BY MISS MARGARET BENSON

THE MYSTERIOUS RA.

Reposeful, patient, undemonstrative,
Luxurious, enigmatically sage,
Dispassionately cruel.

RA had three periods of development. In the first he showed himself cowardly and colourless ; in the second he sowed his wild oats with a mild and sparing paw ; and in the third period it was borne in on us that whatever qualities of heart and head he displayed were but superficial manifestations, while the inner being of Ra, the why and wherefore of his actions must for ever remain shrouded in mystery.

We might have guessed this, had we been wise enough, from his appearance. His very colour was uncertain. His mistress could see that he was blue—a very dark, handsome blue Persian. Those who knew less than she did about cats called him black. One, as rash as she was ignorant, said he was brown ; but as there are no brown cats Ra could not have been brown. Finally, a so-called friend named him 'The Incredible Blue.'

When the Incredible Blue sat a little distance two large green eyes were all that could be discerned of his features. The blue hair was so extremely dark that it could be hardly distinguished from his black nose and mouth. This gave him an inexpressibly serious appearance.

The solemnity of his aspect was well borne out by the

stolidity of his behaviour. There is little to record during his youth except an unrequited attachment to a fox-terrier. In earlier days Ra's grandmother had been devoted to the same dog—a devotion as little desired, and as entirely unreturned. But it was necessary that Ra should leave the object of his devotion and come with us to live in a town; and now it became apparent that his affections had been somehow nipped in the bud. Whether it was the loss of the fox-terrier, the new fear of Taffy's boisterous pursuits, or the severity of his grandmother's treatment—for the first time he came into close contact with that formidable lady—whatever the reason may have been it was plain that Ra's heart was a guarded fortress. He set himself with steady appetite to rid the house of mice, but he neither gave nor wanted affection.

He would accept a momentary caress delicately offered; but if one stroked him an instant too long, sharp, needle-like teeth took a firm hold of the hand. We apologised once to a cat lover for the sharpness of Ra's teeth. 'I think the claws are worse,' was all he said.

Ra was an arrant coward. If a wild scuffle of feet was heard overhead we were certain that it was the small agile grandmother in pursuit of Ra. If Taffy were seen careering over the lawn, and leaping into the first fork of the mulberry-tree, it was because Ra had not faced him out for a moment, but was peering with dusky face and wide emerald eyes between the leaves.

Once or twice there was an atmosphere of tension in the house—no movement of cat or dog—and it was found that the three were fixed on the staircase unable to move. Taffy looking up from below with gleaming eyes; Granny malevolently scowling from above; and Ra in sight like Bagheera, in heart like a frightened mouse protected by the very fact that he was between the devil and the deep sea. Taffy did not dare to chase Ra for fear of the claws of the cat above; Granny did not care to begin a scrimmage downstairs which would land them both under the dog's nose. So they sat, free but enthralled, till human hands carried them simultaneously away.

But the general tension of feeling grew too great. Ra's life was a burden through fear, Granny's through jealousy, Taffy's through scolding. Ra was sent off to the little house in London, and here his second stage of development began.

He had always been pompous—now he grew grand. It took ten minutes to get him through the door, so measured

were his steps, so ceremonious the waving of his tail. He sat in the drawing-room in the largest armchair. Then it irked him that there was no garden, so he searched the street until he discovered a house with a garden, and he went to stay there for days together. A house opposite was being rebuilt, and Ra surveyed the premises and overlooked the workmen, sliding through empty window frames and prowling along scaffolding with a weight of disapproval in his expression.

Thus Ra, who had hitherto caused no anxiety to his family, now became a growing responsibility; visions of cat-stealers, of skin-dealers, of cat's-meat men, of policemen and lethal chambers began to flit through the imagination whenever Ra was missing—which was almost always. So to save the nerves and sanity of his family Ra left London.

We had now removed to the country, and greatly to our regret, though little to that of Ra, his ancient foe had passed from the scene; and although he felt it better to decline the challenge of the sandy kitten, yet he no longer believed his safety and his life to be in the balance; it was plain that he had realised his freedom, and would assume for himself a certain position in the household.

The house was a very old one, but Ra had been not long employed before the scurrying of feet over the ceiling was perceptibly lessened, and behind the mouldering wainscot the mouse no longer shrieked. That, indeed, is a tame, conventional way of describing the previous doings of the mice. Rather let us say that the mice no longer danced in the washing-basins at night, nor ran races over the beds, nor bit the unsheltered finger of the sleeper, nor left the row of jam-pots clean and empty.

If Ra had confined himself to this small game all would have been well, but he proceeded to clear the garden of rabbits. Day by day he went out and fetched a rabbit, plump and tender and ate it for his dinner. It must, at least, be recorded that at this time he was practically self-supporting.

Three he brought to me. The first was dead and I let him eat it; the second showed the brightness of a patient brown eye, and, while I held Ra an instant from his prey, the little thing had cleared the lawn like a duck-and-drake shot from a skilful hand and disappeared in the hedge row.

The third was dead. I took it and shut up Ra. We 'devilled' the rabbit hot and strong; we positively filled it with mustard and returned it. Ra ate half with the utmost enjoyment and the sandy kitten finished the rest.

Then came Ra's final aspiration; unwitting of strings of cats' tails, dead stoats, and the gay feathers of the jay, with which the woodland was adorned, he took to the preserves. We have no reason to think he hunted anything but the innocent field-mouse or a plump rabbit for us to season, but with a deadly confidence he crossed the fields evening by evening in sight of the keeper's cottage.

If we had all been ancient Egyptians we should have developed his talent. The keeper would have trained him to retrieve, and he would gaily have accompanied the shooting parties. If I had even been the Marchioness of Carabbas I should have turned the talent to account, and Ra, clad in a neat pair of Wellington's, would have left my compliments and a pair of rabbits on all the principal houses in the neighbourhood.

Prejudice was too strong for us. I won a truce for Ra until we could find a new home for him, and he departed in safety. I heard, to my relief, that he seemed quite happy and settled and had bitten and scratched a large number of Eton boys.

Now, up to his departure, we had at once admired and despised Ra, but no one understood him. His appearance was so dignified, his spirit seemed so mean. He lent a silky head to be caressed, and while you still stroked him, without a sign of warning except the heavy thud of the last joint of his tail, he turned and bit. He addressed one in a small delicate voice of complaint yet wanted nothing. He followed me up and down in the garden with a sedate step; there were no foolish games in bushes, pretence of escape, hope of chase and capture. Happy or fearful, sociable or solitary, Ra was utterly self-contained.

Now hear the last act.

Ra began paying calls from his new home and was established on a footing of intimacy at a neighbouring house. As he sat in the drawing-room window there one morning, he watched the gardener planting bulbs. The gardener planted a hundred crocus bulbs and went home to dinner. No sooner was he gone than Ra descended, went to the bed and dug up the bulbs from first to last. Then he returned to the drawing-room window.

The gardener came and lo! his hundred bulbs lay exposed. Nothing moved; no creature was to be seen but a cat with solemn face and green disapproving eyes who glared at him from the window.

The gardener replanted half his bulbs and went to fetch some tool; when he returned he seemed to himself to be toiling in a weird dream, for the bulbs he had replanted lay again exposed and the cat still sat like an image in the window.

Again he toiled at his replanting, and finally left the garden.

In a moment Ra descended upon it; with hasty paws he disinterred the crocuses, and laid the hundred on the earth. Then, shrouded still in impenetrable mystery, Ra returned home.

History does not relate whether or no the gardener consulted a brain specialist the following day.

MENTU.

A little lion, dainty, sweet,
(For such there be),
With sea-grey eyes, and softly stepping feet.

Out of the basket there stepped a forlorn little figure, dusky-grey, pathetically wailing, cold, hungry and tired. He was not eight weeks old, every relation and friend in the world was left far behind him; but he was in entire possession of himself and his manners. The ruffled coat was a uniform tint; the little pointed head gave evidence of the long pedigree he trailed behind him. In these weary and destitute circumstances the true air of *noblesse oblige* was on him.

His very appetite had deserted him, and for days he had to be forcibly fed with warm milk in a teaspoon. He remonstrated about this, but it impaired not the least his confidence in human nature.

Then he grew better, and became an elf-like creature, playing rather seriously with his own tail, but venturing not far from the skirts of his mistress. Once he saw the Old Cat, and would have run to her but she turned on him a look so malevolent that we snatched him out of harm's way, and still scowling she proceeded to take possession of his sleeping basket. She used it for a day or two, but finding that it had been given up to her, she abandoned it.

When I joined Mentu and his mistress on a tour in Cornwall some weeks later, he had become a different creature. He was still very polite, but had grown in size and in confidence, and he was fast developing the drama of the cat and the madness of the kitten's spirits. He whirled round the room to catch the

crackling paper hanging on a string ; he played the clown with a card-board paper-basket, hurling himself into it with such force that it upset and poured him out like water on the other side ; he retrieved paper balls, and hanging over the bars of chairs and tables beat them with the tips of his paws ; he hid them under corners of carpets and expended an immense amount of time and strategy in finding them again. The paper flew into the air, and sped across the room so fast that only a very clever and agile kitten could ever have caught it. Then Mentu discovered the Shadow Dance.

One evening, while the paper was swinging on a string in the lamplight, Mentu suddenly saw the shadow. Thence forward he renounced the substance and deliberately pursued the shadow. If the actual paper came in his way he hit it with a pettish gesture and searched the carpet for the shadow. And he knew the two were connected, for at sight of the paper he began to look about for the shadow. Then he rushed after it and threw it ; he spread himself out on the carpet to catch it, and cared for nothing so much as the pursuit of nothingness.

We went to an empty hotel, hidden in a little bay near the Lizard. Green slopes, covered even in March with flowering gorse, fall quickly to the pillared basalt coves. Here you may sit on slabs of rock sheltered from east and north wind, scenting the sweet, pungent incense breath of the gorse, and watching the gulls at play beneath. You can see the great liners pass, signalling at Lloyd's station, and branching off below the Lizard lights to cross the ocean ; or you can watch the gallant ships come in, corn laden, with men crowding to the side for their first glimpse of English shores. But except on Sunday, when Lizard town walks two and two on the cliff, you see no man there and hardly a stray beast.

So here Mentu became the companion of our strolls, scudding across open stretches of green, rushing into shelter from imagined foes under gorse and heather, dancing with sidelong steps and waving tail down little grassy slopes, or lying on ledges of rock as grey as himself, starred with lichen as yellow as his eyes.

Once we went out along the cliff to return by the road, but here Mentu's faith in us deserted him. He set out to go home alone, but dared not ; he wished to come with us, but was tired ; he would not be carried for he saw children in the distance, and a cat prefers to trust its own sense and agility in danger. So in despair of his wavering decision we walked on until,

turning, we caught sight of a pathetic figure silhouetted against the dusty road—a silky kitten with wide mouth opened in a despairing outcry against fate.

Once Mentu met a cow grazing on the cliff. Here was terror, but that he realised the compelling power of the feline eye. He fixed on her two yellow orbs with fear-distended pupils, prepared to make himself very large and terrible by an arched back if she so much as turned towards him, and thus holding her paralysed with terror (though she appeared to graze unconcernedly the while), he walked by with tiptoe dignity and scudded to shelter.

But Mentu himself was once nearly petrified by a very awful kind of Gorgon. He was tripping and smelling, and coming to the edge of a little stone well he looked in. Suddenly we saw him turn rigid with a face of inexpressible horror. He stood like stone for a moment, then lifting silent paws retired backwards noiselessly, imperceptibly, step by step from the edge. Once out of sight of the pool he turned and fled. I went to look in. A frog sat there.

Sometimes we went down a stony winding path to the cove beneath ; a wren was building here, for the cock wren sat on a bush and girded at Mentu as he passed. One day I heard from far below the sharp note whirring like a tiny watchman's rattle, and returned to find Mentu lying on the path with swishing tail cruelly eyeing the atom which scolded him from above.

When the time came to go home Mentu had undergone another transformation. He had trebled in size ; he had lost the rough, reddish 'kitten hair' ; his coat was shining, silky, ashen-grey ; his eyes were the colour of hock. Blue Persians were not plentiful in Cornwall and a little crowd followed us up and down the platform, for Mentu travelled no longer in a basket.

In the train he was perfectly calm ; looked out of the window at stations and regarded railway officials with an impartial and critical eye. A fellow traveller pronounced him 'a kind of dog-cat,' alluding, we supposed, to his intelligent and self-possessed demeanour as he sat upright on his mistress' lap.

We parted again, and from time to time I had accounts of Mentu. In spring time he relinquished the pursuits of shadows in favour of less innocuous sport. He was found curled up in a blackbird's nest, meditating on the capital dinner he had made

of the inhabitants. He laid little offerings of dead unfledged birds on his mistress' chair or footstool. He was seen trotting across the lawn his head thrown proudly back, so that the nest he was bringing her should clear the ground. Saddest of all, she hung up a cocoanut for the tits outside her window, and a dead blue-tit was soon laid at her feet.

Again it was said that he appeared suddenly, like the Cheshire cat, on a tree miles from home ; and in early autumn in the morning he was seen crossing the lawn with a train of seventeen angry pheasants behind him.

We renewed acquaintance when I came to stay at Mentu's home. He was out when I arrived, and as we sat with open windows in the growing dusk there was a sudden soft leap, and a presence on the window—a wild creature, with shining eyes, the very incarnation of the dusk. Even as he jumped down and came to our feet the mood changed. He purred to us, and went to his dinner plate. Finding there a satisfactory mess he began to eat, turning round to throw rapid, grateful glances towards his mistress, purring the while.

Like the dean who gave thanks for an excellent dinner, or a moderately good dinner, so Mentu is wont to graduate his grace according to his meat. A fish's head, or the bones of a partridge (it was long before his mistress could be persuaded that he would not prefer a nicely filleted sole) will produce the most grateful glances and the loudest purrs.

As I was occupying the sofa, Mentu took his after-dinner nap on my feet.

It is odd that cats show an intense dislike to anything destined and set apart for them. Mentu had a basket of his own, and a cushion made by a fond mistress, but to put him into it, is to make him bound out like an indiarubber ball. He likes to occupy proper chairs and sofas or even proper hearth-rugs. In the same way the well-bred cat has an inconvenient but æsthetic preference for eating its food in pleasant places, even as we consume chilly tea and dusty bread and butter in a summer glade. A plate is distasteful to a cat, a newspaper still worse ; they like to eat sticky pieces of meat sitting on a cushioned chair or a nice Persian rug. Yet if these were dedicated to this use they would remove elsewhere. Hence the controversy is interminable.

The next few days Mentu was determined to devote to family life. He came to the drawing-room in the evening and was very affable and polite. He went readily to any one who

invited him, and dug his claws encouragingly into their best evening dresses. We had taught him a trick in Cornwall which he still remembered. He lies on his back, two hands are put under him, and he is gently raised. A touch on elbows and knees makes him shoot forelegs and hindlegs outwards and downwards; so that head and forelegs hang down at one end, hindlegs and tail at the other and the great grey cat lies curved into crescent shape, purring serenely.

In the course of the evening my collie, a visitor with me, came genially into the room. Mentu did not know him; he sat upright with eyes fixed upon the dog, shaking with terror but making no attempt to escape.

I heard Mentu calling on his mistress early next morning in a querulous tone. As her door was shut I invited him into my room, but he found it not to his mind and soon left me. He sat all the morning with us, but was easily *ennuyé*, and walked about uttering short bored cries until he could find some one to play with him. He delighted in a game of hide-and-seek which he had instituted for himself. He hid and called out, lay still till he was seen and then sprang up to scud across the room. When we went into the garden he followed, and the scolding of a blackbird made us look up to see him on a branch overhead staring down at us. He walked with us, too, or rather when we walked he plunged rustling through the bushes bordering the path, and flashed out to stand a moment in the open.

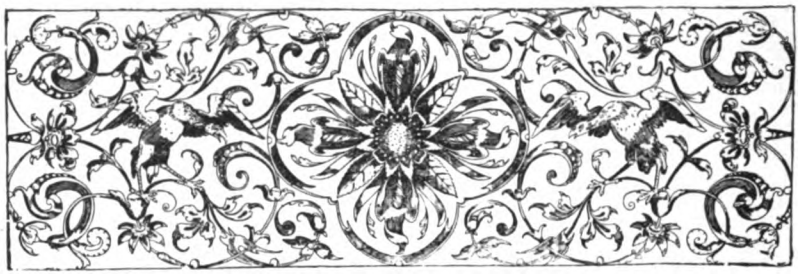
Withal one felt that a thinking being moved with us, whether bored or childishly excited, gently affectionate or suddenly grateful; a being thoroughly self-conscious, greedy of admiration, regarding himself and us, and taking his life into his own hands. And close beneath the surface of his civilisation lay the wild beast nature. One could wake it in an instant, for if I caught his eye the surface flashed sapphire for a moment, then the eye with distended pupil was fixed upon me, and silently, holding me by the eye, he believed, he stole across the room, and jumped up suddenly almost in my face. There was something uncanny about it, and even possibly dangerous, for if I looked up from a book sometimes I found that topaz eye trying to catch and arrest my own, while the great cat stole silently nearer. I think if we had not relinquished the game Mentu's claws would have been in my eyes.

For the wild nature in Mentu is as strong as the inbred civilisation; and the two are at strife together. His heart and his appetite lead him back and back to the house; keep him

there for days together, a dainty fine gentleman, warmhearted, capricious. But the spirit of the wild creature rises in him, and the night comes when at bedtime no Mentu is waiting at the door to be let in ; or in the evening as he hears the wind rise and stir the branches, even while the rain beats on the window pane, the compelling power of out-of-doors is on him and he must go ; and when the window is lifted and the night air streams in, there is but one leap into the darkness.

He will return in the early morning tired and satiate, or spring in some evening as the dusk gathers with gleaming eyes where the light of the wild woods flickers and dies down in the comfortable firelight of an English home.

This is the true cat, the real Mentu, this wild creature who must go on his mysterious errands ; or who, I rather believe it, plunges out to revel in the intoxication of innumerable scents, unaccounted sounds, and the half revealed forms of wood and field in twilight, in darkness or in dawn. In his soul he is a dramatist, an artist in sensation. He lives with human beings, he loves them, as we live with children and love them, and play their games. But the great world calls us and we must go, and Mentu's business in life is elsewhere. He lives in the half-lights, in secret places, free and alone, this mysterious little-great being whom his mistress calls ' My cat.'



'THE HORSE OF THE CENTURY'

BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

THERE was once a mare who was such a hopeless cripple that she could never be trained; and it is strange, therefore, that as she belonged to a rich man she was ever sent to the paddocks, as it seemed in the highest degree probable that her offspring would inherit her unsoundness. As a matter of fact this was the case. She had a common-looking son, who throughout his life suffered from navicular disease, and was continually lame. His name was Gladiateur. He won amongst other races the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby, and the St. Leger, though, when sent to Doncaster to run for the last named, his devoted admirer, Ben Bartholomew, watched him canter on the Town Moor and went straight away home, declaring that he 'would not stop to see the horse break down.' As a three-year-old he carried 9st. 12lb. in the Cambridgeshire, and according to Jennings, his trainer, ought certainly to have been in the first three, a claim more reasonable than those of the sort generally put forward; for Harry Grimshaw, who rode, was so short-sighted that he really could not see what was going on around him, and believed he was in a good place at the Red Post when in fact he was lying altogether out of his ground. James Waugh, a level-headed judge whom I should not be at all inclined to regard as an enthusiast, to this day, it is said—I am commenting on a chapter in Mr. Sydenham Dixon's interesting book 'From Gladiateur to Persimmon'—regards Gladiateur as *the* 'horse of the century.' It can only be inquired what sort of an animal Gladiateur would have proved had he been sound?

That 'horse of the century!' Nothing could be more impossible than to obtain a decision as to who it was, for, of course, we do not know the tests to which animals were subjected something like a hundred years ago, nor can we ascertain the value of such tests; and we see how the opinions of experts differ year after year, some fervently maintaining that an animal is a 'smasher,' if not indeed 'the horse of the century' something like it, whilst others protest that the creature is really little more than 'useful,' finding reasons to minimise his successes as his supporters do to exaggerate them. The reason at the bottom of this is prejudice, originated and strengthened by writers on racing. It pleases 'X.' to form a wildly eulogistic estimate of a certain horse, very likely from a desire to please and flatter his owner and to say agreeable things about his trainer. 'Y.' believes in 'X.,' and follows his lead. 'A.,' writing about the same animal, is nauseated with the extravagance, and sets himself to work to show that the praise is ridiculously overdone. 'B.' backs up 'A.'; and these are the men on whose verdicts to a very great extent the reputation of horses is based.

I scarcely think we should allow the title of 'the horse of the century' to any but one that has never been beaten and also has defeated worthy opponents, and that is why the unprejudiced commentator is inclined to go for Ormonde or St. Simon. About the merit of the former there could not, of course, be the slightest doubt, if only because he beat Minting with such great ease in the Two Thousand Guineas, as subsequently with something in hand for the Hardwicke Stakes; and what Minting was cannot be mistaken. It is not merely that he won the Grand Prix, the Kempton Park Jubilee in a canter with 10st., and other races, but we know the tremendous opinion formed of him by Matthew Dawson, whose ideas were seldom wrong where good horses were concerned; and incidentally it may be observed that he saw the futility of opposing Ormonde at Epsom. Even when Ormonde's wind was gone and when Minting was at his best Ormonde was invincible, and I believe I am right in saying that the only time he was ever touched with the spur was when asked to shake off the speedy White Friar over six furlongs at the July meeting of 1887, on the occasion of his last public appearance.

Advocates of Ormonde in this endless discussion about 'the horse of the century' declare that he beat better animals than ever appeared in opposition to St. Simon, and this is doubtless

the case; but it was the style in which St. Simon did his work that provoked justifiable enthusiasm. Before the days of Ten Thousand pounds races, Tristan by a series of admirable performances accumulated in stakes just over £20,000, which at the time meant a number of solid victories. To have won the Hardwicke Stakes three years running is really a memorable achievement. On the last occasion he beat Harvester (Archer up), and beat him in a canter, a fortnight after the three-year-old had dead-heated with St. Gatien for the Derby; but on the previous day, in the Gold Cup, St. Simon had beaten Tristan in the easiest of canters by twenty lengths; indeed, if Wood had cared to make an exhibition of his horse, it is impossible to say by what distance he could not have won. Duke of Richmond, moreover, until his heart was broken by his desperate races in the Hunt Cup, the Wokingham Stakes, and the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, in all three of which he was second, was, I am convinced, a much better horse than is generally supposed; and that his friends thought him a really good one was proved by their anxiety to make a match with St. Simon. Between the latter and Ormonde opinions will always differ, and he is a rash man who endeavours to form one.

It is a pity that the fame of Isinglass is diminished by his one defeat in the Lancashire Plate at Manchester, and I am rather surprised to find Mr. Dixon stating that Captain Machell, who managed the horse for Mr. (now Colonel) McCalmont, advised the Duchess of Montrose to back Raeburn, who was in receipt of 10 lb. If this were so the Captain ought to have had a good race, as 9 to 2 was laid against Raeburn, slight odds on Isinglass, with La Flèche separating the two in the market. I always understood, as I have believed on the very best authority, that Isinglass was greatly fancied, with La Flèche regarded as the danger, and that the defeat of Isinglass was solely attributable to his invincible dislike to make his own running. I suppose 'the horse of the century' ought not to have any of these dislikes to going in front, to ascents or descents, or to the state of the ground. A man was telling me not long since about a horse in which he had always had a great belief, and which I gathered would have proved a wonderful animal if only all the conditions had suited him. So far as I could make out this animal wanted a left-handed course, just a little on the soft side, with a slight rise at the beginning, level going in the middle of the race, and a little down hill to finish on. Never being able to secure these conditions the animal never won a race; but, if

all these things could have been arranged for him, he must inevitably have made a tremendous name for himself.

In spite of the money that Donovan won I do not imagine any one would uphold his claim to be considered 'the horse of the century.' What has just been said about the really good horse triumphing over all difficulties and dislikes comes into a consideration of the Duke of Portland's famous animal. In the Prince of Wales Stakes at Goodwood, when he was third to El Dorado, beaten 12 lengths, the course was certainly a morass; but it was no worse for Donovan than for the winner, or for Gold, who was second, and before the race there was no suggestion that Donovan could not go in the dirt. I well remember the late Duke of Beaufort, who in the later days of his racing career very seldom laid odds, laying 5 to 2 with considerable freedom on Donovan for this race, though the colt is returned at 2 to 1 on. It is no discredit to Donovan that he should have failed to give Chittabob 13 lb. in the Whitsuntide Plate at Manchester, for the son of Robert the Devil and Jenny Howlett was a really good horse when near his best as regards fitness and soundness; and as for Donovan's third defeat, in the Two Thousand Guineas, that this was from 14 lb. to 21 lb. wrong, and that the success was entirely attributable to Tom Cannon's admirable horsemanship, there can be no question.

Returning to Isinglass, Mr. Dixon gives currency to the statement that if Self-sacrifice had been ridden to orders she would have beaten him for the St. Leger of 1893. She was undoubtedly a good mare, but nevertheless this is a story for which justification seems wanting, particularly as in the last race she ran before the St. Leger, when starting a hot favourite, she had been beaten by a very moderate animal who gained only that solitary victory in eight attempts during the year. When we come to horses that 'ought to have won' races we never know quite where we are. Flying Fox, it is said, 'ought' never to have been beaten, as he was not himself on the two occasions when he went down; but the Duke of Westminster was a sound judge, and had there been much wrong with the colt, it seems improbable that he would have gone to the post. No one, I suppose, however, would be inclined to apply superlatives to Flying Fox, good horse as he was. There was, indeed, a disposition to write him up unduly, but John Porter derided the idea that the son of Orme even approached the merit of his grandsire.

That racing history would have been vastly altered had

another Kingsclere horse, Friar's Balsam, remained sound, is, however, an article of faith to which I shall always hold. The style in which he cantered home for the New Stakes at Ascot was impressive in the extreme. Seabreeze, who was second, was trying to give him 7 lb. it is true, but I really do not believe that 17 lb. the other way would have made any difference to the result, and Ayrshire, in receipt of 7 lb. from the filly, was a bad third. In the July Stakes, Friar's Balsam and Seabreeze met on level terms, and had Tom Cannon pleased, he could have increased almost indefinitely the three-quarters of a length by which he won, whilst, if any doubt remained, it must have been dissipated in the Middle Park Plate, where he beat the filly very easily by four lengths. The unfortunate abscess from which he suffered assuredly made a tremendous difference to the exchequers of the Duke of Portland and Lord Calthorpe, for there can be little doubt that Friar's Balsam would greatly have diminished the £35,900 secured by Ayrshire and the £24,266 which fell to the prowess of the filly.

The endeavour to determine which is the best two-year-old that ever lived is as difficult a problem as to settle on 'the horse of the century.' Mr. Dixon writes, that 'perhaps it is not too much to say that Lady Elizabeth was absolutely the best,' though he rather contradicts himself later on by observing that 'even the warmest admirers of Virago, Crucifix, Lady Elizabeth, Achievement and La Flèche will admit that Wheel of Fortune need not fear comparison with any of them.' I have before now published a remark once made to me by Fred Archer—this was before Ormonde had run as a three-year-old—that he did not know whether St. Simon or Wheel of Fortune was the best animal he had ever ridden. In days when there were none of the rich prizes now to be gained—to speak by the card in 1878 and 1879—Wheel of Fortune won in stakes only £260 short of £20,000.

Still, there is no doubt that Lady Elizabeth was a wonder in her two-year-old days. In the dining-hall at Badminton when a large party was assembled there the cups won by Lord Ronald furnished enough plate to decorate the table handsomely; and yet in the month of June, Lady Elizabeth, over six furlongs on Stockbridge racecourse, she being then a two-year-old, beat the five-year-old Lord Ronald without an effort in receipt of only 10 lb.! In June over this distance a five-year-old is supposed to be just three stone in front of a two. Lord Ronald was in great form at this time, had won the

Salisbury Cup shortly before, and subsequently secured five events, in one of which he had found no difficulty in giving 66 lb. to several two-year-olds that had won races. This trial was a tremendous performance on Lady Elizabeth's part, and she acted up to it in public : yet who can say what would have happened had she lived some years later and met Signorina as a two-year-old? Those who remember the style in which Signorina won the Middle Park Plate in 1889 are not likely to forget it. Le Nord had wonderful speed, and a fortnight afterwards easily landed the odds laid on him for the Dewhurst Plate; but he was never for a moment in the race with Signorina. Semolina was lengths behind. To have given 16 lb. to Memoir as Signorina did in the Harringay Stakes at Derby was no light thing, even allowing that the latter was not nearly as good a two-year-old as she was the following season ; in fact Signorina was a marvellous animal, especially if there was any truth in the suggestion that her trainer was not a conjurer with horses.

Nothing is more ridiculous in—I will not say the literature of racing but—the prolonged comments annually made on Turf affairs, than solemn attempts to sum up the two-year-old filly form with a view to discovering during the winter what mare is likely to win the Oaks. Let us consider the results of the past few years from this point of view in order to ascertain the value of these exhaustive summaries. The last Oaks was won with extreme ease by La Roche, who followed a curiously general example of her predecessors in having won only a single race in several attempts when she was a two-year-old. In her first season La Roche was out six times and was once successful, in the Prince of Wales' Nursery at Doncaster, where Cutaway failed by three-quarters of a length to give her 8 lb. On her next appearance she was no nearer than eighth in the Nursery at Kempton Park, Cutaway, who was fifth, this time giving her 4 lb. It cannot be said that this suggested La Roche's easy success at Epsom. Musa won in 1889, she also the previous year having secured one race in six attempts, whilst Airs and Graces had set a strict example, with the exception that she had won once and had been beaten only four times. Limasol was not a precedent, inasmuch as she had run thrice and never won at all, in this respect closely following the example of Canterbury Pilgrim, who was out four times as a two-year-old without ever getting her head in front. She was sixth or last in a field of seven in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, and her most brilliant performance of the year was her third in

a Nursery at Liverpool with 7 st. 6 lb., which again did not look like winning a classic race. La Sagesse had more claims to distinction, for she had won six times in thirteen attempts during her first season, but these were all unimportant races, the most valuable of them being worth £485. Amiable was out on nine occasions as a two-year-old and won twice, affording no sort of ground for the belief that she had an Oaks in her. Mrs. Butterwick was beaten seven times in ten essays as a two-year-old. Mimi in 1890 did show some promise if superficially regarded, for she won her first four races; still, it should be added that in three of these she only met a solitary opponent, whilst in the Middle Park Plate she was either last or last but one of nine runners—the first seven were placed—and in the Dewhurst Plate she was either fourth or fifth in a field of five. The sisters Memoir and La Flèche I am omitting in this retrospect; they both trained on, and the former improved, but L'Abbesse de Jouarre was not made to appear like an Oaks winner in her first season when she won three small races in eight visits to the post.

That is one side of the question; on the other we have the hopes naturally formed as to what was to be expected from such promising two-year-olds as Bal Gal, Corstorphine, Omladina, Roquebrune, Kissing Cup, Formidable, Wedding Bell, Saintly, Melody, The Prize, and others. It seems rather a waste of time, therefore, solemnly to discuss what was done last year by Britannia, Galicia—who is happily on her legs again—Princess Melton, Running Stream, Santa Brigida, and the fillies that may be seen at Epsom on the 6th of next month, though soon after the appearance of these pages a little light will be thrown on the subject by the One Thousand Guineas.

It may be noted, by the way, that the colts are not equally uncertain. That Jeddah should have won the Derby in 1898 was something between a burlesque and a catastrophe. Sir Visto was successful three years previously, because, bad as he was, the others were a little worse. But at any rate since 1885, to go back no farther, the Derby has been won as a rule by animals that have shown great promise before they went to the post on the Surrey downs, Merry Hampton, who had never been out before he appeared at Epsom, of course forming an exception.

If any one who had been away from England for some twelve or fifteen years—any one, I mean, who was in the habit of going to Newmarket—were now to return, what an amazing

difference he would find in the aspect of things in the Birdcage and on the Rowley Mile! The great question when the numbers went up used to be, 'What is Archer riding?' and it was an unusual thing if his mount did not show prominently in the race. How well one remembers his passage from the weighing-room to the box where the horse was being saddled, his figure looking the taller by reason of his slightness; and on what a firm foundation, moreover, was his fame founded! I am not sure that 1885 was his best year, for it is by accident that I have the record of that particular season before me at the moment. But here it is: 667 mounts, 246 times first, 149 second, 89 third, 183 unplaced; 7 walk-overs being included in the total. I do not know what his theory about wind-pressure was. Certainly he did not sit on a horse's withers; on the contrary, his seat was a long way back in the saddle. But he won races, and without in any way depreciating the unquestionable skill of the best American jockeys, I have a strong impression that he would always have held his own with the best of all opponents. The Duchess of Montrose was an almost invariable attendant at this period, and in my mind's eye I see the Duke of Beaufort and Lord Suffolk walking together towards the fly that is to take them to a finish at the T.Y.C., while grim Alec Taylor, whom they have just left, is waiting to put a boy up on some animal that is really little fancied, but unexpectedly wins, and is set down as a well-planned Manton *coup*. Lord Calthorpe, in conversation with Captain Machell, the Duke of Hamilton listening to Marsh, Lord Randolph Churchill, self-contained and silent—in contrast to his demeanour in earlier days, when he was blackballed at a popular club for the alleged reason that he talked too much—Mr. Abingdon furtively taking counsel in a corner with one or two flash friends and three or four hangers-on; 'Mate' Astley gallantly accepting the situation, no longer betting monkeys freely, but cheerily asking his friends what he should 'have his couple on'—these were some of the familiar figures of the period. Mat Dawson is also there; Jewitt, alert, and keenly bent on the business in hand; Lord Hardwicke, to be spotted in the distance by his characteristic hat; everybody's friend—or almost everybody's, for he had his aversions—'Monty' Tharp; old Tom Jennings, saturnine and shrewd; 'The Lad,' busily bent on finding out whether anything had a chance of beating the good thing from Stanton; Mr. Tattersall, off to the rails to invest a few sovereigns on anything against which the ring would lay a very long price—but I must not be prolix in

these reminiscences, and am only wondering what the man would think who came back to Newmarket, having left it when the Birdcage was thus peopled, and found the strange faces that throng it at present? What would those I have mentioned have said had they been told that when the new century began we should have 'Americanised our institutions,' that horses would wear strange clothes, be trained and treated on new principles, and ridden by jockeys who sat on their shoulders instead of their backs? Certainly they would not have believed it! There are more things on the racecourse than were dreamt of in the philosophy of fifteen years back, and I am not at all maintaining that some of them are not good things. My own ideal of a horseman was always Tom Cannon, and when he inducts his sons into American methods of horsemanship who will be bold enough to say that there is nothing in them?

THE COLOURED PICTURES

By the kindness of Lord Rosebery we are able to give a reproduction of the picture of Ladas, painted by M. Emile Adam. The son of Hampton and Illuminata came out for the Woodcote Stakes in 1893, very little fancied apparently, for 10 to 1 was offered against him in a field of six, 3 to 1 being laid on Glare, who had won the Brocklesby and another race, at Newmarket. Ladas, however, was easily successful, and he followed up his victory by securing the Coventry Stakes at Ascot from Bullingdon, the Champagne at Doncaster from Sempronius—in each case by a length and a half—and the Middle Park Plate, by two lengths, from Jocasta and Sempronius, his only two-year-old appearances. The Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby he gained, by the usual length and a half, from Match Box, and the Newmarket Stakes meantime by two lengths from St. Florian and Glare; but the Derby was his last win, as Isinglass beat him in the Princess of Wales' Stakes and in the Eclipse. Throstle most unexpectedly had three quarters of a length the best of him in the St. Leger, and in his only attempt as a four-year-old, the Jockey Club Stakes, he could only get fourth to Laveno. It may be doubted whether any Derby winner had ever been greeted with such enthusiasm as proclaimed the victory of Ladas. When Lord Rosebery led back his colt the cheers might have been heard half-way to London. 'The Pick of the Pack,' 'The Right Fly,' and 'The Haunt of the Stag' need no description.

A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph sent in representing any sporting subject. Ten other prizes will also be given away each month, each of them consisting of an original drawing by one or other of the artists who illustrate the Magazine. Good clear pictures are of course necessary, and when possible the negative should be sent as well as the print. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each negative. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects, and these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, athletics are practised. Racing and steeplechasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. All matters of Public School interest will be welcome.

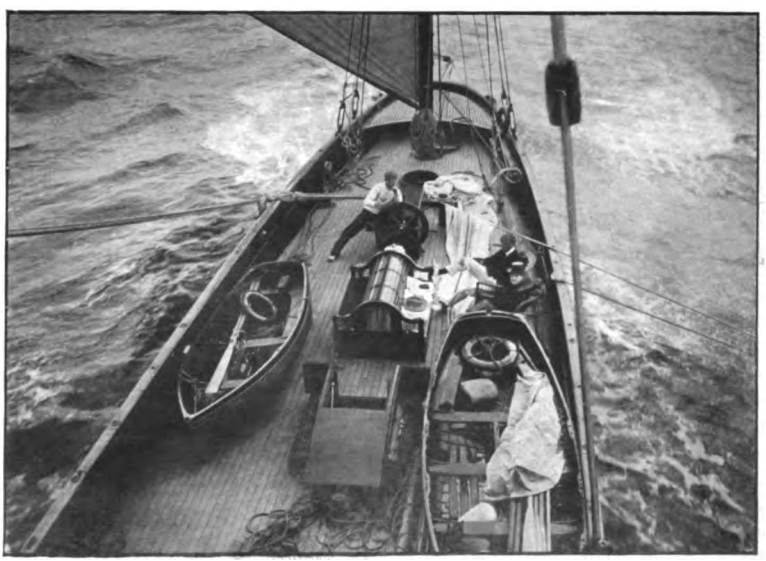
The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright on all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

THE MARCH COMPETITION

The First Prize in the March competition has been divided among the following competitors: Mr. A. H. Hawke, Wincanton; Mr. G. H. Atkinson, St. George's Square, S.W.; Miss Eva Weir, Ardnaveigh, Antrim; Colonel Barklie McCalmont, Ravenswood, Hants; Mr. F. I. Heywood, Witla Court, Cardiff; Hon. J. Wodehouse, Eton College, Windsor; Mr. H. Dillon-Trenchard, Redhill; Mr. E. Wigram, Barnstaple; and Mr. P. B. Vanderbyl, Porchester Terrace, S.W. Original drawings have been sent to a number of other competitors.

BLACKMORE VALE FOXHOUNDS

Photograph taken by Mr. A. H. Hawke, Wincanton



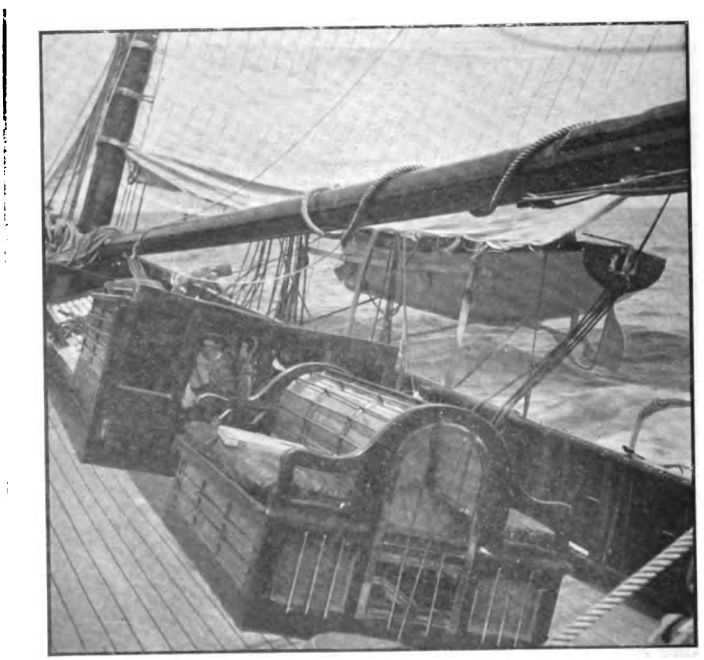
YACHT 'JULLANAR,' TAKEN DURING THE RACE TO HELIGOLAND FOR THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S CUP, JUNE 1900. THE 'JULLANAR' WON SECOND PRIZE

Photograph taken by Mr. G. H. Atkinson, St. George's Square, S.W.

UNIV. OF MICH.

AT HIS FAVOURITE RABBIT-HOLE

Photograph taken by Miss Eva Weir, Ardnaveigh, Antrim

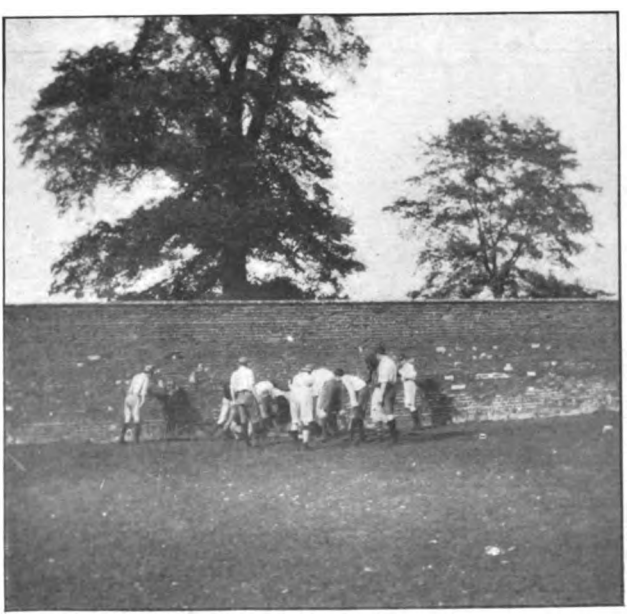


'A STRONG WIND.' COL. BARKLIE McCALMONT'S YACHT 'MADELINE' OFF CAPE DE LA HOGUE, FRANCE

Photograph taken by Col. Barklie McCalmont, Ravenswood, Hants

ALDERSHOT DISTRICT STEEPLECHASE

Photograph taken by Mr. F. I. Heywood, Witla Court, Cardiff



THE WALL GAME AT ETON COLLEGE

Photograph taken by the Hon. J. Wodehouse, Eton College, Windsor

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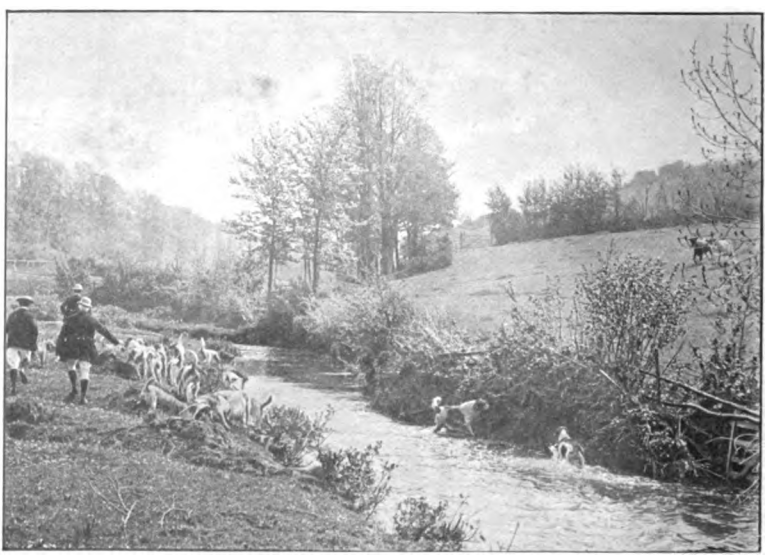
MEET OF THE 'OLD SURREY FOXHOUNDS' AT BLETCHINGLEY

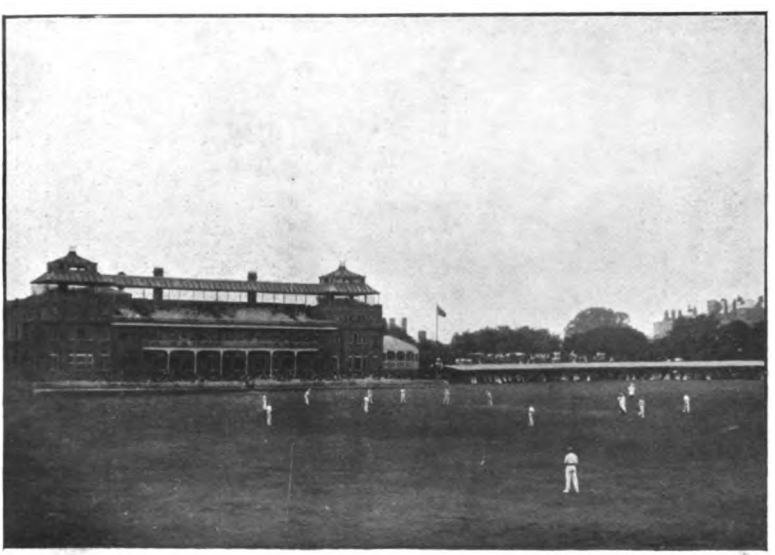
Photograph taken by Mr. H. Dillon-Trenchand, Redhill



MR. CHERITON'S OTTER-HOUNDS, NORTH DEVON

Photograph taken by Mr. E. Wigram, Barnstaple

IBEX (KASHMIR)
Photograph taken by Mr. P. B. Vanderbyl, Porchester Terrace, S.W.



ETON *v.* HARROW, JULY 1900
Photograph taken by Miss Eva Weir, Ardnaveigh, Antrim

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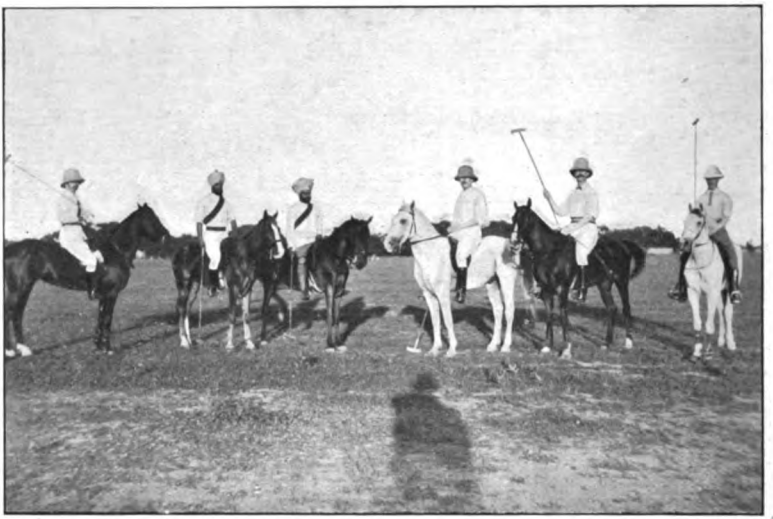
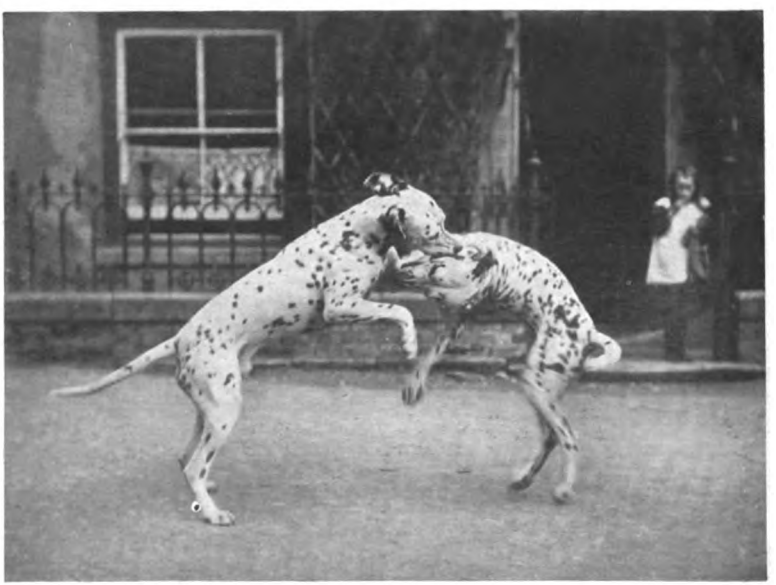


POLO. SIKH REGIMENT RECRUITING STAFF *v.* ROYAL INNISKILLING FUSILIERS

Photograph taken by Lieut.-Col. E. A. Mableton, R.A.M.C., Punjab



PLAY OR FRAY?

Photograph taken by Mr. L. Griffiths, St. Columb

A SHIP OF THE DESERT GETTING UNDER WAY

Photograph taken by Mrs. Wilkinson, Burleigh Mansions, W.C.

SOUTH BERKS FOXHOUNDS AT ALDERMASTON

Photograph taken by Mr. T. C. Benyon, Newbury

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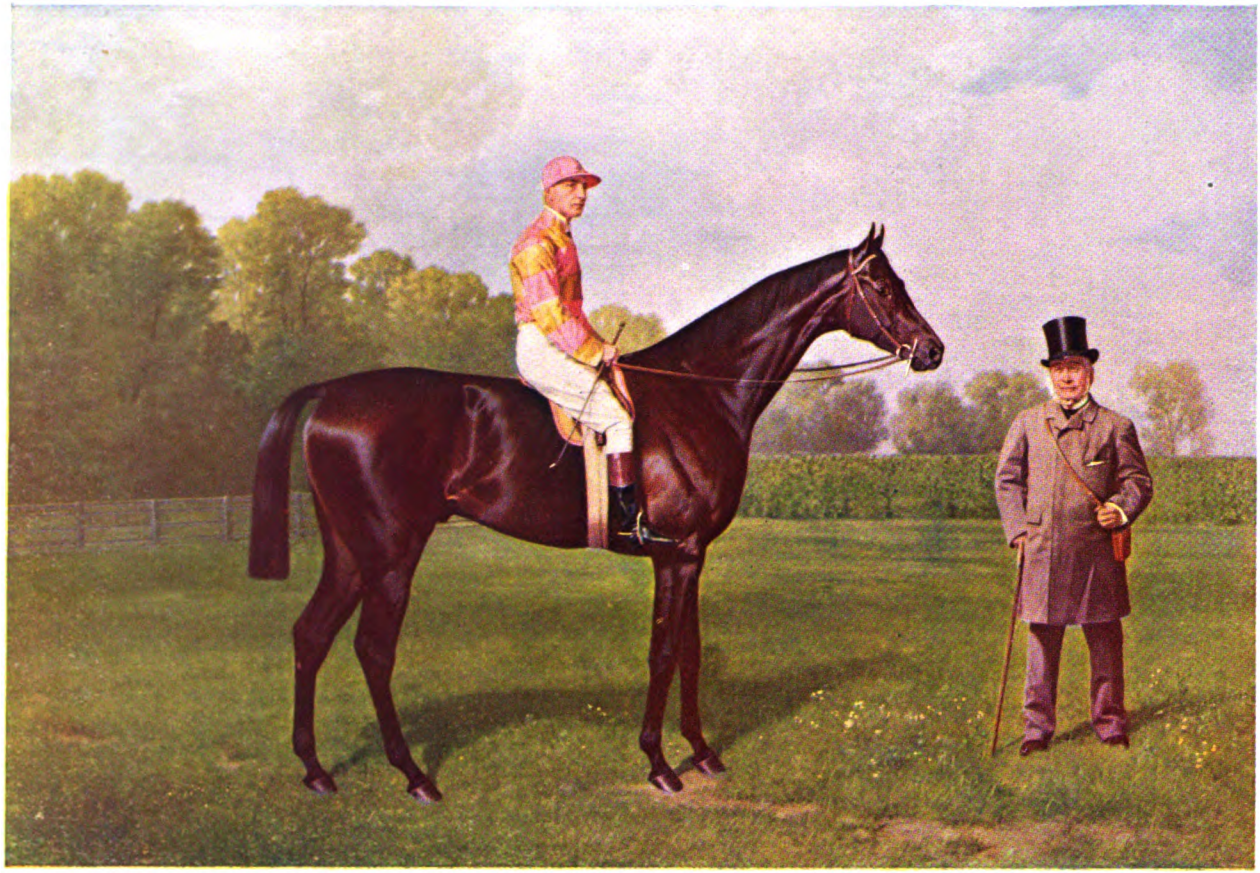
CHRIST CHURCH OXFORD GRIND

Photograph taken by Mr. F. I. Heywood, Witla Court, Cardiff.

FISHING FOR SPRINGER IN THE UMZIMKULU RIVER, NATAL

Photograph taken by Mr. W. N. Mills, Stockport



LADAS.

Reproduced from the picture by Emile Adam at the Durdans by kind permission of
THE EARL OF ROSEBERY.

UNIV. OF MICH.

NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

THE fact of Volodyovski having been bought by Mr. Whitney constitutes something like an argument in favour of his Derby prospects. It may be assumed that Huggins, the trainer, who knows more about the colt than any one else, would not have recommended the purchase—as it must be assumed he did—unless he had entertained a very good opinion of the son of Florizel II. and La Reine ; and incidentally it may be observed Mr. Whitney would not have bought him had he not wintered well and generally appeared promising. We have heard stories about weak hocks and other threatening troubles, but the mere circumstance of the purchase tells strongly in favour of the idea that there is really nothing wrong with Volodyovski. There is, no doubt, a good deal to be said on his behalf. Beaten on his three first appearances—though only a head the third time out, when Good Morning just had the best of him in the Coventry Stakes at Ascot—the horse won five of the last six races he ran, and when second at Kempton Park was trying to give 10 lb. to the Galopin—Queen Adelaide filly. In some of the races he won he was also giving away a great deal of weight, but, on the other hand, he does not seem to have given it to very remarkable animals. It cannot be maintained, however, that Volodyovski 'stands out' as a strong Derby favourite usually does.

At the time of writing I have never known such an open Derby, though in this respect matters may have changed before next month's notes are issued, and the great race will not be

run until June 5 this year, so that I shall have an opportunity of referring to it again after the Two Thousand Guineas has perhaps thrown a little light on the subject. The question is, If Volodyovski does not win, what is most likely to beat him? And it is a question peculiarly difficult to answer, for there are just precisely half a score of the horses about whom it would be equally easy to argue for or against. Revenue is now second favourite, and a tolerably strong second favourite moreover, for reasons, however, which are not particularly clear. He was certainly esteemed inferior to his stable companion Good Morning early last year, but the latter has altogether faded out. Toddington is better than Revenue on the Woodcote Stakes form, and Revenue showed himself inferior both to Lord Bobs and to Veronese in the Dewhurst Plate, which, moreover, it is believed by many good judges would have been won with tolerable ease by Orchid had he not been practically left at the post; and as it was he finished fourth, giving weight to all three placed horses. Floriform's victory in the Middle Park Plate was his only appearance during the year, and often something has to be allowed for a two-year-old's performance the first time he is out, otherwise Orchid would certainly be set down the better of the pair, seeing that he was giving 7 lb. and was only beaten a neck. Star Shoot has become a roarer, and may probably be dismissed from consideration, but practically nothing is known about Royal Rouge outside his stable—for he did not get off the only time he ran, at Sandown—except that he was bought in for a very large sum when offered for sale by auction. In addition to those that have been named, Doricles and Veles, who ran a dead heat for the July Stakes, have strong claims to respect. Veles showed himself very little behind Orchid at Doncaster—in fact, everything seems to depend upon what animal has made a little more than average improvement during the winter and spring, and it is too early in the year for this to have been ascertained. St. Maclou won a race at the Craven Meeting in such style that this son of St. Simon and Mimi may have to be considered. The French horse, Jour de Fête, a bay son of Ermak and Bougie, is evidently supposed to have a chance. It is difficult to understand why, as he was by no means very highly esteemed across the Channel last year.

When the poet lamented 'how easily things go wrong' he was not thinking of horse flesh, but the remark applies forcibly

to these animals, and there was lately a rumour abroad that Eryx was likely to prove a case in point. Last year it was feared that his weak forelegs might give trouble, and his absence from exercise a short time since suggested that all was not well with him. It proved, however, to be only a little mishap in his stable, but it is said that his trainer is not quite free from doubts about his standing a preparation. He certainly was a really good colt last year, and if he does fail, owners who have horses engaged in the Eclipse Stakes, the Jockey Club Stakes, and the St. Leger will find a very dangerous rival removed from their path. Lucie last year looked sure to do great things so far as one could estimate the prospects of a two-year-old filly —which is certainly not very far, a truth of which she affords another case in point. She seemed to have a brilliant career before her, but she has never won since her first season, and La Roche was in such great form at Epsom last year that it is very probable Lucie might have failed to carry off the Oaks had she fulfilled her two-year-old promise and been sent over.

Grudon, with a 14lb. penalty, ran so well in the Lancashire Steeplechase that the Grand National may not have been the fluke it appeared, notwithstanding the price (9 to 1) at which the horse started. There certainly have been times when nothing could have seemed more wildly improbable than that Grudon would win the great steeplechase at Liverpool. Of course I know it is said that he 'would have won' last year but for having made a bad mistake and got his foreleg through the reins, but it is very rarely that excuses of this sort are worth consideration, and last year with 10 st. 5 lb. to carry he started at 40 to 1. The moral to be drawn from the race is that the owner of any sort of chaser, supposing, of course, that it has any pretensions to stay, can never be sure that he has not a National winner in his stable. At Warwick last February, two months before the National, Kieton, for whom Mr. Dormer had given £20, beat Grudon easily by two lengths in receipt of 13 lb. only, and though a National horse would not have been wound up at that period, he must have been fairly forward, as he not only started favourite, but beat Tiny White, Duke of Wellington, Inquisitor, Detail and others. Shortly after Kieton beat Grudon he hopelessly failed to run into a place in a little selling race at Kempton. A week before the National last year Grudon won a race at Hurst Park by two lengths from the five-year-old

Tripod, whom he met at exactly weight for age, 9 lb., and Tripod had been running in selling races. At the age of eleven this half-bred son of Old Buck and Avis seems to be a vastly better animal than he was at any previous period of his hitherto comparatively undistinguished existence.

My Notes last month about betting have brought me many letters, for which I regret to say I cannot this month find space, as several of them are interesting and some amusing. Inquiries with regard to systems are, as usual, prominent, and two of the writers go into details of systems which they have found successful. For a more or less prolonged period I have no doubt that almost any system *might* turn out well; it is in the long run that disaster inevitably supervenes. What would have happened, for instance, to the follower of a system in which, as in most of them, favourites are the chief consideration, if an attempt had been made to pursue it at Sandown, where in eighteen races only two favourites won, and if the speculator had followed on his little plan at Gatwick, where in two days not one single favourite was successful? One excellent rule, to which I omitted to refer last month, is never to back more than one horse in a race. If the worst comes to the worst—as it has such a remarkable habit of doing—one loses less money than if tempted into the desperately expensive habit of 'saving.' If for any reason—which is more than likely to prove a bad one—a man has a very strong fancy for a horse, let him back it if he chooses; if it is not a race in which he thinks that one horse stands out and is unlikely to be beaten, it is a race that he should leave alone. The only exception I would make to this rule is in the case of any one who has what may be called a personal interest in a particular animal—his own property, perhaps, or that of a friend. In such an event, if the animal is not favourite, and he thinks that something else has been made favourite for a very good reason, he may depart from the rule and adopt the perilous expedient of attempting to 'save.' There can only be one end to the earnest but misdirected endeavours of the man who dashes about asking questions—to which sometimes he receives truthful answers—and striving to 'save' on everything in the race that can be made out, frequently on inadequate grounds, to have a chance.

With regard to tips, it is wonderful from what peculiar quarters they come, and very much more wonderful still how they arise. A few years ago a horse was running from a stable in which I was greatly interested. No one in the stable had the slightest fancy for the animal, neither owner nor trainer backed it for a shilling, but being in an adventurous mood I hazarded a few sovereigns. To the amazement of all who knew most about the animal it won comfortably, beating, amongst others, a red-hot favourite on whom 5 to 2 was freely laid. A racing acquaintance who had no idea that I possessed special knowledge of the horse, began talking to me after the race, and beamingly hoped that I had backed the winner? I told him that, oddly enough, I had done so, though, as a matter of fact, the horse had not been thought to have a chance. 'Oh yes,' he said, 'it was fancied tremendously; I thought it was certain to win, and had a real good race!' 'You're very lucky,' I rejoined, 'for I am quite sure neither the owner nor trainer backed it or fancied it at all. I am rather curious to know where you got your information from?' 'Well,' he replied, 'I heard about it from the fishmonger at Bishop Stortford; he told me it was the best thing of the day.' The sublime ignorance of the fishmonger and his friends proved highly profitable—unless, indeed, they followed the animal afterwards, for he never won another race.

A friend from India has kindly sent me a copy of *The Asian*, which contains a report of the Jubbulpore Gymkhana, a meeting which is remarkable for the performances of Major J. J. O'Donnell, who rode in six races during the afternoon and won them all. I am not quite sure whether this is or is not a 'record,' but it is quite obvious that the achievement can never have been excelled! The first race was over hurdles, and the Major won somewhat easily by three-quarters of a length on his pony Singar. Then came a scurry, and he got home by a neck on Mashuq. Having nothing of his own running in the Novice Stakes he did duty on Mr. McGowan's Arab Chief, and won easily by three lengths. On the same gentleman's Ajax he won the Selling Race by a length and a half. Mashuq was then pulled out again for the Ladies' Nomination, five furlongs, and 'they raced in a cluster to the turn for home, where Mashuq asserted his superiority, winning comfortably by one and a half lengths,' Mr. McGowan second on a horse of his own. Next

followed the Goa Nadi Cup, and Major O'Donnell, on Mr. McGowan's grey horse Atbara, wound up the meeting by winning comfortably. Either he must be very useful in the saddle, or the others very bad.

It is always interesting to know the opinion of an undoubted master of his art with regard to his successors. In a letter on the subject of wicket-keeping Mr. Alfred Lyttelton ventures on a superlative. 'Personally,' he says, 'I have always thought Mr. MacGregor the finest amateur wicket-keeper whom I have ever seen.' It need scarcely be said that Mr. Lyttelton's standard is a very high one. On the subject of this department he remarks that 'all modern wicket-keeping has been revolutionised by the abolition of long-stops. I did experience, myself, both conditions, but never liked the duty of long-stopping, which necessitated moving the feet, and detracted from real elegance in taking leg balls; but it is wonderful how efficiently the modern wicket-keepers perform their enormously arduous task.' It certainly is.

I have been hoping for some time past to quote and comment on some remarks very kindly sent to me by Mr. A. C. M. Croome, on the subject of the Team Match at Golf, which he believes has 'certainly come to stay.' Considerations of space have prevented me the last two months, and again I regret to find that I have not room, but I hope in the next issue to be able to pay attention to the observations which Mr. Croome has been so very good as to make.

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The Badminton Magazine

HOW THE ROCHES FOUND FORTUNE

BY DOROTHEA CONYERS

'THEN you've forgotten to send across for the pony?' cried the youngest Miss Roche tragically.

'Yes, I—I forgot,' murmured her mother untruthfully, glancing towards her eldest daughter for help.

'Yes—yes, mother forgot, and you know there's no one to go now, Baby,' said Mary Roche lamely.

'The meet at the very gate. You're all going, and I——' Kitty looked out the window at the long stretch of green Irish landscape under the grey dappled sky, something salt plashed into her tea cup, and her shabby old covert coat rose and fell tumultuously.

'Can't some one go?' she demanded piteously.

'You know the men are all too busy this morning,' said the elder sister hastily, seeing her mother look distressed.

Now this was not strictly true, for the night before it had been decided in family conclave that Kitty was not to ride the pony again. There were five Miss Roches of ages from twenty-five downwards. Their father was dead, and Carloch was kept up on an income which was painfully slender. When the girls first came out they knew that marriage was their one chance of fortune, and pretty as they were Mrs. Roche had expected her

eldest daughter to do brilliantly; but somehow fortune dallied, four of the girls were now grown up, and there was no prospect of their number lessening.

Hunting was their one good chance, they were too poor to go out much, but they made the most of it, buying and selling shrewdly and managing generally to make a little of their 'deals.' Mary, the eldest, owned this year a slashing brown colt, bought cheaply on account of a blemished knee; Lucy, the second girl, had a grey mare, light but showy and with doubtful-looking hocks; Eva, another grey, which went in harness and did the farm work on off days; and May, a half-clipped three-year-old, which helped the grey to work. All the horses could not be kept for ornament. Kitty, the baby, alone was horseless, but up to to-day she had been lent a pony by a friendly farmer whenever the meets were near. And now her family had decided that she was too old to appear on it again. Her habit skirt was a relic of her mother's, topped by a ragged covert coat, and once she succeeded in struggling into the child's saddle she rode in she found a great difficulty in getting out again, her plump young figure overflowing the utmost stretch of leather. Kitty was nearly eighteen, with a mischievous freckled face and grey blue eyes, her one beauty, gleaming under a mop of curly, black hair. In a family of beauties she was undoubtedly plain, but she had never studied her own features in the glass for two consecutive minutes—life contented her.

Mary Roche stole a glance at the tragic face.

'Kitty, I think I've almost sold the brown horse'—as a rule Kitty took a wild interest in the deals.

'Have you?' said Kitty dully.

'Yes, to Sir Arthur Dickson, a new soldier.'

'Is that the new English dolly man in pink?' Kitty said, taking a momentary interest. 'He'll give a good price.'

'Yes, he's just come over. I got introduced to him last day and advised him to go the worse line, and, of course, his English mare put him down badly. I kept the brown close to him and told him I wanted to sell. I think he'll do—if only the fox takes a bank line to-day.'

The tears welled up in Kitty's eyes again; whatever line they took, she would not be there to see.

'And—and,' Mary Roche's courage failed her as she tried to tell the child that she was getting too old to come out as she was. 'You know you are getting too big for the pony,

Kitty,' she said guiltily, 'you must wait for something better. Oh, how late it is, people are coming!'

The elder girls fled to finish pulling on boots, and tying ties, and to put out the biscuits and drinks which represented their entertainment to the hunt. Kitty was left alone.

'They wouldn't go, they didn't forget,' cried the girl furiously. 'I'm not too big. I was in at the end of the last hunt before them all, if I did short cut a bit. I—I'—she suddenly gathered up her shabby skirt—'I'll go myself,' she cried, her face lighting up. Kitty ran from the room and out into the soft morning air, she ran past the neglected flower borders round into the yard, with its grass-grown stones and falling roofs—only one neat spot at the further end marked where the hunters were kept. Here men were busy, darting in and out with saddles and bridles, and the spare boxes were full, for no one in Ireland is too poor to put up horses, and people had sent on the night before. Kitty, unnoticed, slipped into the harness-room, jerked her old saddle from its peg, and scrambled up a ladder into the lofts, the girths flapping behind her. She feared being seen and sent in, and she knew a back way to get out. A minute later she was in the fields, and flying towards a thin spiral of smoke which marked the Tracys' house.

'It's only a mile,' panted Kitty, 'I'll be back in time,' with a backward glance at the lawn where the horses were already gathering. But it was a long mile, the girths tripped her, and once she slid saddle and all into a muddy ditch. She was breathless and coated with mud when at last she darted up the 'boreen' which led to the Tracys'.

'Tracy, Tracy,' cried Kitty, pushing through heaps of mud and manure. 'Tracy,' she rounded the angle of the cottage and pounded at the half-door.

'Arrah, Miss Baby, what is it?' A fat, untidy-looking woman ran to the door amid a cackle of hens and yelping of dogs.

'I want the pony,' gasped Kitty.

'Ah, sure, Miss Baby, why didn't ye send the word? We thought ye would, the dogs being convanient, but when we didn't hear, himself druv it up to Ratha for some yellow male.'[1]

Kitty's lips quivered, she let the saddle flop off her shoulders into the mud.

'But, but——'

Mrs. Tracy brightened up, 'don't be frettin' child, 'tis terrible to see ye walkin'. Could ye ride a jinnit now?'

[1] Indian meal.

'It couldn't jump,' sniffed Kitty tearfully.

'Jump, indade! Mike Doolan left it here this morning, for he wanted to see the hunt, and he said the jinnit would go wild, for his own boys follys the dogs on it reg'lar when they're near Jamestown. Mike's me cousin, and you're welcome to it, Miss Baby. He says 'tis a grand lepper.'

Kitty caught up the saddle. 'If it can jump I'll take it,' she cried, and she ran towards the low shed were the pony was kept. A big grey jennet now stood in its place.

'Have a care, miss, I hope 'tis quiet.'

Quiet or no, the heavy cart 'tackling' was dragged off and the saddle slapped on to the jennet's back. Now as every one knows a jennet has no shoulder and no middle. Kitty forgot the trick of putting one girth right behind, and squeeze as she might the buckles flapped loosely. She tied a resolute knot, squeezed again, and led the jennet out.

'He'll mount ye to pieces,' cried Mrs. Tracy enthusiastically. 'Where's ye're bridle asthore?'

'Mercy! I forgot it.' Kitty stared aghast at the cart blinkers.

'Glory be to God, 'tis sorra a thing I have but an auld rope tacklin' bridle that's without blinkers.'

This was no time to pause, the bridle was put on, and the youngest Miss Roche leading her jennet up to a stone wall got on, or rather got in; she squeezed her right leg between the branching upper horns, crooked her left leg against the jumping horn, and gathered up yards of rope rein.

'Go on,' she cried, and splattered up the lane, sped by a parting 'Good luck' from Mrs. Tracy. Kitty wondered where she was; she seemed to have nothing in front of her but a pair of flapping grey ears, and the saddle was undoubtedly loose. 'However, if I sit straight it may not turn,' she muttered optimistically, as she wheeled on to the road. Ten minutes' cantering brought her to her own gate, but time had fled and she saw she was late.

'He's away, Miss Kitty, across the ten-acre field, and facin' straight for the yellow meadows; the dogs wasn't a minute findin' him. Cut in across now and ye'll be apt to overtake them.'

There was a fairly high stone wall off the road. They said the jennet could jump, round came his head, Kitty saw the big ears flap, she felt an equine earthquake beneath her, but they were in the field, and there was not a stone off the wall.

'He *can* jump!" cried Kitty joyfully, wedging her right knee tighter and gripping her rope reins.

Fortune favoured her, a well-known chorus came faintly on the wind, her heart beat faster, and the jennet set his lop ears forward. Best pace across the field, another wall, short to the left the chorus growing nearer, and then through a straggling hedge came the leading hound.

'Oh, oh, oh,' cried Kitty happily, and the jennet pranced and snorted with excitement. A thunder of hoofs behind them as the field came down at the fence, one man found a place, twenty others followed him, imagining the chosen place must be best, others chose and were followed. Sheep had foiled the line, and for a moment hounds were at fault. They spread out eager noses to the earth.

The eldest Miss Roche jumped into the field, handling her slashing brown perfectly. She landed close by a man in pink, riding a well-bred grey. The man was faultlessly got up, but a streak of mud on his shoulder told its tale of early woe. Miss Roche's eyes were shining, for this was Sir Arthur Dickson, and he had again nibbled at the brown at the meet. Given another line over narrow banks, and she foresaw a cheque which would make the winter a gay one to her.

'If this fox is not headed across those meadows it's a perfect line,' said Miss Roche.

'All banks?' Sir Arthur screwed his eye-glass closer and looked.

'All banks and nasty ones,' Miss Roche said happily. 'I am afraid your English horse won't manage them. Now on this fellow I love banks, the nastier the better.' (She wheeled the brown so as to show his powerful quarters and deep girth. A good place across those holding bottoms and she felt her 'deal' would be done.)

'I must buy something Irish, I foresee,' he scanned the big brown with a purchaser's eye. 'Small field, isn't it? I say, what's *that?*' The eye-glass went up with a jerk.

'That' was a grey jennet with a girl humped into a saddle, sizes too small for her, on its back, a ragged habit was wound round her legs, and a brown jacket flapping open was topped by a scarlet cap; moreover, several lengths of rope reins were festooned about the jennet's neck.

'That? Oh!' said Miss Roche faintly. If the pony was bad what was this? 'That—they've got it!' she suddenly cried and set the brown going. 'Come on!'

Right in the van went the grey jennet, galloping joyously, he swarmed up a big bank, slithered down the far side, and cleared the ditch somehow. He got over two more walls but the pace told, and he began to drop back. Kitty knew every inch of the country, and she turned away to the left, feeling certain that hounds would bend that way. She slipped through a gap and as she went she saw hounds bending to her.

'I'll catch them at the bog,' cried Kitty, smiting the jennet sharply.

Now Sir Arthur Dickson, of his Majesty's Blue Dragoons, ought to have ridden the line, but seeing the green banks in front of him, and kinder stone walls to the left, he also swung away, and found himself in the field with the grey jennet instead of being, as he was intended to be, close to the brown colt which Mary Roche meant him to buy.

Perhaps the gallop had reduced the jennet's already over slim waist; whatever it was, as they went along, Kitty felt the saddle bump and sway ominously; she could not get off easily, but she saw some one pass her. 'The new English dolly man in pink.'

'Hi!' cried Kitty, 'please stop.'

'Eh?' Sir Arthur looked round startled as he saw who was hailing him.

'Stop; my girths are loose, and my saddle will turn. See, they're checking down there and I'll show you a short way to catch them.'

Jennet, ragged habit and all, she was a girl: there was nothing for it but to get down.

'But I can't tighten these,' he exclaimed, shaking the slack girths crossly.

'Make another knot in them,' cried Kitty imperiously. 'Oh, quickly, please.'

Sir Arthur gave a surprised glance at the face close to him, encountered command in a pair of grey-blue eyes, and commenced to knot, violently cursing under his breath as he did so Irish people and, above all, grey jennets!

'This will never do,' he said, as he tried to fasten down the saddle flaps over the bulging knobs.

'It must do. They've hit it off. Thanks awfully, it feels a little tighter.' Kitty gave a small wobble to try, and the saddle rocked in response. 'I'll sit very straight,' she cried, and jerked the rope bridle to urge the jennet on. 'Come along after me,' she called back to him, 'we'll catch them here.'

The jennet lobbed into his stride and she went on, the saddle flap waving to the movement, the rope festooned across it. Sir Arthur having remounted gazed after her open-eyed.

'Well I'm—blest!' he muttered. 'What a girl, or child! A lady too.' The jennet, the saddle, the kit! 'If I could produce it in England!' He followed his guide.

They came down to a big bank, the jennet climbing over; there seemed nothing to hold on to as it scrambled up the bank, nothing to sit on as it scrambled off. Only a couple of gaps now lay between them and the hounds. Sir Arthur almost unconsciously kept his grey back to the jennet's pace.

'They're turning away. Oh dear!' exclaimed Kitty. 'The fox must have been headed. Come round jennet, we must jump the bound's fence to get to them.' She faced a high bank, stone-topped and narrow as a razor.

'You'll be killed,' said Sir Arthur, 'the brute can't climb that!'

But he saw a grey whip tail vanish over safely on the far side in a fashion horrible to see, and it was his English mare which went heels over into the field beyond and got up riderless. Kitty caught the reins as the grey thundered past her and stopped her cleverly, but she tried her saddle too highly, it swayed again, bumped forward over the jennet's neck, and she knew it would be round in a second. She couldn't sit quite straight with the other reins in her right hand. The saddle went half round, she pushed herself back by the grey mare's neck.

'Oh! I'm done,' cried Kitty. 'Woa horses.' Sir Arthur came rushing up.

'Catch me,' cried Kitty, and clung to him breathlessly, the two resolved into a tangle of arms and bridles.

Sir Arthur looked and became aware suddenly that he had never seen such eyes.

'Get off,' he said, 'I can't hold you and the horses.'

'Get off? I can't!" Kitty was between laughing and crying. 'I'm wedged in, and couldn't get off now the saddle is so loose. Undo the girths and let me fall, saddle and all.'

Sir Arthur laughed, saw the mischievous face close to him, and undid the girths, but he did not let her fall. Then Kitty wriggled free of the leather shell, and he saw that the child was a big girl.

'And now,' said Sir Arthur quietly, 'I'm going to take you home, Miss Madcap. Let those girths alone.'

'Home,' with the hounds tearing across to Grey's Wood where they would certainly catch them. 'Home,' with a grey jennet which could jump standing panting beside her. Kitty's eyes flashed incredulously.

'Another knot will make them quite safe,' she said.

Sir Arthur put on the saddle and then took the rope bridle over his arm. 'Rein enough,' he remarked, as he gathered it in. 'Now, where do you live, and where is the nearest road?'

'I live there,' said Kitty, pointing backwards, 'but I'm not going back.'

'You're certainly not going on, wedged in like that,' he remarked mildly.

Kitty stormed, argued, entreated, the young soldier was obdurate, and she found herself walking homewards meekly. Presently, forgetting her ill-temper, she made Sir Arthur shout with laughter over her misfortunes. A little later they appeared before her astonished mother, for Sir Arthur said he was hungry and preferred lunch to hunting for hounds in a strange country. Mrs. Roche, who was groaning over a butcher's account, looked up to see the pair in the avenue—Kitty muddy and dishevelled, Sir Arthur faultlessly attired but streaked a little with Irish mud. Mrs. Roche threw the book away, and thanked Heaven there was some cold chicken in the house.

. . . . . .

Now this is the true account of how through the medium of a grey jennet the Roches found fortune. When Kitty hunts now she chooses from a variety of saddles and horses, and her habits are perfection. Eighteen is very young for matrimony, but, as Kitty remarked, 'what is one to do when one isn't older?' Amongst all Lady Dickson's steeds a grey jennet holds the honoured place. He never hunts, but is consoled by silver harness trappings and a jingle of bells about his ears. The two elder Miss Roches are also married now, having been given chances by Kitty. 'And there's only one thing which troubles me when I give a man a lead on one of my good hunters,' Mary Roche says sometimes, 'It's such a grand chance for selling them, and it's no use to me now.'

Photo W. H. PRESTWICH, Tottenham.

TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR FOOTBALL TEAM.

THE WINNERS OF THE ASSOCIATION CUP.

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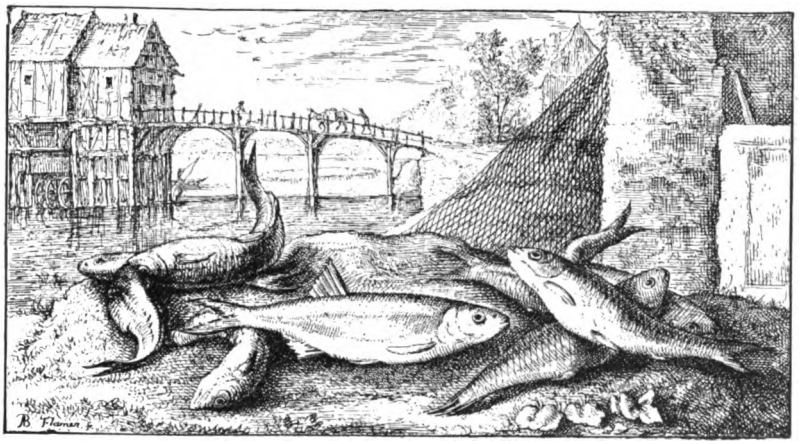


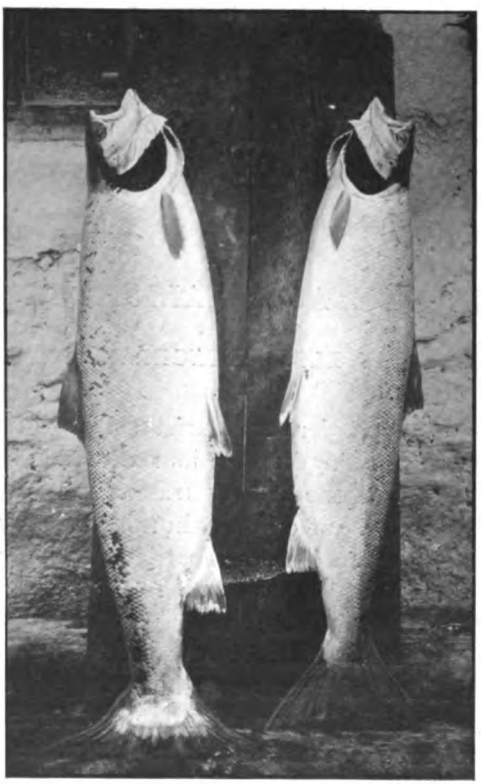
THE DEE AS A SALMON RIVER

BY ELSIE FITZGERALD

WERE any traveller, angler, or tourist asked to name the most famous stream in the kingdom for its renown as a salmon river, or a general haunt of the fishing fraternity, there can be little doubt that ninety-nine out of every hundred, if not the odd man also, would mention the Dee of Aberdeenshire for that honour. And in truth they would be right. There is no salmon river like the Scottish Dee, at least in this part of the world. From its source to its mouth, almost every yard of its bank and bed have been the scene of great events in the history of angling and its devotees ; and it is my intention in this article briefly to draw attention to the Dee as it is to-day, when the fishermen and the fisherwomen are engaged in sport.

Though the general method of treating a river descriptively is to proceed from the source to the mouth, there are excellent reasons why, in the case of the Dee, we should take the opposite way ; so let us suppose we are starting out from Aberdeen City for a long stroll towards the source of the river. It may not be without interest to say at the outset that the whole length of the Dee is somewhere about ninety miles, that it rises in the Cairngorm Mountains, on the borders of Inverness-shire and Aberdeenshire, and flows along through much most lovely and varied scenery, winding and curving times without number, until at last it joins the sea at Aberdeen.

It will easily be conceived, therefore, that for some little distance above 'the Granite City,' however we may admire the views around and about the river, we need not expect to find its finest angling districts, for the Scottish youth of Aberdeen is rather too near it. One cannot but notice, however, the exquisite scenery at Culter, where the river rolls alongside a

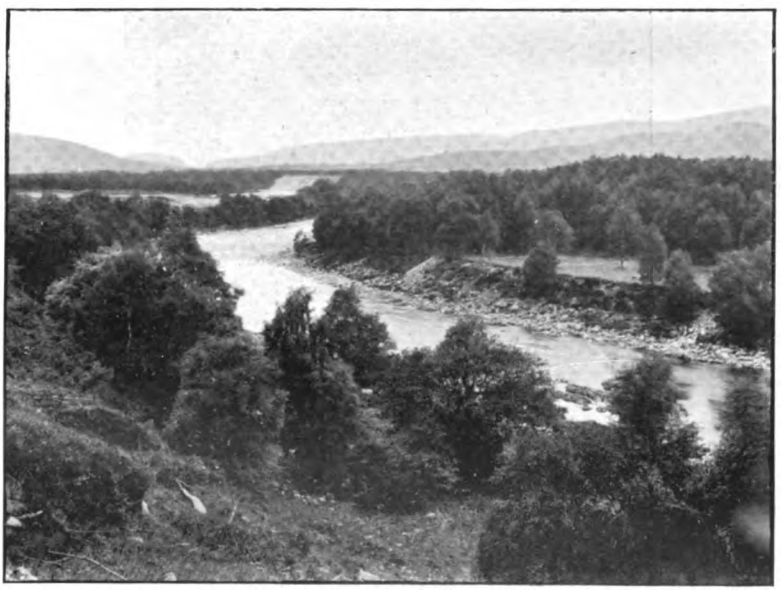


TWO 24 LB. SALMON FROM THE DEE

fine bank of very dark green wood, forming a splendid contrast to its shimmering waters. Crathes, too, the next place of note higher up the Dee, will certainly attract us, and deservedly so. As we are now fourteen miles from Aberdeen, we may be said to be in the fishing district.

But it is at Banchory, a few miles higher, that the angling part of the river may really be said to begin. Lovely Banchory! Here the better-class and wealthier Aberdonians resort for the same pleasure as makes the jaded Londoner seek the shady

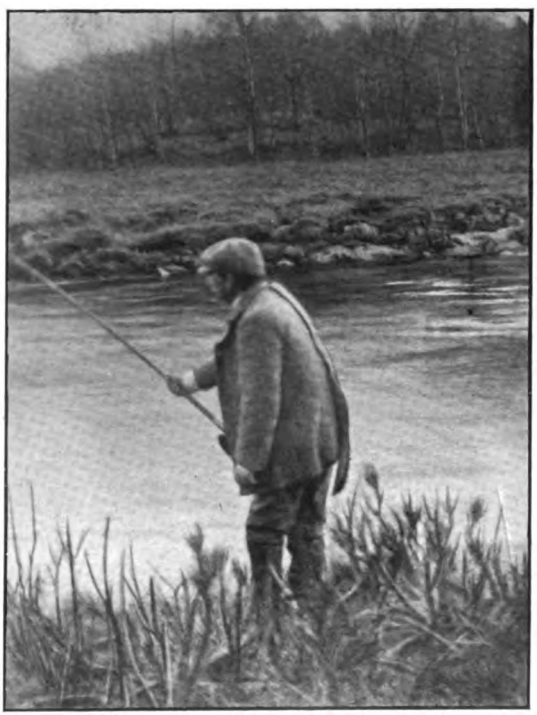
Thames banks at Richmond and Cookham, at Hampton and Marlow. From Banchory to Aboyne the Dee is a charming river, both for scenery and sport, and one can scarcely go twenty yards in the spring, summer, or autumn, without seeing some fisher engaged in trying his or her luck. It is no uncommon thing for the mere pedestrian to see a lovely basket of trout, or a fine salmon or two, lying beside the angler on the bank; and to their credit be it said ladies are by no means behind the men in showing prowess in that way. The Huntly



DINNET

estates are round Aboyne, and the Marquess often has parties staying at Aboyne Castle for the fishing on the waters near by that are preserved by him. A mile or two further on is a still more famous fisherman's house, for here, at Glen Tana, the late Sir William Cunliffe Brooks resided. His fishing extended for many miles along the river, and some wonderful sport has been seen here in past days. Dark trees hem in the Dee on both sides; the scenery is at once pretty and bold. Salmon of any weight from fifteen pounds to thirty have been caught in the fishing here, and Sir William, like his daughter, the present Marchioness of Huntly, could tell many tales about exciting days on the Dee. Sir William built a very curious fishing-lodge

at Dinnet, higher up the river, and it is at this little village that Dr. Jameson always finds his best sport when angling in Scotland. He settles down at Dinnet to clear away the cobwebs that have encrusted his brain in South Africa, and he never fails to achieve success. He is what may be called a 'mighty angler,' taking the term in a wide sense. The country round Dinnet, as one traverses Dinnet moor from Aboyne to



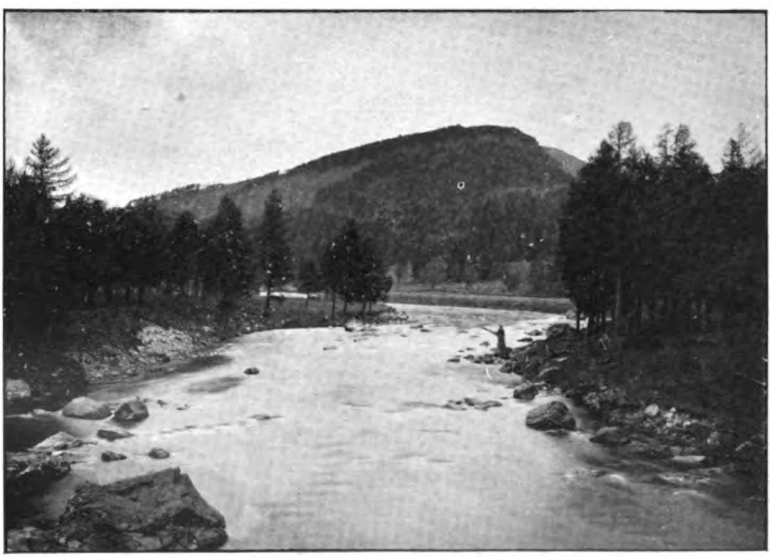
DR. JAMESON FISHING

Dinnet, is rather flatter than the general run of the Highlands, but there are some charming bits on the river, nevertheless. It is perhaps seen at its best here when the moor is covered with the purple heather.

The next fishing spot of renown is Cambus O'May. Here the Dee sweeps through a forest of most beautiful birch-trees; the banks are steep, and occasionally a very tall silver-birch throws its delightful silhouette out against the sky-background with wonderful effect. On every side from Cambus O'May House are beautiful views to enchant the eye. Ballater,

Lochnagar, the Coyles of Muick, all are visible in the far distance, a sight never to be forgotten. Mr. Gaskell, of Cambus O'May House, is a celebrated angler, and his friends have to thank him for many a fine day's sport. What he cannot tell them about angling on the Dee round his own district is certainly not worth knowing. Many a fine salmon has fallen a victim to the skill of the inmates of the house, who, in the season, often spent whole weeks by the river.

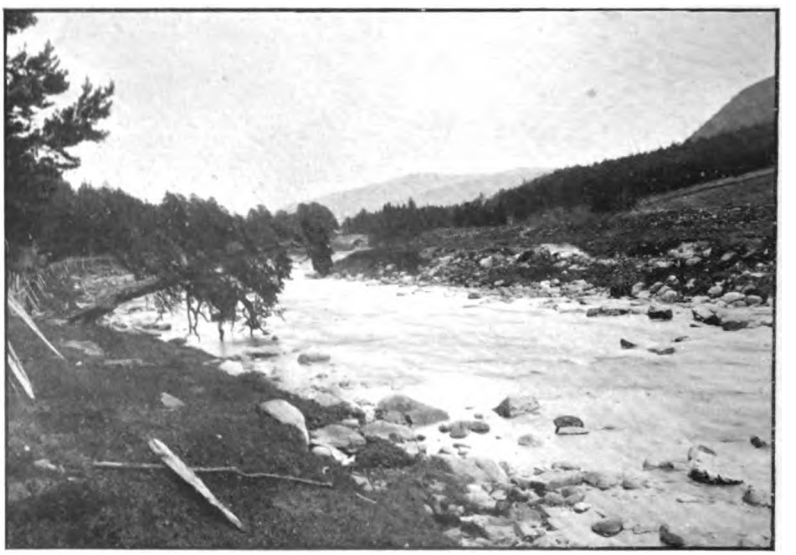
Ballater, so long connected with the name of our late gracious Queen, on account of its being the end of the railway



THE DEE AT INVERCAULD. THE PRINCESS DOLGOROUKI'S FAVOURITE FISHING SPOT

ride to her Highland home, is right in the very heart of the salmon region of the Dee. On all sides one meets with mansions and castles that are the Scottish homes of men and women whose angling prowess is noted far and wide in our own kingdom. Just below Ballater the river eddies and swirls round many an island ; narrowing and widening in an extraordinary way. Here is the favourite fishing-resort of Sir Allan Mackenzie, and here that keen sportsman has had many a tough battle with the king of Scottish rivers—a battle which has not always, though generally, ended in the victory of the angler. Ballater itself, extends along a level region, but stands over 600 feet above sea-level ; hence one need not mention how

fresh and invigorating is its mountain air, how superb are the views. Round Braemar cluster many names of note in the angling, as well as in the social, world. Between Ballater and Braemar they are especially thick. There is the grand bit near Braemar Castle, where the Princess Dolgorouki resides. She is a princess amongst fishers, this lady, as well as in the Russian 'Debrett.' Her deeds with the rod are well-known. She can boast of having caught her twenty-pounders; she can tell you of fishing day after day, from morn till even, so enthusiastic an angler is she. Invercauld is her favourite place; if you go

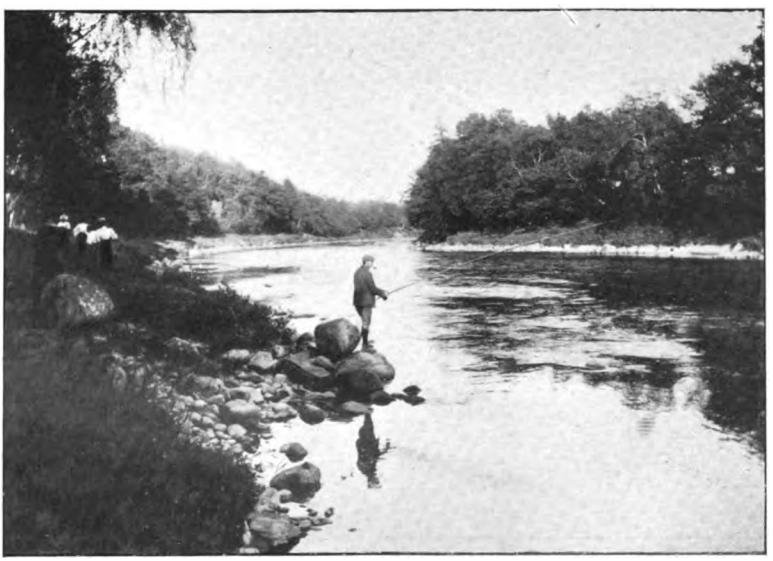


THE RIVER DEE LOOKING DOWN TO LINN, WHERE THE DUCHESS OF FIFE FISHES

there when the Princess is residing at Braemar you may fairly reckon on finding her, should she be away from the castle, at least three times out of five. She fishes well out in the river, often venturing far on the rocky bed in her attempts to lure the wily salmon to its fate.

In this district also is Old Mar Lodge, so long inhabited by Madame Albani and her husband. The celebrated singer is a devotee of salmon-fishing and quite in her element at Old Mar Lodge, rented for years from the Duke of Fife. Seldom a day passed when Madame Albani stayed there but some notability was her guest, and made a more or less successful addition to the angling parties that were ever at work.

Then one comes to New Mar Lodge, the present residence of the Duke and Duchess of Fife. Both of them are great fishers, though there is small doubt that the Duchess is the more enthusiastic as well as the more adroit; indeed, it is probably the simple truth to say that Her Royal Highness is one of the very finest lady-anglers in the land. The pleasant life by Deeside, with its fishing allurements, its time for restful pleasure and quiet thought, admirably suits the tastes of the Duchess. When she is in the Highlands, be it fine or wet, clear or misty, it has indeed to be almost 'a day not fit to turn a dog out' that

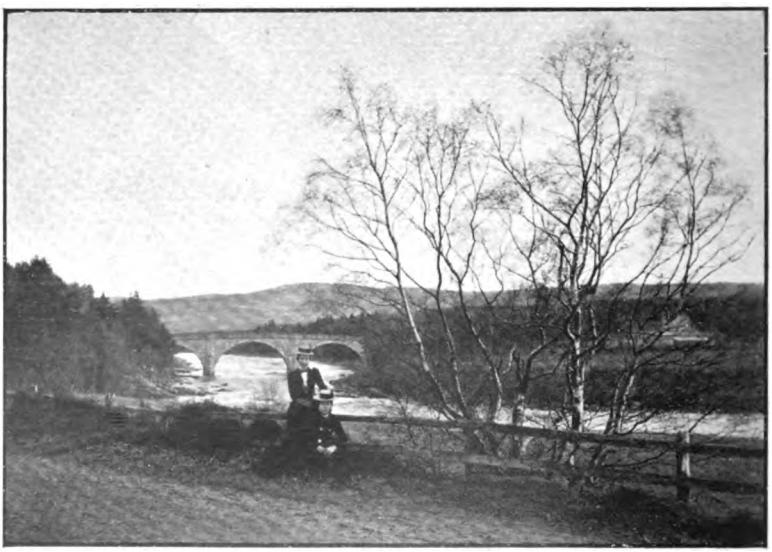


INCHMARLO

prevents Her Royal Highness from going a-fishing. She has been photographed more than once with a catch of salmon at her feet that would have made the reputation of many an old fisherman who had spent the better part of fifty years at the business. She has managed, by her enthusiastic words and acts, to infuse some of her love for angling into her mother and sisters, but they have not so far been able to rival the Duchess in the sport. Her favourite salmon-reaches are the portion of the Dee facing New Mar Lodge, and the spot where one has such a fine view of the Linn o' Dee in the distance.

Near Mar Lodge, on the left bank of the river, one comes to another renowned fishing-place, Invercauld House, the

residence of Mr. Alexander Farquharson. The Farquharsons have for years been salmon-fishers of note, and the position of their home and estates is admirably calculated to make them keep and enhance that fame. All round Invercauld, from far below it right up to Balmoral itself, one may call the whole stretch of the Dee, 'the Royal fishings,' for on this part of the river, on both banks, Royalty and its guests are met with in great numbers when the season is in full swing. The Duke of Cornwall and York, the Duchess of Fife, the Duke of Fife, Princess Victoria, Princess Charles of Denmark, the Duke of



THE DEE AT POTARCH BRIDGE

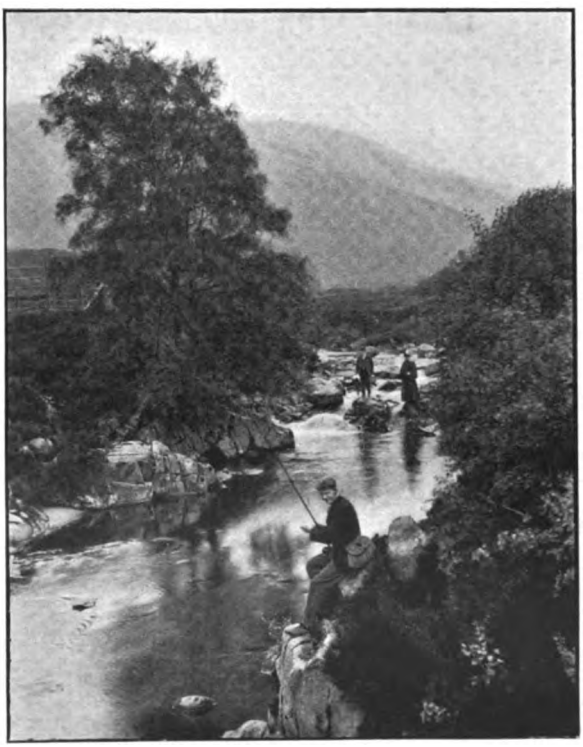
Connaught, and, very occasionally, even Queen Alexandra—to say nothing of the younger members of the royal family, such as the Connaughts and Battenbergs—all or any of these may be met with by the straggling tourist along the lovely banks of the Dee.

Inchmarlo Cottage and Inchmarlo House, on the Dee, are also the residences of enthusiastic anglers. At the former Captain Gaskell rules, and may often be seen returning with the spoils of the river heavy on him; in the latter Mr. D. Davidson is fond of entertaining his friends with both tales and actual exhibitions of successful sport. Inchmarlo is well known to frequenters of the Dee, and the two houses retain an

honourable place in the recollections of all who have visited that region which they adorn.

The King for many years rented Abergeldie, in this same district, but it must be confessed that then, as Prince of Wales, he never was much 'taken' with the delights of angling.

We have already spoken of many noted lady-anglers on the river, but any account of the Dee salmon-fishing is incomplete

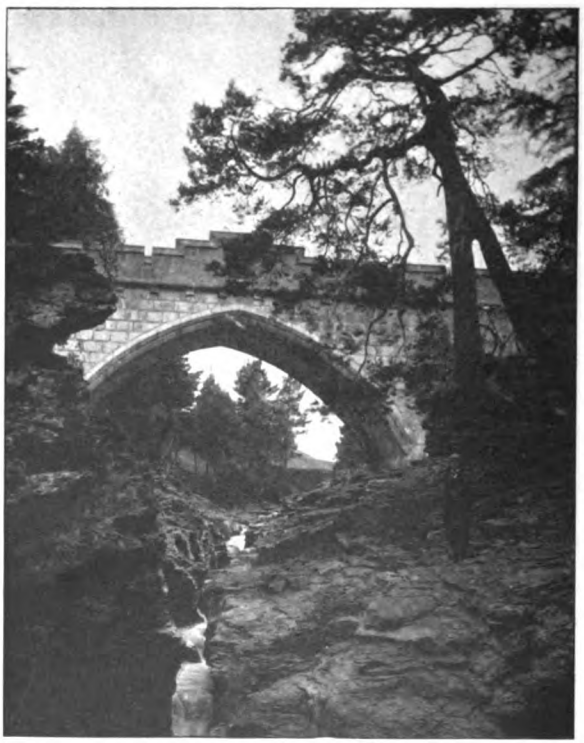


A TRIBUTARY OF THE DEE

which does not make some mention of Mrs. Pickering, of Kincardine Lodge, than whom perhaps no lady is better known or has a wider reputation on Deeside amongst the residents. If Mrs. Pickering has one favoured spot more than another it is close by Potarch Bridge. Here she has spent whole days at various times trying, and that as a rule most successfully, to entice the fish. To give any full account of what these Deeside lady-anglers have done, of their captures and triumphs, would require about three times as much space as can be spared for

this article ; it is sufficient to say that Mrs. Pickering holds a high place amongst them, and that by universal consent.

On a small tributary of the river, stand the estates and fishing ground of Sir John Gladstone, always affording excellent sport; and on the Feugh, another tributary, the tourist comes across Tilquhillie House, where Mr. J. Douglas dispenses hospitality to numerous angling guests during the Scottish season.



'LINN O' DEE'

Both these latter houses are in the very midst of some of the most fairylike scenery heart can desire ; and both of them have a justly merited reputation for splendid fishing grounds.

We have already passed some sixty miles or so up the Dee, and the extent of the salmon-runs is not exhausted. Before we close, we must speak of the famous 'Linn o' Dee,' which is celebrated for so many things. Every tourist comes to see the spot where the great salmon river narrows to the almost incredible width of only four feet, and plunges madly down the

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THE GENTLE ART.

deep gap between the cruel rocks on each side. And more than one angler has made catches of note close by the bridge that spans this narrow gorge. It is a wonderful sight, to stand on that old stone bridge and watch a big salmon dash and plunge madly down that threadlike gleam of water ; to think how wide and foaming the river itself becomes below this place ; to remember how one saw it at Aberdeen. One wonders where all that water has really come from ! It does not seem possible that it has dashed through this small gap !

Next turn and look down the Dee on one of Nature's most lovely scenes imaginable, a veritable fairyland. Breathe in the wonderful air, so oxygenised and life-giving. Think of the sport that the river has shown for long, long years. Then ask yourself, do you marvel that each holiday so many people turn longing eyes towards this region, and that the Scottish Dee has become the most famous salmon river in the world ?

RACING EIGHTS

SOME NOTES ON DESIGN AND CONSTRUCTION

BY EDMOND WARRE

THE following pages do not contain a treatise on the art of boat-building as applied to the construction of racing eights, nor the history of the development of the racing eight of modern times, nor is there any pretence on the part of the writer to a scientific knowledge of the subject. They are merely the notes of one who, in the leisure moments of a busy life, has found interest and recreation in the problems suggested by rowing, and in the instruments, such as boats and oars, by means of which it is pursued.

The writer is fully aware that such notes, if published, will furnish in abundance subjects for criticism by those who know as little as he himself does of the real conditions which underlie the problem presented, and, possibly, by some of the few who are qualified by real knowledge and mathematical training to grapple with them. He will think himself fortunate if these notes should induce any of this latter class to communicate to the rowing world their conclusions upon points which are at present dealt with by boat-builders and others upon principles which, if they deserve the name of principles at all, are merely empirical.

Fifty years ago at Eton (1849–54), the boats in use were mostly clinker built, with a keel, and at Oxford the torpids were rowed, as now, in clinkers. But the eights which were used in the summer races were mostly carvel built. They also had a keel.

It was at Henley in 1855 that the first keelless boat made its *début*. The Royal Chester Rowing Club, in a keelless 55 ft. eight, built by Mat Taylor, of Newcastle, unlike anything that we in the South had seen before, cut down all their antagonists.

We learned that the new type was constructed on moulds bottom upwards—a cedar skin bent and fitted upon the moulds —and the ribs built in after she was turned over.

The Chester eight was bought by Exeter College, Oxford, who used her with success in the following year. In the succeeding spring (1857), Mr. Heywood Lonsdale, then President O.U.B.C., commissioned Mat Taylor to build a boat for the University race, which he presented to the O.U.B.C. She was built after the same fashion as the Chester boat, only somewhat longer (57 ft.), and with greater beam (25 or 26 in.). She had no camber, and required a much smarter style of rowing than that which had been in vogue at Oxford in the preceding years. At Putney, though the critics had found plenty of fault with her, she justified her existence. Henceforth the keelless eight held its own, and the type of short boats, as compared with the long 63 ft. and even 65 ft. eights of previous years, came into vogue.

But other changes were in store, and the introduction of the slide, and its gradual lengthening, had a corresponding effect upon the boats, so that again longer boats and increased camber gradually became fashionable. The short type of boat was then in its turn a thing of the past, and what was, perhaps, of more importance, the style of rowing was in itself affected. The average number of strokes per minute decreased as the slides lengthened. The doctrine of the 'beginning' was subordinated by many coaches to that of the 'finish.' The oarsman was being taught to reflect the style of the sculler, and a long drag with a sharp finish earned commendation, which would have been withheld in the 'sixties. The improvement of pace, owing to the invention of the slide, may be attributed to two causes :

1. The mechanical increase of intensity in the action of the blade of the oar against the water. The curve traced by the blade of the oar in the water, which is the fulcrum by which the boat is moved, is a very short curve, say from six to twelve inches of actual movement, and it is of nearly the same diameter in the case of the fixed seat as in that of the sliding seat. But, whereas, in the case of the fixed seat, the oarsman was placed at 10 or 11 or sometimes 12 or 13 inches from his work, and remained at that, in the case of the slider, the man comes up level with his work at the thowl, and slides back to 16 or 17 inches from it. The result is that the handle of the oar describes a longer arc, and the body is in each successive instant

of the stroke at a more convenient distance, and in a more advantageous posture, for exerting its power upon the lever in its hands.

2. The muscles of the legs are brought into play by the slider in a degree impossible to the man on a fixed seat. The human spring imbedded on the stretcher can with the slide uncoil itself with greater energy over a greater length.

Parenthetically, it may be doubted whether oarsmen are in themselves, so far as bodily strain is concerned, better off on slides than they were on fixed seats. 'It is the pace that kills,' and the increase of pace is the result of increased exertion. The heart has now to supply blood sufficient to maintain the increased action of the legs simultaneously with the demand for sustenance in the case of the trunk and arms, which is no less than it was before.

There is, therefore, very good reason for the average diminution of the number of strokes per minute, and some reason to fear lest the advantage of greater speed may not be found out in the future to have been somewhat dearly purchased for rowing as a recreative exercise.

However this may be, the fact remains that for the longer slide longer boats came again into favour; longer and narrower boats, with greater space between the oarsmen, finer bows and sterns, and in most instances with increased camber, for which last the modern boat-builder seems to have a strong predilection.

Such, in brief, is the retrospect of the history of eight-oared rowing-boats for the last half-century. It is possible that now, for various reasons, a reaction may set in; but what is most to be desired is that some first-class oarsman, with a practical knowledge of boat-building and adequate scientific training, should apply himself to the problem, and tell us the truth about length and beam and their relation to speed; about camber and non-camber; about the proper curve of the master-section; about the proper position of this in the length of the boat; about the proper shape of the entry; and about many other things upon which at present we can only turn to account the fitful gleams of empirical knowledge. Until this hope is fulfilled we must be content to do the best we can with the light which we have got at our disposal.

The following table, compiled by the writer of these notes in the year 1869, may be found interesting to oarsmen, and in some degree to illustrate what has been said above.

In 1856 the Wadham boat, which went head of the River at Oxford, was said to be 65 ft. long. Most of the racing eights were over 60 ft.

TABLE I.

Comparative Table showing different Measurements of Eight-oared Boats.

	Eton. 1859.	Eton. 1861.	Oxford 1867	Oxford. 1869.
	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.
Length	57 3	56 2	56 0	56 0
Greatest breadth	2 2⅝	1 11¼	2 0	2 1
Length between the seats	3 11	3 11¼	4 0	3 11
,, ,, stem and bow's seat	12 0	11 11½	12 10	
Length between stern and cox.'s seat	12 6	11 11	11 0	
Breadth at bow's seat	1 8½	1 4¾	1 5½	1 6¼
,, No. 2's seat	1 11¾	1 8⅝	1 8¾	1 9
,, ,, 3's ,,	2 2	1 10⅞	1 11¼	2 0
,, ,, 4's ,,	2 2⅝	2 0	2 0½	2 1
,, ,, 5's ,,	2 2¼	2 0	2 0½	2 0¾
,, ,, 6's ,,	2 1	1 10½	1 11⅝	1 11
,, ,, 7's ,,	1 11⅛	1 8½	1 10¼	
,, stroke's ,,	1 8⅝	1 5¾	1 7½	
,, cox.'s ,,	1 3½	1 1½	1 3⅜	
Depth	9	8¾	9	
Sternpost	7⅝	7¾	7⅜	
	st.	st. lb.	st.	st.
To carry (average)	11	10 7	12	12

The two Eton boats were built by Mat Taylor. The 1859 boat was that in which they rowed their first race against Radley. The second boat was the famous ship that lasted them for many years, and rowed no less than eight times for the Ladies' Plate at Henley. The Oxford boats were built by Messrs. Salter.

Before attempting to design a racing eight certain data are requisite:

(1) Weight of crew.
(2) Weight of coxswain.
(3) Length of rowing space.

If the boat is to be built for a particular crew it is important that the weights should be given as accurately as possible; but if the boat is to be built for general racing purposes, *e.g.*, for the use of a club, it is still necessary for the designer to have an average in each case to guide him.

As regards weight to be carried, it would be very useful if some scientific person would devise for us a formula giving the proper proportion of waterborne surface in square inches for each stone (14 lb.) of weight to be carried.

The tables given hardly furnish sufficient data for the calculation necessary to determine such a point, but the necessary information ought to be forthcoming. Comparing the figures given in Table I. with those in Table II., it would seem as if less surface in relation to weight was employed in the sixties than twenty or thirty years later. The weight to be carried on the coxswain's seat is also of importance, as it must influence the run of the lines aft from the master-section.

TABLE II.

Comparative Table of Measurements of Eight-oared Boats.

1898–1901

Boat.	Balliol. 1899.		C.U.B.C. 1899.		First Trinity.		Balliol II. 1899.		Eton. 1898.		Eton. 1899.		O.U.B.C. 1901.	
	ft.	in	ft.	in.	ft.	in.	ft.	in.	ft.	in.	ft.	in.	ft.	in.
Length	62	7	63	0	62	0	61	4	62	5	60	0	56	0
Beam	1	11½	1	11	1	11	1	11	1	11⅝	1	10½	2	3
Rowing space	33	9½	33	8	34	0	33	0	34	6	32	10	33	9
State-room	2	11	2	5	3	0	2	5	2	10	2	4	2	5
Stem to back of bow's seat	13	8½	14	3	13	6	13	9	13	5½	13	2	10	0
Stern to back of cox.'s seat	12	2	12	8	11	6	12	2	11	7½	11	8	9	10
Total	62	7	63	0	62	0	61	4	62	5	60	0	56	0
Beam at bow's seat	—		1	5⅛	—		1	4¾	—		1	4¾	1	5
,, cox.'s ,,	—		1	2	—		1	2	—		1	1½	1	2
Camber		½		2–3		2–3		½		1½		½	*nil*	
Depth amidships		9¼		9½										
Stem		7¼		6⅝										
Stern		6½		5½										
Slide	1	5												
Average weight of crew	st.	lb.					st.	lb.			st.	lb.	st.	lb.
	12	4	—		—		12	3	—		11	9½	12	4

Almost as important a question as the weight to be carried,

and indeed inseparable from it, is that of the rowing space, the εἰρεσία of the Greek trireme.

The rowing space occupies the main body of the boat and its length must be such as to give room for men to sit and slide, and perform all the motions of the stroke and the recovery without incommoding each other, by touch either of the hands when forward or of the stretchers behind them when back.

Before the introduction of the slide the average interval of 48 in. seems to have been usual, giving 32 ft. as the normal rowing space for full-grown men. The lengthening of the slide has tended to increase the rowing space, and now we find, for full-grown crews, that 33 ft. 8 in. and even up to 34 ft. are not uncommon. The greater rake of the stretchers required by the slide is accountable for this increase more than any increase of reach forward with the hands. Aft of the rowing space comes the 'state-room,' as it is technically termed, which is practically the room allowed for the coxswain. The normal space allowed is from 28 in. to 30 in.

Given, therefore, a full-sized crew, and supposing them to require 33 ft. 8 in. of rowing space and 2 ft. 5 in. for cox., we have for the body of the boat 36 ft. 1 in. prescribed.

To this bow and stern have to be added, and it is as regards the length of these that opinions have varied in times past, and controversy is not silent at the present day.

Roughly speaking, two types compete for public favour: the long and the short, of which two classes the measurements are fairly represented in the tables:

A. The long type has for beam 22½ in., 23 in., 23½ in.; from stem to back of bow seat it has had from 13 ft. 2 in. to as much as 14 ft. 3 in. (see Table II.); and from stern to cox. seat from 11 ft. 7 in. to 12 ft. 8 in.

B. The short type has had 25 in., 26 in., 27 in. of beam. Stem to bow seat 10 ft. or 11 ft.; stern to cox. 9 ft. 10 in. or 10 ft.

The longer type has generally camber, varying fore and aft, but in some cases, we have heard, reaching as much as 3 in. or even more. By camber is meant a longitudinal upward curve either fore or aft from the master-section.

The shorter type, as a rule, eschews camber, and should theoretically possess a rigid straight line for the kelson of the boat. As a matter of fact, it is probably true that every boat gets a certain amount of camber, as, like Rudyard Kipling's ship, she 'finds herself,' after the first trial or so with a crew in her, whether the boat-builder has given her camber or not.

The reasons alleged in favour of camber are somewhat obscure, but the fact that boat-builders, as a rule, believe in it is not to be overlooked, and it is noticeable that in the matter of construction it has certain conveniences in relation to the material employed with which they are loath to dispense.

Beam.—We have noticed the fact that in the A or longer type of racing eights the beam is less; and in the B or shorter type the beam is greater.

This is obviously connected with the weight to be carried, but the subject is complicated by other considerations, which must be reserved until we come to consider the curve of the master-section, which is of the greatest importance, both as regards flotation and in relation to speed.

We are, however, at this point brought face to face with two difficult questions—viz., the proper position of the beam on the length, and the proportion of beam to length.

It is clear that the boat displaces the greatest amount of water at the point of her greatest beam.

Upon what considerations ought this point to be fixed?

The resistance to the boat's progress will increase up to this point and ought to diminish after this point.

At what point in the length ought the maximum resistance to occur?

In many boats of the A type the greatest beam occurs at nearly half the length, and in some of this class, which are what is called 'wall sided,' the variation for some distance, both fore and aft of the actual point of greatest beam, is so small that this beam may be taken to extend for a considerable portion of the whole length of the rowing space.

In others of the same class the beam is placed slightly forward, but as a rule it is to be found not far behind No. 5 seat.

In the boats of the B type there has been a tendency to place the greatest beam farther forward, and in some instances it has been found nearer No. 3 than No. 4.

Upon such a difficult and delicate subject one can hardly venture to dogmatise. No rule seems to have been generally laid down by boat-builders.

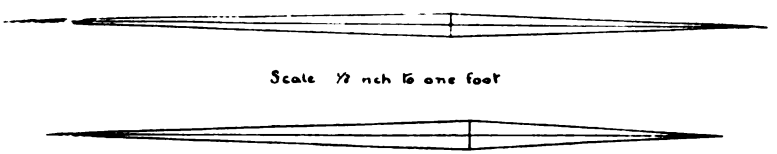
One can only, therefore, present for consideration the rules which have guided one as a designer of boats, and hope that in this, as in other kindred matters, some competent authority may declare what is best.

Take the case of a man in a boat with hook and chain or

rope astern having to tow a spar of some length, thickest, of course, at the butt-end, and tapering away to the small end. Experience will soon teach him to fix his hook into the butt-end and to tow with that foremost. He makes his effort—the butt moves on, displacing the water in front of it, by the impulse given, as long as the energy lasts, and with the friction diminishing for its whole length as it moves; whereas, if he takes the thin end foremost, the friction along the whole length of the spar is constantly increasing, and gradually effacing the impetus given by his effort.

The inference as regards the long boat to be drawn from this instance would seem to be that the greatest beam ought to be placed as far forward as it can be placed conveniently, that is to say, without causing difficulty either in flotation, or to the oarsmen in the boat, which are its propelling power.

Though, so far as we are aware, boat-builders have laid down no rule upon this point, and each has been a guide to



himself therein, yet it may not be uninteresting to some to learn the principles which have hitherto upon this point guided the writer of these notes in designing racing eights. Up to last year (1900) he had employed the proportion of $\frac{7}{12}$ to $\frac{5}{12}$ in determining the point of beam, and found that this answered fairly well in the case of boats of the longer type. When, however, he became convinced that the shorter type, if properly handled, had considerable advantages over the longer type, he found that the increased beam made it desirable on all accounts that a new standard of proportion in the allotment of length fore and aft should be determined. Considerations, which will be referred to hereafter, led him to adopt the proportion of $\frac{5}{8}$ to $\frac{3}{8}$, which is accordingly to be found in the latest of his designs.

By way of illustration, it may be well to show that, according to the old proportion, a boat which was 60 ft. long would have $\frac{7}{12} = 5 \times 7 = 35$ ft. aft and $\frac{5}{12} = 5 \times 5 = 25$ ft. in front of the master-section.

Whereas, according to the new proportion, a boat 56 ft. long has $\frac{5}{8} = 5 \times 7 = 35$ ft. aft, and $\frac{3}{8} = 3 \times 7 = 21$ ft. in front of the master-section.

Hence the resistance is met earlier in the $\frac{5}{8}$ type than in the $\frac{7}{12}$ type, and the wave of translation thrown off more sharply, allowing an easier passage for that part of the boat which follows the main beam or master-section. In this respect the $\frac{5}{8}$ type may be said to follow more faithfully than the $\frac{7}{12}$ the pattern given by nature in a swift-swimming fish.

The proportion of beam to length, though to a large extent influenced by considerations of the weight to be carried, has differed very considerably for the same weight at different times. Thus we have in the 'sixties :

Length. ft. in.		Beam. ft. in.		Average weight. st. lb.
56 2	...	1 11¼	...	10 7
57 3	...	2 2⅜	...	11 0
56 0	...	2 1	...	12 0
56 0	...	2 0	...	12 0

Thirty years later we find :

Length. ft. in.		Beam. ft. in.		Average weight. st. lb.	
62 7	...	1 11½	...	12 4	
63 0	...	1 11	...	12 4	(probably)
62 0	...	1 11	...	12 0	
61 4	...	1 11	...	12 3	
62 5	...	1 11⅝	...	11 6	,,
60 0	...	1 10½	...	11 9	
56 0	...	2 3	...	12 4	

It may be a question worth consideration whether some rule of proportion, so many beams (or half-beams or quarter-beams) to length, is not attainable (*e.g.*, whether 24 in. × 30 in. = 720 in. = 60 ft. or 22½ in. × 32 in. = 60 ft., would not give better suited proportions for travelling through a fluid than say 23 in. beam for 60 ft.), but to discuss this would take up more space than can be given to it in these notes, and to many such an idea will seem fanciful and of no practical use.

For the present, therefore, we must leave the ratio of beam to length to be decided on purely empirical grounds.

After the rowing space and state-room have been determined the designer has to deal with the space from the back of bow's seat to the stem, and again with the space from the back of the coxswain's seat to the stern.

And here again we find a great variety of figures :

Total length. ft. in.		Bows. ft. in.		Sterns. ft. in.
56 2	...	11 11½	...	11 0
57 3	...	12 0	...	12 6
56 0	...	12 10	...	11 0
62 7	...	13 8½	...	12 2
63 0	...	14 3	...	12 8
62 0	...	13 6	...	11 6
61 4	...	13 9	...	12 2
62 5	...	13 5½	...	11 7½
60 0	...	13 2	...	11 8
56 0	...	10 0	...	9 10

There is, in effect, in this matter such a diversity, or one might even say irregularity, of practice exhibited in the figures given above, that no general rule can be deduced from them.

On the other hand, as regards the figures given for the beam at bow's seat, and at cox.'s seat, there is a much greater uniformity.

TABLE I.

Length. ft. in.		Bow. ft. in.		Cox. ft. in.
56 2	...	1 4¾	...	1 1½
57 3	...	1 8⅜	...	1 3½
56 0	...	1 7½	...	1 3⅜

TABLE II.

63 0	...	1 7⅛	...	1 4
61 4	...	1 6¾	...	1 4
60 0	...	1 6¾	...	1 3½
56 0	...	1 7	...	1 4

The instances wherein these measurements were obtained for Table II. present a practical unanimity, for which, no doubt, experience is responsible, for otherwise we would expect to find them vary much more in boats which differed so materially in length and main beam. It is possible that this may, when taken into consideration, have some effect in settling the question as to the proper proportion in length of bow and stern to the rest of the boat, since these two points of beam at bow's and coxswain's seats must necessarily affect the curve from the greatest beam towards stem-post and stern-post respectively.

We come now to that which is, perhaps, the most important, and at the same time the most difficult, matter in designing a racing eight—namely, the sectional curve.

The longitudinal curve from stem to stern is represented by the riband, or inwall, which runs continuously from one to the other, forming the principal upper structure of the boat. This is attached to the spine or kelson by the ribs, and is itself joined together from side to side by the thwarts, or seats, which latter are attached by uprights to the kelson.

Racing eights are built bottom upwards, either on moulds carefully shaped, upon which the skin is bent and attached to the kelson and to the inwall, and into which the ribs are built when the boat is turned over; or the ribs are first carefully fastened to inwall and kelson, and when the skeleton is complete the skin is bent on. The former method was generally pursued in the 'sixties, but of late the latter seems to be gaining ground, as giving greater strength to the structure and securing greater accuracy in construction. But the problem is in the curve. It is the combination of the longitudinal with the sectional curve which governs the shape of the surface immersed. The configuration of this surface, as is evident, is of prime importance as regards pace. Given equal conditions of propelling power, &c., the shape that satisfies best the natural demands of the water molecules, through which it has to win its way, will also win the race.

Here again we need the guidance of a scientific mind supplemented by practical knowledge of the problem to be solved.

Mat Taylor shaped his moulds by instinct. His knowledge of what was wanted was, like that of the mediæval architects, not derived from books; but there was in him the 'insita ingenio species,' and the accuracy of eye to see and hand to fashion exactly what he had in his mind, so that his best models were triumphs, not of science indeed, but of art.

The writer of these notes does not know of any rules in this respect, if there are any, which guide the boat-builders of the present day. The curves that they follow are very different, and are not easily differentiated into settled types. They vary between the V-shape and the U-shape in a multitude of ways and degrees, to discuss which would require much more space than can be given here.

It may, however, be worth while to set forth the reasons which have influenced the tracing of the curve in a large number of boats built within the last ten years, and have led to the enunciation of a rule or formula for construction of the curve upon what has been termed the 'twin-circle system.'

The boat when at rest in the water displaces the amount of her specific gravity. When she begins to move she pushes out of her way the particles of water which lie in front of her, which in their turn push their neighbours, who push those next to them, and so on. We are told that the water molecules are spherical and incompressible. Their movements, as they push each other, are governed by these conditions. Hence the formation of the wave-curves.

Without losing our way in the wave-theory, or mystifying our poor brains with nodes and ventral segments, and the like, it is safe to infer that the molecules would prefer to be pushed out of the way in a manner conformable to their own movement, and in harmony with their vibrations, rather than in an abrupt and discordant fashion.

Rightly or wrongly, it has been assumed that the sectional curve which agrees most kindly with their inclinations is that of the segment of a circle. The union of this curve with the longitudinal curve of suitable character has given some of the best practical types of undersurface of racing boats.

No doubt there is a large *petitio principii* involved in this assumption, but one can only repeat that these beggings of the question are among the necessities and instruments of empiricism, and that we await, and shall hail with gratitude, the advent of the practical scientific man who shall reveal and make light to us the dark arcana in which the true principles of construction are hidden.

Until this occurs, boat-designers may follow their own bent, or are welcome to use the following theory if it pleases them. I would say with Horace,

> Si quid novisti rectius istis
> Candidus imperti; si non his utere mecum.
>
> (If aught thou know'st more right than yonder lines,
> Kindly impart; if not, use these with me.)

Rule for construction of curve upon the twin-circle principle:

Let A B be the beam.

Bisect A B at C, and again bisect A C at D and C B at E.

From centres D and E describe the twin circles C F B and C G A. From point C let fall at right angles to A B the line C H.

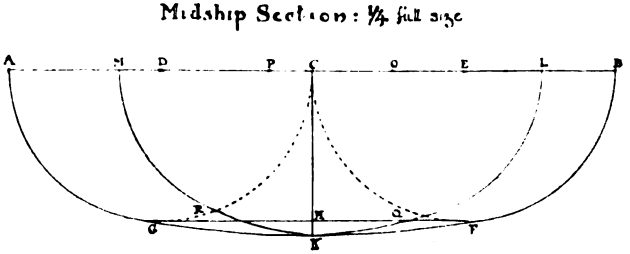
But from the points where the circumferences of the circles touch the line G F, which is parallel to A B, they cease to be useful to the construction. The line G F would give an abso-

lutely flat floor, which is for several reasons not desirable, and the projection of the line C H ($\frac{1}{4}$ in. more or less) to K facilitates the continuance of the curves A G and B F to join in K and so form the bottom of the boat.

The two circles after the point of the midship section begin at once to intersect each other, till at last, at a point where the beam is half the greatest beam, they coincide.

After that point, as they pass outwards, the curves are maintained, but *the point of intersection* has to be brought down to the line of the kelson, whether it is cambered or not.

In order to give the curve of any part at any distance from the main beam, take the beam (as, for instance, 19 in. at bow seat or 16 in. at cox. seat) and, keeping the same radius as for the main beam, take as a centre for the circle to be described a



Beam, 2 ft. Bow seat, 1 ft. 7 in. Cox. seat, 1 ft. 4 in.
The circles C G A and C F B represent the full curve of the midship section.

point on the line A B which is at the distance of the point C of $\frac{1}{4}$ of the beam required. *E.g.*, to find circular curve for boat at bow's seat which is 19 in. beam (24 in. being the main beam), find the point O in the line C B and describe circle L Q having the radius equal to E B, then the curve L Q will be the required curve at bow's seat.

Similarly, for curve at cox. seat, describe circle M R with centre at P on the line C A distant $\frac{1}{4}$ of beam required from the centre C.

The above, though perhaps clumsy in statement, has been found to be a good working and workable formula, and may be taken for what it is worth.

For a long time it was supposed that sliding seats exercised a direct effect upon the boat, causing it to have a longitudinal oscillation. To this idea, in some measure, may be traced the lengthening of the type A and possibly the increase of camber.

Experiments, however, made by shortening a long boat by

several feet successively, and by careful observation of her movements, have proved that this oscillation hardly occurs. Indeed, in some of the short-type boats, where it was predicted as a source of retardation, it is conspicuously absent.

Every boat rises when the weight of the oars, and part of the weight of the bodies, thrown on to the handles of the oars, is taken off her during the stroke ; and every boat sinks when the oars leave the water ; and her weakest period is at the last moment of the recovery, when the hands are over the stretchers. Then, if the hands are slow, she has a tendency to drop back into her own trough, especially if her shape is not what may be called 'waterwise.' But, during the experiments made, when observation was especially directed to this point, no period or pulse of longitudinal oscillation was ever detected.

It may be an idle fancy, a mere dream, but, as the object of these notes is to promote discussion and investigation of the problems connected with the subject, it may do no harm to raise the question.

Can it be that the rightly constructed boat has a harmonic note of her own, like a building which is acoustically good ?

The point of greatest beam represents, in the progress of the boat, the maximum point of the energy which, like a blow, causes vibrations in the fluid through which it is travelling. Each successive stroke of the oars must generate waves of motion, which will be vibrant with harmony or discord.

One would like to think of each well-built ship as having a note of her own. One might imagine a 56-ft. boat, a boat of seven octaves, with its dominant determined by the point of its greatest beam, making melody in her progress, rhythmic and tuneful, respondent to that inner music of the waters which, though inexpressive to human ears, have their voices heard among them in accordance with the law that reigns in their vibrations. It may be that some such conception of the hidden realities of nature lies behind the poet's picture :

> Dixit, eumque imis sub fluctibus audiit omnis
> Nereidum Phorcique chorus, Panopæaque virgo
> Et pater ipse manu magnâ Portunus euntem
> Impulit. Illa noto citius volucrique sagittâ
> Ad terram fugit et portu se condidit alto.
>
> VIRG. *Æn.* v. 240 ff.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE HORSE-BEAR

BY GERARD FERRAND

I FANCY I can hear some one asking what on earth is a Horse-bear? (Hest-Björn in Norsk.) The question is readily answered: it is a term applied by Norwegian peasants to a bear which has attacked horses, to say nothing of cattle. Such a bear is usually a very old and vicious one, and highly destructive to the flocks and herds. Some years ago, in Norway, I had many long and exciting hunts after a gigantic animal of this description. He seemed to possess a charmed life, and I, his baffled pursuer, appeared to be cursed with the most inconceivable bad luck, consisting of a succession of vexatious circumstances, reference to which even now causes disagreeable memories to crowd upon me when I call to mind the hateful mishaps which perpetually dogged my path when in chase of this grand specimen of the *Ursus Arctos*. I had been some time camping out in a wild district in Northern Norway for elk and bear hunting; it was early October, and wintry weather had already begun on the high ground. I had struck my camp, and was proceeding moodily along a narrow forest-track ahead of the pack-horses when I met a solitary peasant, who, after wishing me 'Good-day,' asked if I was the Englishman. I replied that I was. 'This letter is for you then,' said he, handing me a dirty envelope addressed in Norsk: 'To the English Bear-Hunter Færan.' The note was from a man I knew well, and translated read thus: 'Honoured Færan! That devil Horse-bear is around again; he has mauled a horse of mine and killed two of my neighbour's cows, so, if you want to shoot him, you must come at once.—Yours, ERIK.' This was good news, and I cheerfully

tipped the messenger for coming such a long distance. There was no mistaking this big black bear or his tracks, for there was not another like him within a circuit of 200 miles ; he had been well known for years for his destructive tendencies and had long escaped bullets, steel and log traps, and pitfalls of all kinds.

And only a week before he had positively roamed around my tent and within a yard of it! I did not occupy it at the time, for, owing to the cold weather, I preferred sleeping in the old log hut, about seventy yards off, with my servant, the hunter and my bear-hounds, as we could keep a fire going in it. Shortly after midnight we were awakened by the subdued growling of the dogs, tied up under the bunks ; they sniffed along the sides of the logs and tried to make for the door. I quickly put on my *Komagers* (Finn moccasins) and shooting-jacket, loaded my rifle, and as my man softly opened the door, slipped out. It was as dark as a wolf's throat, though some stars were visible, but after a time I could discern objects a few yards off; so, cocking my rifle, I crept stealthily round to the back of the log hut, listening intently. Suddenly the stillness of the night was broken by a loud 'huff-huff,' apparently not more than five yards off, and at the same instant a huge dim form crashed rapidly through the dead branches of fallen timber in front of me. To fire was useless, as he was out of sight in a moment. I inspected the spoor next morning, for there had been a slight fall of snow early in the night, enough to retain impressions, and measured the track of one of his fore-paws, which was nearly 9 inches in width, and the length of his hind-feet, up to the claws, was 12¾ inches. I followed him for a long distance, but he went straight away, and though I hunted for him next day also, I lost all trace of him.

I hardly expected to have the luck to meet with the beast again, as some three days had already passed since the letter was written, but nevertheless hastened on, and late the same evening arrived at the house of my correspondent. On hunting for him next day I soon found the horse-bear had followed his usual cunning tactics of never remaining long on the same spot; after making one or two good meals off 'the kill' at night, he had hurried on elsewhere. I had no difficulty in tracking him, there being a little snow in places, and I had two first-rate bear-hounds of my own ; moreover I frequently got information of his movements and shifted my quarters to the scene of his latest massacres. Whilst I was hunting from a small shanty

on his line of march he had a narrow squeak of his life. I had been out until past midday without finding tracks, when my dog, Trofast, who had been leading me for some distance up wind in the direction of some wooded hills, suddenly raised

TROFAST—A JENTLAND BEAR AND ELK-HOUND

his nose to the air and in the most excited manner dragged me to a low wooded knoll on the other side of an open boggy tract. On looking straight ahead I espied a huge black bear standing at the side of the knoll some 150 yards off, gazing intently in a direction at right angles to us. Soon after I heard a cattle-bell in the distance, and saw some cows some way below us. The bear was evidently on the watch for them.

What should I do? Wait for the coming tragedy, or make a rush for a shot? I decided for the latter, so left man and dog under cover and started. The ground was at first favourable, and the bear still stood quiet, looking away from me; so in a stooping position I hurried towards a large dead stump lying between us, about eighty yards from the bear. I had got within a few yards of this cover when I unfortunately floundered into some soft peaty ground, with no tufts of grass growing near it. I tried to go round it but could not, and presently got my left leg so fixed into the yielding soil that I found I couldn't get it out. Soon the other leg began to sink in, but I got it out with a sharp pull which made a slight noise and drew the bear's attention to the spot. He fixed his eyes on me, quickly grasped the situation, bounded rapidly to one side and fled, followed by a ·500 bullet which barked a pine-tree within an inch of his shoulder. The brute had his usual luck and made good his escape from the district. I next heard of him from a man who lived on an island called Jo Öen, in the Folden Fjord, whom I met whilst passing through the small town of Namsos. He told me a gigantic black bear had swum over from the mainland adjoining, and had killed two cows on the neighbouring island of Elven, so quickly collecting my traps and taking my servant and dogs, I set off with this man in his boat. We touched at Elven Island on the way to make inquiries, and were informed that the bear, a very large one, and no doubt the horse-bear, had left there, and had been seen swimming over in the direction of Jo Öen, for which island we immediately departed, arriving at the *gaard* in the evening.

It was much milder here than up country, and there was very little snow or frost as yet. Next morning I started at daybreak with the owner of the *gaard* and my bear-hound. We had not proceeded much more than half a mile into the woods when we saw a herd of cattle stampeding along a steep narrow pathway leading to the house, down which they dashed in a panic. My companion ejaculated the single word '*Björn!*' (bear!) and whilst hurrying cautiously on we presently met a young bull staggering along in a strange manner, owing to a ghastly wound in the neck, from which the blood was streaming; he had evidently only just escaped from the clutches of a bear. The man went back to look after the bull, and in the meantime I hastened on with the dog, as the island being not more than fourteen or fifteen miles in circumference, and the woods of no great size, I felt tolerably sure the brute would not remain on

it very long. My dog eagerly took up the fresh spoor, which led towards the water, and on the way we came upon a dead cow—a white one—whose back appeared to be broken by a downward blow of the brute's formidable fore-arm, and there was a blood-mark on the skin close to the withers, showing an exact impression of the whole gigantic paw and claws. There was no time to waste, so on I went again, my big Finn-dog Trofast straining hard at the leash in the most excited manner; but great caution was now necessary, as we might come within rifle-shot of the bear at any moment. The wood soon opened, and we struck the shore; the tide was out, and there was a great quantity of slimy, slippery seaweed covering the rocks and loose boulders. The dog followed the tracks along the shore and over these for nearly a mile, then up into the woods again; there were spots of blood in places on the seaweed, so I guessed the bull must have done the bear some injury with his horns. The tracks now led along the sloping ledge overlooking the fjord, then after a time down towards the water again. I glanced cautiously through the trees on ahead, and, to my mortification, caught sight of the bear some distance off from the wooded shore, slowly shambling over the slippery rocks to a point where there was a ridge of rocks left uncovered by the tide, close to the water. I soon realised that it was utterly futile making any attempt to stalk him in such a place, as there was no cover whatever; so, having tied up my dog securely to a tree some paces behind me, I took out my field-glasses, squatted just above the tidal rocks, and watched him.

He was certainly a huge beast—in appearance strikingly like a full-grown Rocky Mountain grizzly. He had a very dark, almost black skin, blended with tawny yellow hairs, which gave him a most formidable appearance. By-and-by he stopped, sat up on his haunches, and apparently licked the blood from his chest and fore-legs. Now, if my good luck had only been at that time in the ascendant, I might have got him! I ought to have let him swim quietly over to the mainland, then hurried back to the *gaard*, manned a boat with two rowers and proceeded to the spot I had seen him making for. But unhappily my evil genius suggested that I might never get another chance of a shot, so I made up my mind, though he was nearly 300 yards from me, not to let him depart in peace, and composed myself for a long shot before he attempted to take to the water. I carefully adjusted the sights, and taking steady aim at the centre of his broad back, fired—and missed! The bullet

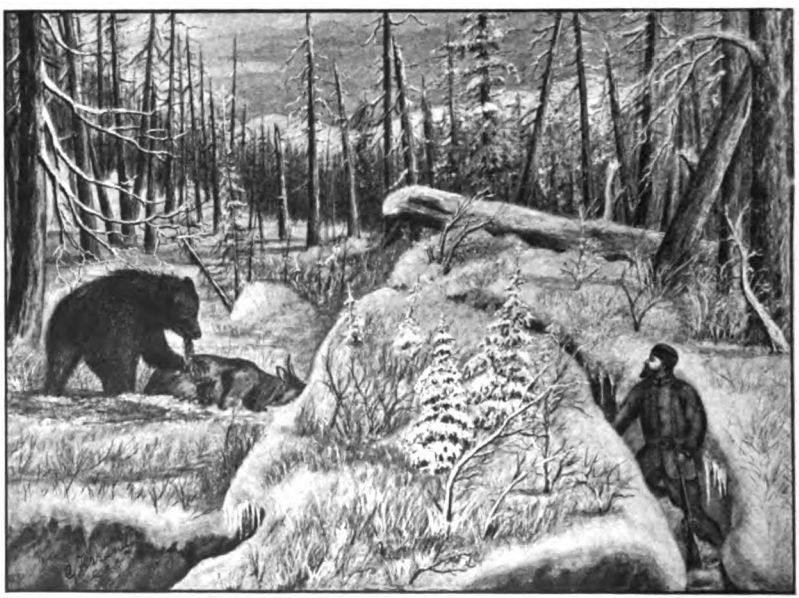
struck a jagged rock a few inches from his right shoulder, and evidently spattered him with lead, as he gave an uncouth jump into the air, and sprang hastily on his way, uttering a hoarse 'huff-huff' from his throat. I gave him the contents of the other barrel, but it had no other effect than to make him quicken his pace and dash frantically into the water. Hastening back to the *gaard*, I procured a man and a boat, and soon reached the spot for which he had headed, but though I found his tracks, we hunted for him the whole of that evening and the two following days without success.

The close of the elk hunting season coming soon after this, I was enabled to devote more time to bear, and one day received authentic news of the big horse-bear from a man named Sievert, who lived some distance off, and who had often accompanied me on bear-hunting expeditions; and I therefore at once made tracks for his shanty. A sharp north-easter was blowing, with about 20 degrees of frost (Fah.), when we started at sunrise, the morning after my arrival, to hunt some densely wooded rocky ledges near which, on the high ground above, lay a dead cow which my old enemy had killed some days before. We found no fresh signs, and at length approached the ledge above which the frozen carcase of the cow lay. I had no expectation of finding the bear near it in the daytime, that seemed far too good a thing to happen, but when we got within sighting distance of the ledge we found it well occupied, for actually there was the black old horse-bear himself! There was no doubt about it. One glance at him with my field-glasses was sufficient.

He was some 600 feet above us, a nasty place to climb up, and the longer I looked at it the worse it struck me; but I had no other choice, for an icy wind was sweeping towards us from the snow-covered heights above. I was bound to keep well to leeward of him, and could only do that by climbing the ledge, which I quickly proceeded to do, leaving man and dog behind. The ascent was not so bad at first, but increased in difficulty as I approached the summit. After a time I struck a kind of small gully which seemed to lead to the top. I followed this up, tumbling about over the many loose snow-covered boulders, and sinking into holes above my knees, but at last got fairly to the top, and, as I calculated, within a measurable distance of the bear. I halted in a narrow place between the rocks and, cautiously raising myself as high as I could, looked over. There were two small seedlings growing

on the surface, which would have afforded good cover to shoot from if only I could have climbed up on to the steep snow-covered rock. Part of the bear's head was visible and some of his back, and he was not more than twenty-five yards off, so I could plainly hear him tearing and chewing the flesh of the cow and grunting with satisfaction, but had to stand in such an awkward position amongst the boulders that it was quite impossible for me to shoot at him with any prospect of success.

I tried various dodges to get a good aim—even attempted a



I CAUTIOUSLY RAISED MYSELF AND LOOKED OVER

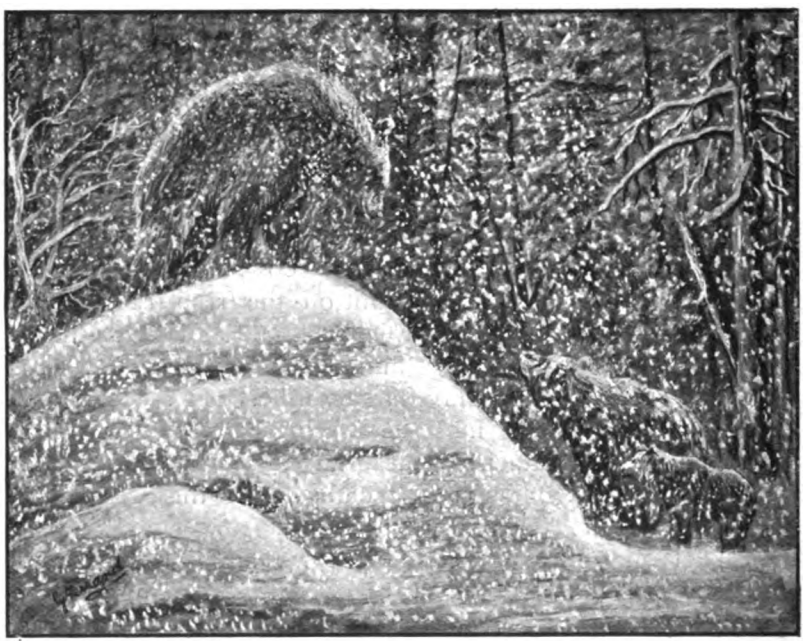
shot from my left shoulder—but found it an absolute impossibility owing to the sloping position of the big rock in front and the aforesaid seedlings. It was a rare chance to lose, but there was nothing for it but to retrace my steps as quickly as possible down the gully, work up again to the right, and make for a big fallen tree I had noticed lying conveniently. With much caution and infinite trouble, caused by the long and numerous icicles which fringed the sides of the rocks, I executed this movement satisfactorily, and another half-hour found me slowly crawling along the snow to the fallen tree I had noted. I waited a few seconds to rest and pull myself together. At the moment I had no thought of failure, for everything seemed

favourable : the cold north wind was blowing steadily in my face direct from the bear, and not in fitful gusts producing uncertain eddies ; the snow was soft and powdery, with no ice-crust on it to break through, carrying suspicious sounds to the ear of the game. What a pleasing picture, to be sure!—a happy bear-hunter, strong and healthy, well satisfied with the turn of events, armed with a first-rate Rigby ·500 Express, and chuckling inwardly at thought of the fine trophy he was shortly going to bag! It really seemed at that juncture to be a case of 'At last I've got you!' I slowly raised myself upon my knees, firmly grasping my rifle, which I brought steadily to my shoulder, pointing it cautiously over the snow-covered tree-trunk in the direction I felt sure the bear would be ; but to my intense disgust and surprise I found the creature had fled!

I could hardly believe in my cruel bad luck, so waited some ten minutes more in the hope that he would return, there being apparently nothing to have alarmed him ; then, as the wind was so bitingly cold, I thought it the best plan to go and look for him, so passing on the way the dead cow, which was barely fifty paces from the fallen tree, I hit off the fresh tracks, which I followed very cautiously among the *débris* of fallen timber scattered about, straining eyes and ears for sight or sound, and with finger on trigger ready for any emergency. The tracks zigzagged about in the most extraordinary manner, as if the animal had had an attack of meagrims or had lost something for which he was diligently searching ; but this was a good sign, and I knew he had not taken alarm.

I kept on until I was some 500 yards from the carcase, when suddenly I heard the sound of sticks breaking, followed by a heavy thud, as if some big animal had sprung forward, and the great horse-bear appeared at last, strolling leisurely and unsuspiciously towards me, evidently *en route* to resume his banquet. 'Now then, shoot straight!' I said to myself. I much regretted I had not stopped behind the dead pine in the open instead of coming to this horrible place, all choked up with seedlings, dead boughs, and the *débris* of fallen timber ; but regrets were useless now, for the bear was coming nearer and nearer. At length, when he was within fifty yards, with his head turned straight towards me, he suddenly halted, raised himself on his hind legs, gave a loud 'huff-huff' followed by a sharp grunting snort, which sent a cold shiver down the small of my back and caused a peculiar sensation of extreme loneliness to take possession of me. I am positive his head was quite

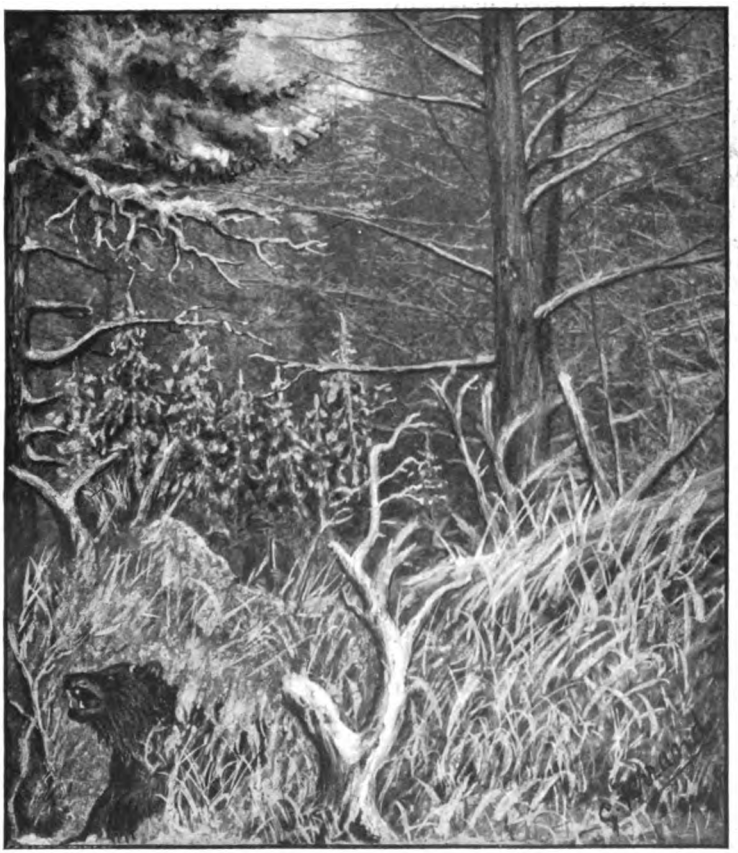
nine feet from the ground when he stood up, and he looked a veritable monster. I twice raised my rifle to fire, but lowered it again, as I dared not shoot, owing to the quantity of dead branches intervening in all directions, and I feared to lose him. He soon dropped on to all-fours, and moved slowly and hesitatingly some few yards nearer, then stood up on his hind-legs again, giving the same loud snort as before, and began sniffing the breeze; but he was still covered by the branches. I felt tolerably safe as to the wind, which was blowing in my face,



AN ENORMOUS BEAR CLIMBING UP A ROCKY EMINENCE

but suddenly a strong and hateful gust, which I well remember to this day, came whirling round from an opposite direction, and spitefully struck me on the back of the head as I knelt crouching behind an uprooted pine eagerly watching his movements ardently hoping he would come on quickly. I knew only too well what would soon happen! In a few seconds more, as the tainted air was carried direct to his nose, instead of advancing he shook his great head from side to side, giving forth another quick and loud-sounding 'huff' from his throat, sprang ponderously over a large prostrate pine at the side of him, and dashed rapidly off. I rushed forward with all

speed, and an instant afterwards, as he was passing an open glade, being visible for a moment, I let drive at his broad black flank with a nearly solid conical bullet backed by six drachms of powder. It never stopped him for a second, though, by the furious snarling he made as he continued his flight, I was sure



HAD JUST PUT THE BUTT OF MY RIFLE ON A TREE

the bullet had struck him somewhere ; but, alas! being only a snap-shot, it was a very uncertain one, and he was fully seventy yards off and many small branches were in the way.

Quickly reloading, I followed the tracks a few hundred yards, and could hear him for a long distance smashing his way through the dead branches. I then halted, and waited for the man, who, not long after, appeared, coming up the gully with the dog, and was much disgusted to find that I had not got the

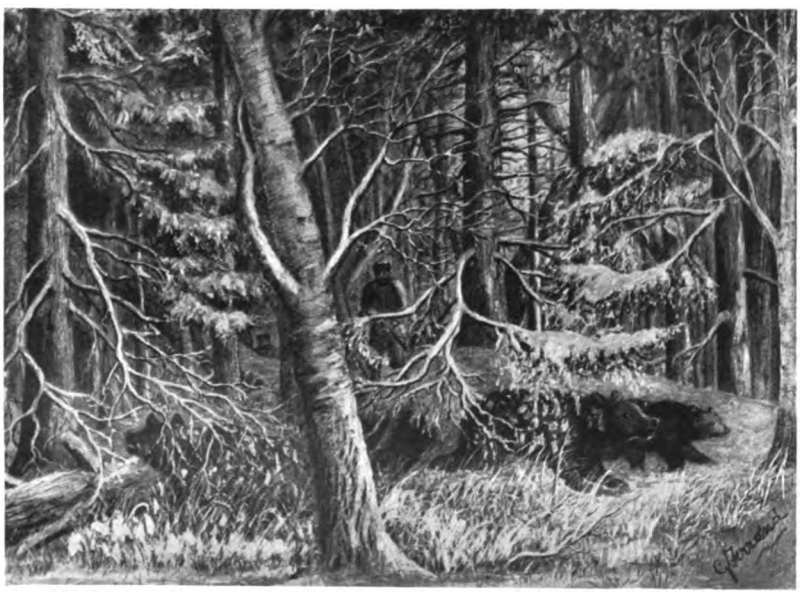
horse-bear after all. As for me, I clenched my teeth and swore I would have that bear's blood if I hunted for him all the winter! I must confess I was astonished that such a big bear never charged after being wounded; I fully expected it, and was well prepared for it, but he bolted in the most cowardly and disgraceful manner, as just related.

After this fiasco we stopped a short time for lunch, but were soon on the trail again, finding a few blood-spots on the tracks here and there, enough to prove to a certainty that he was wounded, though possibly only slightly. We followed the trail up and down the steepest and rockiest hills, and through the densest and most tangled masses of fallen timber I think I ever came across—the beast in the most spiteful manner had apparently gone out of his way to select them. We forded more than one half-frozen stream nearly up to our knees, and after a long and unsuccessful chase at the highest possible rate of speed of which we were capable, were at length obliged to give it up, as we were a long distance from home, and darkness, accompanied by an ominous-looking inky-black cloud with blizzard-like tendencies, was rapidly approaching. So we turned back, and struck a fair bee-line in the direction of the shanty, after a time diverging from it in order to circle round a big hill ahead of us instead of wearily plodding up it. Whilst doing this we struck the fresh trail of two bears, a large one and a smaller one, and later on, as it was getting dusk, those of a much larger bear, which, after a close inspection of the back tracks, we came to the conclusion was the horse-bear again; he had made a long *détour* round us, and, having struck the trail of the others, had gone after them in search of company. At this time of year the bears had already prepared their winter quarters in some quiet spot, and it was only a question of a few days, with colder weather and more snow, for them to retire into their *Hies*. It was bad policy to follow them too closely, so we sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree and held an anxious consultation.

Presently the big black cloud which had been creeping slowly towards us from the North burst over our heads, with strong cold gusts of wind and snow; we sheltered under some fir-trees and waited till, after a time, on straining my eyes into the distance across the wind and snowstorm, I caught sight of an enormous bear climbing to the top of a small rocky eminence. Soon afterwards, as the snow-flakes increased in size and thickness, I could dimly distinguish through the gather-

ing gloom a medium-sized bear standing by a much larger one. They were about 250 yards off, but to attempt to stalk them was useless, as the North wind howled through the trees with the force of a hurricane, and presently a regular blizzard of snow and hail set in, soon completely obscuring the creatures, and they became absorbed in the darkness. When the storm had passed we trudged quickly home.

The following morning, just before sunrise, we set off once more to look for tracks, or to find the *Hie*, taking Trofast with us again. Shortly after starting he seemed to get wind



WAS RAISING MY RIFLE TO SHOOT WHEN TWO MORE BEARS SPRANG OUT

of something, and led me up some steep hills and over very intricate ground, but no luck came to us all the morning. After lunch I struck a new line of country, and made Sievert lead the dog whilst I kept on ahead. I stepped very cautiously all the time, looking carefully about for tracks or sign, until at length I was stopped by a huge uprooted spruce, where I waited and listened. For ten minutes I heard nothing, however, and had just put the butt of my rifle on the tree to assist me in crossing over, when I was suddenly startled by a rumbling noise, followed by a great commotion on the other side. I guessed what that meant well enough, as I had often heard it before, so jumped

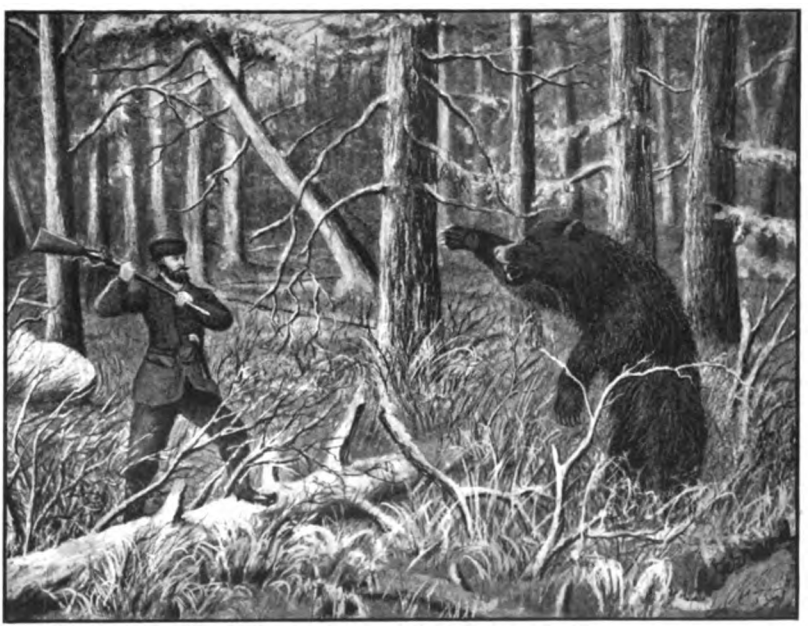
quickly up and caught sight of a huge black bear making slowly off. By Jove! the horse-bear again. It was absolutely impossible to take correct aim in such a place, but as he could not have winded me I hoped he would halt a few seconds to reconnoitre, and sprang softly forward, mounting on another heap of uprooted pines a few yards in front, hoping to get a shot. There he was just ahead, and I was in the act of raising my rifle to shoot when two more bears sprang out from a *Hie* which was actually under my feet! Here was a lovely chance,

WITH A RASPING 'HUFF-HUFF HE MADE DIRECT FOR ME

but my atrocious ill-luck yet again overtook me. Suddenly my left foot broke through the flimsy crust of moss and snow, and I fell heavily and helplessly forward with both my legs entangled amongst the roots and dead branches, there fast held in the most ignominious and awkward position conceivable, utterly unable to fire a shot; and I had the ghastly mortification of seeing all three bears gradually disappearing.

These sickening mishaps were now getting too monotonous. There remained only one thing to be done, and that as quickly as possible—namely, to make a cast down wind and try to get well round the animals. This we did satisfactorily, and found

on working round that we had actually headed them, since they had not passed our circle. They had not gone far after all, and I doubted if the first bear had seen me, as he never looked straight in my direction, and bears are by no means sharp-sighted animals. I felt certain the other two had neither sighted nor winded me, but were put up by the first bear, so was in hopes they would not travel any very great distance. Soon, however, the animals seemed to be getting suspicious and unsettled, judging by their tracks, so I slipped the dog.



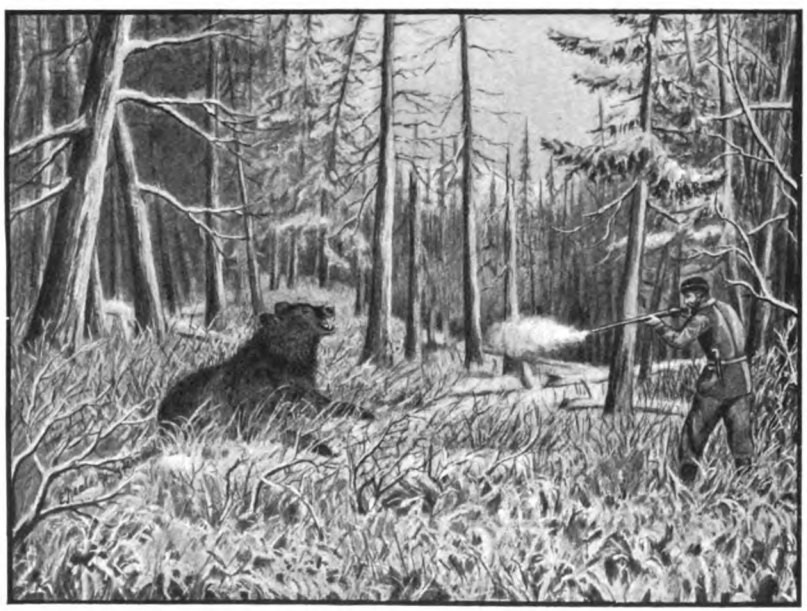
HE REARED UP ON HIS HIND LEGS AND TRIED TO STRIKE ME

He rushed off with eager strides. In about ten minutes we heard furious baying some way ahead; the sounds then receded, but after a time seemed to approach, as the bears were evidently travelling in a semicircle. I rushed on as hard as I could lay legs to the ground to cut them off, leaving Sievert behind under cover, and found myself amongst gnarled old dwarf birch, mountain-ash saplings, roots and stumps of fallen timber, with decayed and spiky branches spreading in all directions, rendering quick progression difficult and dangerous. I heard the bears approaching nearer and nearer, 'huffing' and snarling at the dog, who was baying furiously, and appeared

to be close at their heels ; they then seemed to be coming straight towards me, but, instead of keeping on, they suddenly swerved and turned down a small ravine close to my right. I ran headlong on to cut them off, thinking 'now or never,' when I suddenly tripped over a dead branch under the snow and fell, unfortunately ramming the muzzle of my rifle a foot deep into the snow and peaty soil beneath; and I had the pleasure of seeing all three bears pass slowly underneath, positively not more than twenty yards from me, and disappear into the gloom of the forest, whilst for the second time that day I was unable to fire a shot!

It did not take long to clear the snow and mould out of the barrels, and off I sped again with frantic strides. By this time the animals had gone some distance away from us, but as I felt certain they had neither winded nor heard me as yet, I considered I might still get another chance, and followed as quickly as circumstances permitted. After a time they appeared to be coming round again, as all this while they had been travelling in a wide semicircle, so I hurried on, guided by the barking of the dog, and at last headed them again. I then told Sievert to wait under a clump of stunted spruce firs close by, whilst I ran some four or five hundred yards forward to some thick juniper-bushes, which seemed splendid cover. The sounds came nearer and nearer, and at length two bears suddenly burst into view, but, to my disgust, the horse-bear was not there; he had taken himself off, and this was the last of him as far as I was concerned, for I never saw him again. The other two made straight for my place of ambush, coming on with long swinging strides, and did not appear to mind the barking of the dog in the least. The leading bear passed at about fifty yards to my right, and I promptly gave him a ·500 Express bullet just behind the right shoulder, which rolled him over completely, causing him to struggle and kick about frantically, waltzing about on his hind legs, pawing the air, and all the time uttering the most fiendish howls ; he then rolled over on to his back and was hidden behind some thick bushes. The other, a smaller one, stopped for a second and stood on its hind legs, apparently trying to find out where the shot came from, as I was well hidden from sight. I fired quickly with the other barrel, and brought the beast down with a shot through the neck which, however, did not touch the vertebræ, and it temporarily recovered itself, bounding away down the hilly slope, followed closely by the dog, which overtook it and, to my utter astonishment,

seized it by the throat and regularly froze to it! They went dashing along, rolling over and over each other down that rocky hillside until they were lost to view. All this happened much quicker than it takes to write. I immediately afterwards turned my attention to the other bear, which, according to my impression, lay kicking in its death-struggles on the other side of the thick juniper-bushes, and was on the point of reloading, having just extracted the empty cases, when I suddenly realised the fact that the beast had pulled himself

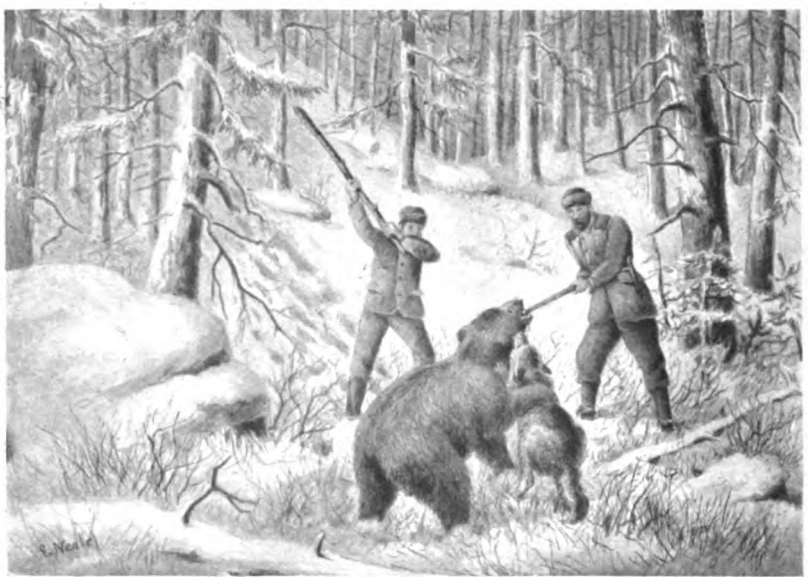


I FIRED BOTH BARRELS STRAIGHT INTO HIS CHEST

together and was stalking me from behind! There was no time to put in the fresh cartridges, as he had stolen up so close from another direction, and without any further warning than a rasping 'huff-huff' he made direct for me, with hatred and fury in his eye.

I held my rifle at the charge and stood firm, determined to ram the barrels down his throat if he came nearer. He paused at about a couple of yards, growling and 'huffing' horribly, a most disagreeable sound in the circumstances, and this went on for some minutes, but he came no nearer, and I was backing as quickly as I could all the time. The beast then put on a spurt, reared up on his hind legs and tried to strike at me with

his unwounded fore-arm, but I clubbed my rifle and waved it before his nose, determined to strike him on the snout should he approach nearer; but he was very badly wounded, and was getting played out. He stopped to rest once or twice and to snap at his right shoulder, and I took advantage of a short pause in the hostilities to put the cartridges in. Just as I had closed up the breech he recovered himself, and came ambling up again, but as both barrels were now loaded I had the advantage of him, so stood steady and let him approach within a few yards, to see what he would do.

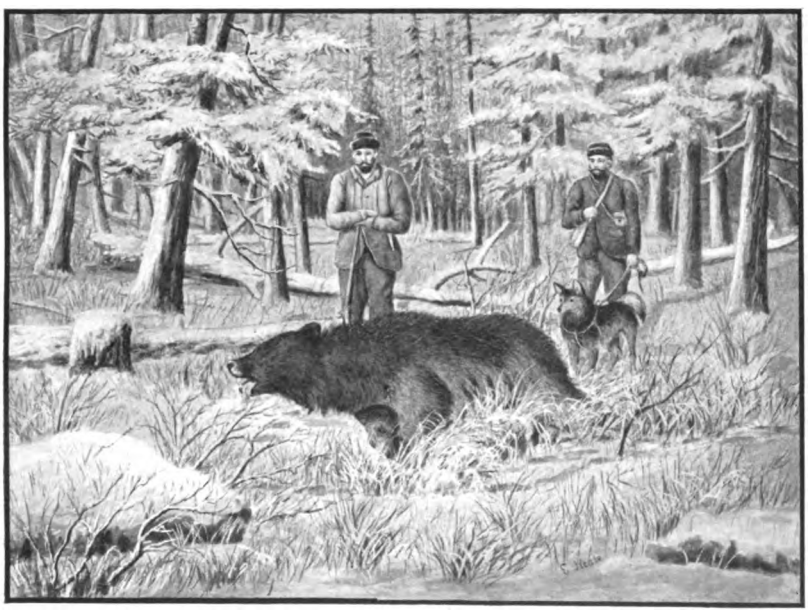


I FORCED THE MUZZLE OF MY RIFLE BETWEEN HIS JAWS

He stopped and sat on his haunches with his two fore-legs stretched out, growling savagely and snapping his jaws viciously at me. It was time to finish the business. Raising my rifle I fired both barrels straight into his chest; he simply sank forward, sprawling out his whole length on the snow, and collapsed.

I then spied Sievert coming up at a run, so we hastily followed in pursuit of the smaller bear, directed by the sounds of furious snarling and growling which we heard proceeding from a wooded dell far below us on the hillside. When we arrived there we found the dog still tackling the bear by the throat, which showed a ghastly bullet wound that you could put your

fist in. He would not leave go, though the bear had got his paws round him, and as the wild bear was the stronger, away they went again rolling and struggling down the hillside together ; at one time the bear, at another the dog was uppermost. Presently they were stopped by a long snow-covered boulder, against which they struck, and then pranced around one another in such a lively manner that it was utterly impossible for me to get a shot at the beast for fear of wounding the dog, they were so 'mixed up.' I therefore sent Sievert to

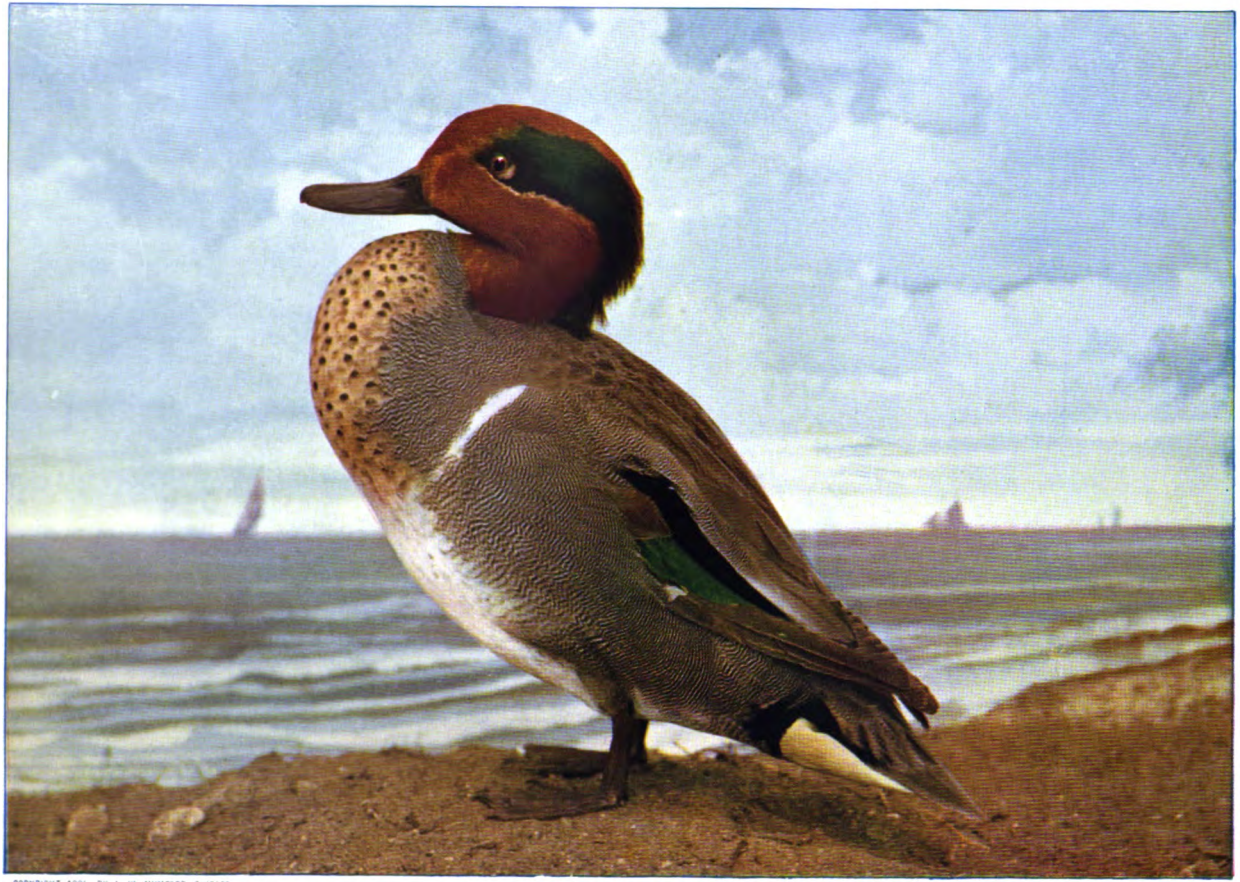


WE MADE AN INSPECTION OF THE BIG BEAR WHICH LAY DEAD ABOVE

cut a thick birch club, which he soon procured, and banged on to the animal's head with it ; at the same time I had to force the muzzle of my rifle between his jaws and half-way down his throat, to prevent his biting the dog. At last we separated them, and killed the bear after repeated blows, which quite smashed in the skull. My dog, an unusually large and powerful Jemtland bear-hound, was actually covered with blood and foam from head to tail ; and I never in my life saw such an excited, wild-looking object as he was when he at length let go of the bear. To my astonishment he was not in the least hurt, but after shaking himself well and having a good roll in the snow, appeared vastly pleased and highly satisfied with himself. This

bear was a young male between two and three years old, very fat, and had a handsome dark skin. After this we climbed up the steep slope and made an inspection of the big bear which lay dead up above. It turned out to be a large female, ten or twelve years old, with a dark skin, in very good condition, much resembling a grizzly. It was a great source of regret to me that I had not bagged the horse-bear instead. I hunted for him for many days after this, but never had the luck to find him, as of course he had by that time made another *Hie* and gone in.

I heard of him the following year. Some Lapps had come across his *Hie* in the January following, and slew him. My bullet had gone through his ribs and was found flattened against the skin on the opposite side of his body, not having touched any vital part. He was an immense animal, but in very bad condition. The dimensions of the skin as given me were as follows: over 9 ft. from nose to tail, and nearly 6 ft. in breadth. I tried all I could to buy the skin, but the Lapps had sold it at some up-country fair in the spring. That was the last I heard of the big Horse-Bear.



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FROM "BIRDS THAT HUNT AND ARE HUNTED," BY NELTJE BLANCHAN.

GREEN WINGED TEAL.

UNIV. OF I.

UNACCOUNTED CRICKETERS

BY HOME GORDON

How far opportunity makes good cricketers is debatable. Sometimes a county has for years sought to discover one useful all-round man while the neighbouring shire enjoys a plethora. Instances can be recalled of a county in August not inviting amateurs to come into the team who had been selected to play for the Gentlemen *v.* Players ; others again have not been able to produce a cricketer worth a place in any picked team. There is also the other picture, which, from a sporting point of view, is indeed pathetic, of cricketers who might have become great had not the exigencies of business or the duties of a profession kept them from the field. The imperativeness of first-class cricket was most happily expressed by An Old Blue in the *Times* of April 17, 1901 : 'No one who attempts to occupy a prominent position in county cricket can do anything save play cricket for a third of the year. He must neglect not only all other amusements, but all attempts at work. If he is an amateur he can neither cultivate nor prepare himself for any profession, nor bestow attention on his estates or private affairs. Cricket is a jealous mistress, who never permits the attention of those who woo her to wander.'

It is the purpose of the article to say something of men who would probably have made great names for themselves had they been able to play cricket diligently. Two instances occur as, in my opinion, exceptionally remarkable. The first is Mr. L. H. Gwynn. Here geography more than business marred a great cricket career, for on the other shore of St.

George's Channel neither climate nor the general standard of play is first-class. Yet Dr. W. G. Grace himself said he rarely had seen a finer bat than Mr. Gwynn. His career, so far as England is concerned, is confined to 1895, when Dublin University made a brief bid for distinction at cricket. Having scored centuries against Cambridge and Leicestershire, Mr. Gwynn was invited to represent the Gentlemen at the Oval. His innings of 80 was as sound as any score ever amassed on that famous ground. It was made by judicious batting, when the young Irishman for the first time met some of the best professional bowling in England. He had a stroke just in front of point which made the ball travel at an amazing pace, his fielding was also first-rate, and he started as soon as the ball was hit after the manner of the members of the earlier Australian teams.

The other example is Captain L. A. Hamilton, of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry. This is a typical instance of a fine bat prevented by service exigencies from taking part in county cricket. His one brief appearance was in 1890, when his consistent scoring on the ground of the United Services at Portsmouth brought an invitation from Kent. The chief performance was his 117 not out against the Australians in the Canterbury week, and after it Mr. Blackham asked if officers could not be bought out of the army and preserved for good cricket? Mr. Hamilton watched the ball from the moment it left the bowler's hand, and met it in the very middle of the bat. His stubbornness in defence was not that of a stonewaller, for he punished bad balls severely, having a peculiar freedom of wrist-play, and had he become a regular county cricketer, his fine back play would have stood him in the best stead. Though a keen cricketer he was apt to be slow in the field, and possibly the standard of his batting would have been affected by a run of bad luck. It would be impossible to enumerate the cricketers which the army has kept from the best games, though others have been able to play fairly often. Mr. C. S. Rome is an instance, for when at Harrow the late Mr. I. D. Walker told his old friend, Mr. C. F. Reid—who, alas! has also passed over to the great majority—that he was the finest boy cricketer he had ever seen. High praise from a great judge. Captain Mainwaring, of the Dublin Fusiliers, on the Sussex tour of M.C.C. during several years showed himself a resolute and resourceful bat, who could get runs on any wicket, and had no respect for any bowler. He made the larger share of 273 for the first

wicket of Pietermaritzburg *v.* Country of South Africa. Mr. A. P. Douglas was the first of the famous family of bats who learnt their cricket at Dulwich. In 1887 for Surrey he contributed an undefeated 51, which by its brilliance of technique aroused genuine admiration But he has never been able to appear again. Still, only last August, when his younger brothers were making such excellent scores at Lord's, one of the principal critics observed that this soldier brother would have done even better with their opportunities. Mr. J. Dunn, the old Harrovian, and Mr. S. D. Maul, of the Uppingham Rovers, have been mighty century-mongers in service cricket. Another, who has long been on the verge of first-class cricket, is Colonel Bruce Wentworth, M.P. On the Guard's ground at Burton's Court and for Sussex Club and Ground he has played innumerable fine innings; but even in his best moments there is something cramped about his batting, and he is very slow in the field. Colonel Frank Rhodes and Mr. H. A. Hornby must not be omitted from this section.

Turning from military to civilian cricket, two Scotchmen have to be mentioned. Mr. J. S. Carrick, who scored 419 at Priory Park sixteen years ago, was wonderfully quick in his hitting. He was sure-footed, and often a ball, which he appeared to be merely stopping, was seen to be speeding to the boundary. Few batsmen ever placed bowling better, so that he sorely puzzled captains of opposite sides. Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville has won greater renown at another game, but at cricket he was a fine bat, standing unusually upright and with a decided aptitude for leg-hitting. Coming further south, among the Yorkshire Gentlemen, Mr. H. Leadbeater deserves a special word. It was the opinion of Lord Londesborough that he might have been the finest batsman Yorkshire ever produced had he by more experience been able to conquer his nervousness when first going in.

So far batsmen have been dealt with, and when bowlers are considered it must be confessed that comparatively little of really high standard has escaped the mesh of the county executives. A very rapid bowler is Mr. C. J. M. Godfrey, who had a trial for both University and Sussex. He is also a very hard hitter, who once for Audley House School *v.* Granville scored 124 out of 156, the next highest contribution being 8. This proportion can be paralleled by the feat of Mr. G. H. Swinstead, who, for Mr. E. A. Abbey's team of Artists *v.* Mr. J. M. Barrie's eleven of Authors, made 106 out of

141, the next score being 6. It is, perhaps, not saying too much to affirm that Mr. G. H. Swinstead and Mr. J. S. Haycraft are the two finest bats in metropolitan clubs who have never participated in a first-class match. Perhaps more than any others in this paper do these two cricketers deserve a word of high praise for ability which has been undiscovered so far as the wide world of sport is concerned, though their prowess is fully recognised in their own clubs.

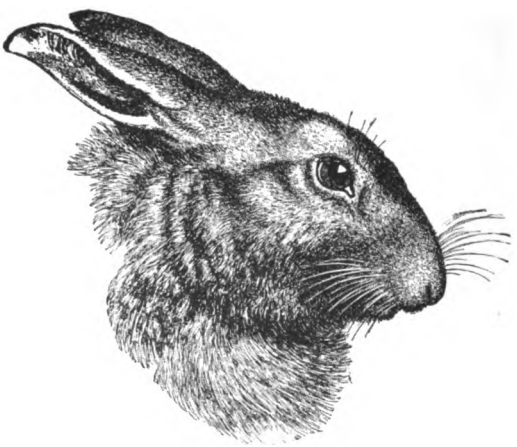
A clever and wily slow bowler, who failed to get his 'blue,' is Mr. C. H. Alcock, now and for many years a master at Eton. He received the compliment of selection in the historic Cambridge Past and Present team, when he rendered highly useful service. Entirely a head bowler, he might easily have become formidable when acquainted with the methods of prominent batsmen. He is one of that little band who play cricket in spectacles. Two men who did so, and who alike were great scorers in minor cricket, each having also been seen in county matches, are Rev. R. T. Thornton and Mr. D. D. Pontifex. Another is Rev. H. von E. Scott, whose consistent batting at Eastbourne has been one of the features of that Sussex foster-house of cricket. The feat always quoted as accomplished on that ground is the huge partnership of Messrs. Percy Coles and Stanley Colman, who made the record of 472 for the first wicket. As an admirer of the batting of both these able amateurs, and as a spectator of the match, August 31, 1892, it may be permissible to mention that the opposing side was quite a scratch one of youths as well as adults collected by the son of the mayor, Mr. Morrison. Devonshire Park has a small playing area, and the two experienced cricketers lifted ball after ball of the weak deliveries over the boundaries.

Mr. F. L. Shand, had he lived in England instead of in Ceylon after he left Harrow, would have been a notable bowler, and on his rare visits to this country his deliveries have been most effective, whilst he has lent valuable aid to several of the amateur teams touring in India. Not only as an excellent bowler, but as a capital bat and really good short-slip, Mr. W. Morgan, with a little more energy, could have been worth a place on any side. But his only appearances of importance were in the very ineffective East *v.* West games at Portsmouth. The Isle of Wight contains one excellent batsman in Mr. A. L. Watson, the old Wykehamist, who never did himself justice at the University or for Hampshire. With great knowledge of the game, he gives the impression of not

having brought out all the cricket that lies in him. A large scorer in the West is Mr. F. W. Stancomb, a sound run-getting bat all round the wicket, but with a tendency towards late cutting which would have delighted the crowds in London or Manchester. Up in Lincolnshire, Mr. G. F. Wells-Cole, who hailed from the Agricultural College at Cirencester, has been a gentle tapper on the lines of Messrs. Bonnor and Lyons. His chief weakness lies in the risk of a mis-hit becoming an easy catch ; still he is undoubtedly one of the biggest sloggers to be found in club cricket. Allusion to hard hitting opens up a vista of the prowess of cricketers before they came into note or when indulging in minor games, and with this it is impossible to deal. But three cases may be recalled to the student of the game: The first is the portentous series of scores made by Mr. Frank Mitchell on going up to Cambridge. The second is those fearsome centuries accumulated by Mr. G. L. Jessop for Beccles College. The third is the huge number of scores accumulated by Mr. V. F. S. Crawford before he was twenty. Perhaps the best was making 180 out of 215, of which total 205 were in eighteen consecutive overs and his first century in nineteen minutes. As the member of the English team in America remarked, when relating that Mr. G. L. Jessop made twenty in five minutes at Haverford, 'it shows how quickly the fielding side must have retrieved the ball.'

Finally, it may be of general interest to point out how fine a team could be selected from the present House of Commons, and the names certainly may win inclusion here for the cricketers have been returned to Parliament to score for the empire and not to make runs off their own bats, which they have scant opportunities of wielding on the sward. The greatest on either side is, of course, Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, the most famous of a long line of distinguished brothers and the stumper of the first England side. Mr. George Kemp was one of the most attractive bats who ever played for Cambridge, whilst Mr. H. W. Forster was captain of Hampshire after being in the Eton and Oxford eleven for his good batting and useful slow bowling. Another dark blue batsman is Mr. A. H. Heath, who was captain of Staffordshire. Military cricketers are Colonel Bruce Wentworth and Colonel Kenyon-Slaney. Mr. Arthur Priestley is a very patient bat, who took a team to West Indies and has played in up-country matches for Mr. Stoddart's team in Australia. Sir R. T. Reid would be a fine reserve wicket-keeper, Mr. R. J. Lucas is a decidedly useful bat, and such

experienced veterans as Mr. J. Round, Mr. R. K. Causton, and Sir William Walrond fill the team. Sir George Newnes is an ardent though not very redoubtable cricketer. Apart from Lord Harris and Lord Hawke, the level of ability at cricket in the Upper House is not at present very high, though a number of the peers have been keen players in earlier years.



GOLF IN THULE

BY THE HON. A. E. GATHORNE-HARDY

CAN any one explain why the game of golf should excite greater animosity against its votaries than almost any other sport or pastime? There is nothing wildly profligate or offensive in hitting, or endeavouring to hit, a gutta-percha ball with a number of curiously shaped implements of iron and wood. The game is essentially democratic and open to all classes. It does not offend the prejudices of certain politicians, like deer-stalking or game-preserving; or the puritan spirit and the Nonconformist conscience, like horse-racing and steeplechasing, with their ugly concomitants of betting and gambling. The golfer does not preserve noxious and voracious wild beasts to batten on the poultry of indigent and virtuous cottagers; nor does he gallop over the crops and destroy the fences of outraged and depressed agriculturists. No blood is shed and no bones are broken in the peaceful contests of the links, as in the modern gladiatorial exhibitions of the football-field, and even umpires and referees at St. Andrews have been known to attain middle age. No one's access to mountains is hindered; botanical and geological expeditions are not forbidden: for every one is at liberty to range most links at will, subject only to the risk of a blow from a golf ball, which is seldom fatal; and even this mild penalty is rarely inflicted without a preliminary warning cry of 'Fore!' Why, then, should the sight, or even the idea, of two middle-aged gentlemen, armed with strange-looking weapons, ambling harmlessly over a suburban common or seaside dune, raise feelings of malice and all uncharitableness in the minds of outsiders who are not asked either to applaud their activity or to share their pastime? And yet we (I am a golfer myself—of a sort) are not popular. Not long ago I overheard a conversation in the morning-room of my club

between two elderly politicians who ought to have known better. 'I see,' said Dawkins, turning over his paper, 'that Blank, the great golfer, is dead.' 'Sorry for him,' said Jawkins, '*but I wish it was the last of them.*' Oh, Jawkins! Jawkins! What a naughty speech! I should conjecture that you have either never seen or attempted the Royal Game, or that you have given it up after two or three vain and futile efforts to strike the ball. Yet, if I could beguile you to some secluded links, and you once caught an 'Ocobo' fairly with a wooden club, or holed a long putt after an exciting contest with some other convert, I should not despair of seeing you toddling round Wimbledon in a red coat, to the great benefit of that torpid liver, which must be held responsible for your ill-natured remark. I heap coals of fire upon your head by wishing you a green old age, 'with linked sweetness long drawn out,' and if you take to the game seriously, there is every prospect of your attaining it.

Surely the outsider should reflect that there must be something superlatively excellent in a game which first commended itself to the pawky intellect of Scotland, and, after spasmodically shedding a few parasitic growths in various remote corners of England, at length took permanent root, and in less than a decade invaded and over-ran two hemispheres, planting its victorious red and white flags in every latitude from the Equator to the Pole. Let me enumerate a few of its merits. It can be played at all seasons of the year, although extremes of temperature are undesirable, and it is a somewhat doubtful pleasure to hunt a red ball over snow, or to toil over a so-called green parched to a dull khaki colour, with the thermometer at 95 degrees in the shade—where there is any. So, too, it can be played at any time of life, although least suited to the torrid energy of youth or the tottering winter of extreme old age; but the period of middle life—say between 25 and 80—gives a solid 55 years or thereabouts during which the game can be enjoyed with propriety and advantage. A tiro can compete with an adept without spoiling the game of either, and under liberal handicap conditions may even win an occasional hole. The scratch man, however unequally matched with an inferior, has his own score to play for, and, although it is most unlikely that he is laboriously noting each stroke upon a card, knows to a fraction when his performance at any particular hole attains to or falls short of the standard of perfect golf. Then the variety of the game is very great. Each stroke is different, and each hole is, to a certain extent, a new match; the changed con-

ditions of wind, sky, ground, and atmosphere, each import new elements of chance; and what are hindrances and obstacles at one time, prove at another to have been, after all, blessings in disguise. The strong gale which stopped your drive off the first tee, or carried you into rough ground at the side from the third, becomes your friend when you turn, and helps you to get on to the green in two at the long hole—a feat you never before succeeded in performing. The hard frost-bound turf which spoils your putting and ruins your iron shots, helps your ball to run a long distance after the carry, or sometimes to skip airily over the wall of some perilous bunker; or the soft and sodden turf which has shortened your drives and ruined your brassy lies, stops an approach shot close to the flag which under other circumstances would have gone far beyond holing distance, if indeed it had not trickled into the bunker, or the rough ground beyond the green. Again, although luck has a good deal to say to the game, even when fortune favours you most, you cannot be said absolutely and incontrovertibly to fluke as you do at billiards, when in attempting a cannon you achieve a winning or losing hazard, or find your way into a different pocket from the one you aimed at. There is but one pocket at a time at golf, and the player's object is always to get down in it in as few strokes as may be. In the very longest drive from the tee your intention is to get as near the hole as possible; and if, contrary to all probability, a long approach shot finds its way to the bottom of the tin, and stays there, you have only succeeded beyond expectation, and can still legitimately plume yourself on a fine shot, if a somewhat fortunate one.

When the merits of the game are so great, we can no longer wonder at its attracting so many, but must rather begin to look about for some reason to account for the melancholy fact that there are still a few individuals who decline to submit themselves to its fascinations. The deterrent influence is usually nervous self-consciousness. It is a terrible thing for the father of a family—a magistrate, perhaps even an alderman or a deputy-lieutenant—respected in his station of life, and looked up to as a worthy and representative citizen, to stand up before a line of strangers, or, still worse, acquaintances, and endeavour to strike a ball off the tee with a strange instrument, with the moral certainty that his efforts will meet with most indifferent success. As he stands waiting his turn, two lithe and active young men, perhaps his clerks, his constituents, or his juniors at the bar, send two long balls skimming towards

the flag. It is his turn now, and waiting to follow him is a hero who, it is darkly hinted, has competed in the amateur championship or stood up with a third against the redoubtable Taylor himself. Still, the effort must be made sooner or later; but when the feat that looks so easy has been attempted and the topped ball has trickled into the nearest furze bush, the neophyte feels inclined to apologise to his own caddie in particular and to the waiting golfers at the tee in general. What wonder that after such an experience, repeated with variations on other tees and through the green, the abashed and humbled apprentice should conceive a deep hatred for the game, and cultivate his own fireside, with disastrous results to his liver, until he pays his last visit to the links on his way to some suburban cemetery: a visit which might have been indefinitely deferred had he not been frightened out of his virtuous resolutions by the fear of being made a public example of incompetence.

Let such a one take heart of grace and go like me to Thule. I do not propose to mention in print where my particular Thule is, or I might find on my next visit advanced prices, indifferent accommodation, and a crowd of elderly gentlemen straggling over my favourite links, and wondering what on earth I mean by talking about privacy and solitude. But there are doubtless many Thules on the coasts of Scotland and Ireland, where ideal golfing ground can be found—seaside turf grazed so short by sheep and rabbits that putting can be satisfactorily practised even where the scythe and mowing-machine have never been used, and broken ground, great natural sand bunkers, bent grass and rocks, providing hazards and obstacles in plenty. In most of these places golf has already been introduced, and although little money is spent on the course, and there is not always a regular green-keeper or club-house, a rough links has been laid out, and holes cut and greens provided quite good enough for any ordinary player. Where Nature has done so much, art is little needed, and the game is really played under more favourable conditions than on many an inland course where all that lavish expenditure and professional ingenuity have been able to provide is, after all, only an excellent artificial imitation of the real article. It is advisable, however, to go to such a place accompanied by some other golfomaniac, of about your own calibre at the game, as it is often impossible to get a match unless you have a companion ready to hand, and solitary golf is apt to pall even upon the most enthusiastic.

In my own particular Thule there is a really excellent course of eighteen holes, most of them interesting, some of them excellent, and there is plenty of room and suitable hazards and greens to lengthen and improve any hole which do not commend themselves to your ideas of golf. The turf is of that delightful springy quality which it is a pleasure to walk upon ; the sand bunkers great yawning, irregularly-shaped pits, filled with the most beautiful shell sand, sprinkled with empty periwinkle-shells and sea-worn pebbles of various sizes, among which it is sometimes difficult to find your ball if you have failed to negotiate the obstacle. The grass itself, except where bracken, rushes or bents provide hazards, is of such excellent quality that the ball stands lovingly up, inviting you to hit it, and a wooden driver can often be used for long shots through the green. Behind the first tee three beautiful precipitous hills rise out of the heathery moor, so bold and abrupt that it is difficult to believe the truth, that they are really of insignificant height. Below you to the west and south extend the links, broken by two little bays with fine hard, sandy beaches at low tide, when hundreds of sea-birds, herring gulls, black backs, kittiwakes, curlews, oyster-catchers, and peewits wander feeding or bask in the sun. Between the two bays, a long peninsula rises out of the broken plain and stretches out to sea, gradually sloping upwards till it culminates in a rocky hill crowned by an ancient fort, at the foot of which on the near side is the eleventh hole on a beautiful strip of level turf guarded by three great natural sand bunkers. Two small burns meander across the course, discharging into the two bays, and utilised as hazards at the second, seventh, ninth, and eighteenth holes. The second burn is particularly awkward to negotiate from the seventh tee, as it runs through a deep gulley towards which the ground slopes gently downwards on each side, and is too far for any but an extraordinarily strong driver to carry from the tee. I have seen many scores spoilt by getting a hanging lie after the drive and sending the second into the burn or the rough ground on each side of it ; but a satisfactory five when drive, brassy shot iron, approach, and two on the green have all come off, compensates for many failures. There are two or three other very good long holes, but none of them very distinctive. There are also three superlatively excellent short holes : the fourth, where a rocky and heathery hill about twenty feet in height is interposed between the tee and the green which can just be reached with a full drive; the tenth, where the hole is in a small cup just over the edge of

a yawning sand bunker, which can be carried with a cleek or iron unless the wind is against you, requiring and rewarding great accuracy and judgment; the twelfth, a 'blind hole,' also a cleek shot, and the green lies just beyond a rocky hill with a small stone wall at the foot of it. Each of these holes is reckoned as 'bogie three,' but when fortune has been exceptionally kind, I have occasionally succeeded in doing them in two.

But enough of description, which can no more convey any real idea of a golf course than fishing or shooting can be taught by written treatises on the subject; suffice it to say that old golfers most competent to judge have pronounced it an almost ideal practice course for all branches of the game except putting. To turn to drawbacks. (1) There is a difficulty in getting caddies, which, at the first blush, would seem strange, as families there are large and small boys are generally ready enough to earn a few shillings by not very violent exertion, with the chance of watching and learning a game thrown in. Yet I have seen and expostulated with the father of a lad of ten, who had carried my clubs, for hunting after him over the moor with a stick in his hand. When I inquired why the boy had run away, I found that 'caddie' in Gaelic had been translated by a word which signified a sort of mixture of blackguard, ruffian, cad and snob, and that the school companions of boys who carried clubs, whether from jealousy or ignorance, or their natural desire to tease, rubbed this disagreeable name into them in such a manner that it required strong moral courage to brave the scorn of their little world. I suspect also that

> The page slew the boar,
> The peer had the gloire,

that is to say that the father took the halfpence while the boy had to content himself with the kicks; but I expect that this drawback will not last long, and that public opinion will veer round when some Gaelic philologist of the future points out that the true derivation of caddie has nothing to do with the root or idea of cad. A second drawback is the enormous number of rabbits which frequent the links, and in the light, sandy soil make holes so deep and straight that it is often good-bye to your ball if it once rolls into them. I have often failed to reach mine with my club—even with a driver, where the hole is straight enough for it to go in up to the handle. The local rule permits a ball to be lifted without penalty from rabbit

holes or scrapes, and this is fair enough, as they do not make obstacles which can be seen and avoided. Rabbits apparently have no use for golf balls, and often roll them out to the mouth of their holes, where I have days afterwards found and recovered balls which I had given up as irretrievably lost.

To turn from golf proper to the charms of the place itself. There is every facility for delightful bathing, sketching, and other amusements, and a lady who is not a golfer can enjoy herself thoroughly if she is a lover of nature and can do for a time without society. The scenery is magnificent, and it would need a Swinburne to do justice to the endless moods and changing colours of the beautiful sea; sometimes a calm mirror reflecting the rocks in its glassy surface, more often lashed into great rollers breaking in white foam over the reefs, sunken and visible, with which it is sown to the west. Another great attraction to me is the great variety of bird life, which I can stop to watch from time to time without any fear of delaying some impatient couple behind. Even on Mitcham Common, close to London, with the Crystal Palace on one side of it and Epsom grand stand on the other, I have noted the presence of golden plovers and large numbers of lapwings, flushed snipe and sandpipers, and once seen so rare a visitor as the greater spotted woodpecker flying across within twenty yards of my head, but I should have justly merited the unfavourable criticism I should have unquestionably received, had I stopped on the fourth green, at half-past eleven in the morning, and produced my Zeiss glass from my pocket to watch even the most interesting of birds, with an impatient couple behind me anxious to finish their round in time to catch the 1.14 train up to town. But in Thule I am troubled by no such scruples, and can innocently and usefully employ my little monocle to study the appearance of any rare visitor, or any unusual behaviour on the part of a common one.

Let me here recommend these little prismatic glasses, either Ross's, Goertz's, or Zeiss', to all who are interested in natural history. They have almost the power of a telescope, take little room in the pocket, and can be always kept at focus. A telescope has to be pulled out and adjusted, and a binocular dangling from your shoulder in a case is a hindrance at golf or out shooting; but a monocle does not really interfere with your comfort at all. In Thule there is always plenty to look at; a pair of peregrine falcons haunt the precipice near the first tee; and their beautiful little relative, the merlin, may often be

watched hawking pipits or other small birds for your amusement; sometimes a pirate skua, most hawk-like of sea birds, finds it way into the bay in pursuit of some unfortunate kittiwake or tern, which it robs of its lawful prey. Perhaps when you are searching for an erratic ball which has found its way into the bents, you flush a snow bunting, and there are sure to be eiders, wild ducks, teal and widgeon swimming in the bays or feeding at low tide among the tangle. As you approach the second bay, which is close to the eighth green, an inquisitive seal pops up his head, and, deciding that you do not look dangerous, calmly pursues his mid-day hunt for flounders and crustaceans; a brace of ravens rise from a dead sheep among the rocks, or, late in the year, a flock of barnacle geese passes over your head and wonders why you are marching about on the short, sweet grass, where they would certainly have settled but for your intrusion.

Such are some of the advantages of Thule, but I have not forgotten that there are many to whom the charms of a comfortable club-house and a well-kept green, with all the resources of civilisation, appeal more vividly than any number of birds and objects of interest. Golf is golf, and they deprecate such 'toys' as snares calculated to distract your eye from the ball. Let such remember that I am not recommending Thule as an universal medicine for golfers, but merely as a remedy against the one particular disease of nervous self-consciousness. Some there are who could never be persuaded to go to Thule, although the committees of their clubs would willingly pay their travelling expenses to be rid of them. These are the men who will calmly calculate and note down their ten strokes to a hole, and putt out on the green to the bitter end, although their adversary has won before they get on to the green, and a large and ever-increasing indignation meeting of delayed malcontents gathers on each tee behind them. Not every one is nervous, or even considerate. Rumour tells of a Cockney golfer on a bank holiday, who, not content with taking nearly a quarter of an hour in a bunker, at last emerged from it hot and breathless, not to make way for the couple behind him, but only to remove and deposit his coat, and resume his excavations with a perseverance worthy of a better cause.

PERSIS WAS A DAINTY LADY

THE SOUL OF A CAT

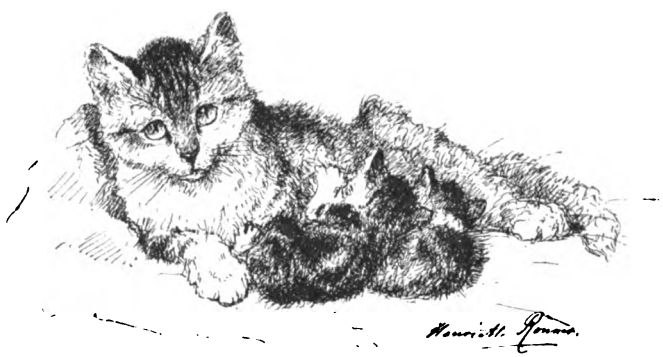
BY MISS MARGARET BENSON

'If you choose to put up with such sufferings as these, I have the power to help you. But bethink you well,' said the witch. 'If once you obtain a human form you can never be a mermaid again.'

PERSIS was a dainty lady, pure Persian, blue and white, silky haired. When this story opens she was in middle age ; the crisis of her life had past. She had had kittens, she had seen them grow up, and as they grew she had grown to hate them, with a hatred founded on jealousy and love. She was a cat of extreme sensibility, of passionate temper, of a character attractive and lovable from its very intensity. We had been forced to face Persis' difficulty with her and make our choice —should we let her go about with a sullen face to the world, green eyes glooming miserably upon it, an intensity of wretchedness, jealousy, and hate consuming her little cat's heart ; or should we follow Persis' wishes about the kittens, and give them up, when they grew to be a burden on her mind and heart? For while they were young she loved them much. She chose favourites among them—usually the one most like

herself—lavished a wealth of care, with anxiety in a small, troubled, motherly face, on their manners, their appearance, their amusements.

I remember one pathetic scene on a rainy evening in late summer, when the kittens of the time were playing about the room, and Persis came in wet and draggled with something in her mouth. We thought it was a dead bird, and though regretting the fact, did not hinder her when she deposited it before her favourite kitten—a shy, grey creature—and retired to the lap of a forbearing friend to make her toilet. But while she was thus engaged we saw that the thing she had brought in was a shivering little bird, a belated fledgling, alive and unhurt. The grey kitten had not touched it, but, with paws tucked under him, was regarding it with a cold, steady gaze.



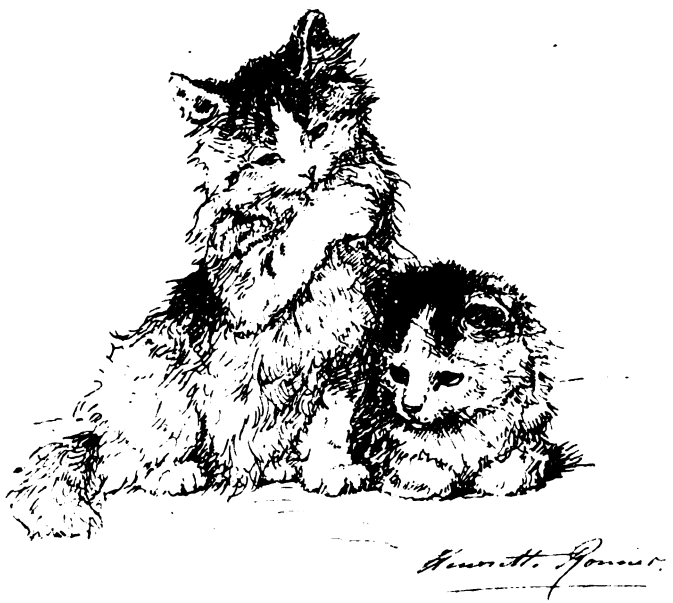
He was quite unmoved when we took it away, and we restored it to a profitless liberty, with a few scathing remarks on the cruelty of cats. It is so nice and affectionate of a father to initiate his little son into the pleasures of sport and show him how to play a fish, but quite another thing for a brutal cat to show her kitten how to play with a live bird—a cat, indeed, from whom we should have expected a sympathetic imagination!

When Persis had washed and combed herself she came down to see how her son was enjoying his first attempt at sport; but no affectionate father sympathising with his boy for losing his fish would have been half as much distressed as was Persis to find her kitten robbed of his game. She ran round the room crying as she went; searched for the bird under chairs and tables, sprang on the knees of her friends to seek it, and wailed for the loss of her present to her son.

Again, there was no danger that she would not face in defence of her kittens. My brother had a wire-haired terrier

of horrid reputation as a cat-killer. The name of the terrier, for an occult and complicated reason, was Two-Timothy-Three-Ten, but it was generally abbreviated. Tim, large and formidable even to those who had not heard of his exploits, slipped into the room once where a placid domestic scene was in process. Without a moment's pause the cat was on him like a wild beast. I caught Timothy and held him up, but the cat had dug her claws so firmly into his foot that she, too, was lifted off the ground.

But as the kittens grew older maternal tenderness and



delights faded, maternal cares ceased, and a dull, jealous misery settled down over Persis. She had been left down in the country with a kitten once, an ugly tabby kitten, which was growing old enough to leave her when I came over for the day and went to see her. The kitten, unconscious of his unfortunate appearance, was as happy as most kittens; he walked round the cat and did not mind an occasional growl or cuff. But she, not responding at all to my caresses, sat staring out before her with such black, immovable despair on her face that I shall not easily forget it.

Thus the cat's life was a series of violent changes of mood. While her kittens were young she was blissful with them, trustful to all human beings; as they grew older she became

sullen, suspicious, and filled with jealous gloom. When they were gone she again became affectionate and gentle; she decked herself with faded grace, was busied with secret errands and intent on æsthetic pleasure, the smell of fresh air, each particular scent of the ivy-leaves round the trunk of the cedar.

She caught influenza once in an interval of peace, and came near dying; and they said received attention seriously and gratefully, like a sick person. I was not surprised to hear that her friend sacrificed a pet bantam to tempt the returning appetite of the invalid.

While we were homeless for a year or more Persis was lodged at the old home farm, and lorded it over the animals. Two cats were there—one a revered and hideous tom, with whose white hair Persis had bestrewn a room in a fit of passion. He had left the house at once for the farm, and wisely refused to return. Now he was a prop of the establishment. He killed the rats, he sat serene in the sun, was able to ignore the village dogs and cuff the boisterous collie puppies of the farm. So he met Persis on secure and dignified terms. It was well, for he had formed a tender attachment to her daughter; they drank milk out of a saucer together, looking like the princess and the ploughboy; and when the ploughboy went out hunting (for he must vary his diet a little—unmitigated

rat is monotonous) he invariably brought back the hind legs of the rabbit for the princess.

Strange to say, the princess was the only one of the grown-up kittens with whom Persis entered into terms of friendship; so while the princess ate the rabbits of the ploughboy, Persis ate the sparrows provided by the princess, and they were all at peace.

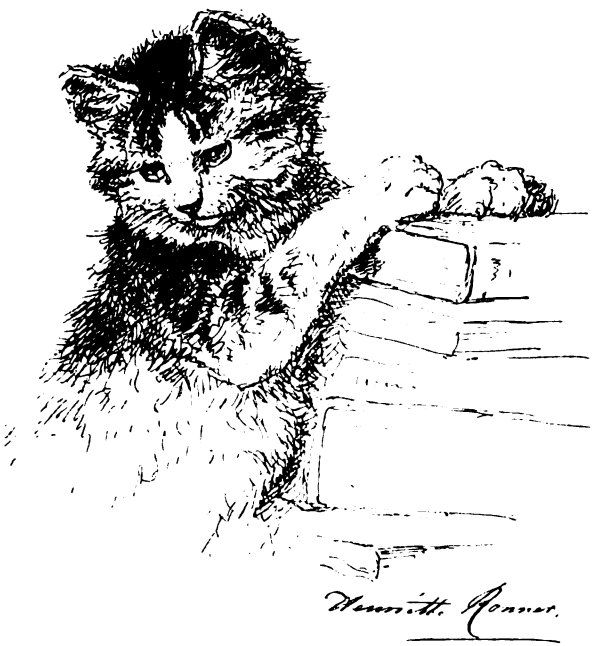
She joined us again when we settled in a country town. The house was backed by a walled garden; exits and entrances were easier than in the larger houses where Persis had lived with us before. She loved to get up by the wistaria, climb across the conservatory roof, and get in and out

THEY DRANK MILK OUT OF A SAUCER TOGETHER, LOOKING LIKE THE PRINCESS AND THE PLOUGHBOY

through bedroom windows. She found a black grandson already established, it is true, but in a strictly subordinate position. Justice was cast to the—cats, and they fought it out between them; and when Persis threw herself into the fray there could be but one end. Ra liked comfort, but his sensibilities were undeveloped. If he could get the food he liked (and he invariably entered the room with fish or pheasant) he did not care how or where it was given him; a plate of fish-bones in the conservatory would be more grateful than a stalled ox under his grandmother's eye. But to the old cat the attention was everything; she took the food not so much because she cared for it as because it was offered individually to her. If Ra managed to establish himself on the arm of a chair he would remind the owner of his desires by the tap of a black paw, or by gently intercepting a fork. But Persis' sole desire was that she

might be desired ; the invitation was the great point, not the feast ; she lay purring, with soft, intelligent eyes, which grew hard and angry if the form of her dusky grandson appeared in the open door. She would get down from the lap on which she was lying, strike at the hand which tried to detain her, and —but by this time Ra had been removed and peace restored.

Her most blissful moments were when she could find her mistress in bed, and curl up beside her, pouring out a volume of soft sound ; or when she was shown to company. Then she walked with dainty steps and waving tail as in the old days,



with something of the same grace, though not with the old beauty; trampling a visitor's dress with rhythmically moving paws, and the graciously modest air of one who confers an honour. It came near to pathos to see her play the great lady and the petted kitten before the vet. who came to prescribe for her. Now she was all gratitude for attentions, and whereas when she was young she would not come to a call out of doors, but coquetted with us just beyond our reach, now she would come running in from the garden when I called her, loved to be taken up and lie with chin and paws resting on my shoulder, looking down from it like a child. The old nurse carried her on one arm like a baby, and the cat stretched out paws on each side round her waist.

She had more trust in human dealings than of old. I had to punish her once, to her great surprise. She ran a few steps and waited for me with such confidence that it was difficult to follow up the punishment, more especially as Taffy watched exultant, and came up smiling to insist on the fact that he was a good dog.

Taffy's relationship with the cat was anything but cordial. It was her fault, for he had well learnt the household maxim, 'Cats first and pleasure afterwards.' But Persis can hardly be said to have treated him like a lady ; she did not actually show fight, but vented ill-temper by pushing rudely in front of him with a disagreeable remark as she passed.

All this time Persis was growing old and small. Her coat was thick, but shorter than of old, her tail waved far less wealth of hair. She jumped into the fountain one day by mistake, and as she stood still with clinging hair under the double shock of the water and the laughter, one noticed what a little, shrunken cat she had become ; only her face was young, and vivid with conflicting passions.

Then the last change of her life came. We went to a place which was a paradise for cats, but a paradise ringed with death ; a rambling Elizabethan house where mice ran and rattled behind the panels ; a garden with bushes to creep behind and strange country creatures stirring in the grass ; barns which were a preserve for rats and mice ; and finally the three most important elements of happiness—entire freedom, no smuts, and no grandson.

Persis was overwhelmed with pressure of affairs ; one saw her crouching near the farm in early morning, met her later on the stairs carrying home the game, and was greeted only by a quick look as of one intent on business.

The one drawback to this place was that it was surrounded by woods, carefully preserved.

By this time I had come to two clear resolves—the first that I would never again develop the sensibilities of an animal beyond certain limits ; for one creates claims that one has no power to satisfy. The feelings of a sensitive animal are beyond our control, and beyond its own also.

And the second was this. Since it is impossible to let an animal when it is old and ill live among human beings as it

may when it is healthy, since it can by no possibility understand why sympathy is denied it and demonstrations of affection checked, I would myself as soon as such signs of broken intercourse occurred give Persis the lethal water. I had been haunted by the pathos in the face of a dog who had been, and indeed still was, a family pet ; but he was deaf. Even when he was fondled an indescribable depression hung about him ; he had fallen into silence, he knew not how or why. Dogs respond to nothing more quickly than the tones of the human voice, but now no voice came through the stillness. Despairingly he put himself, as they told us, in the way of those who passed, lay on steps or in the doorways. Since we cannot find means to alleviate such sufferings we can at least end them.

But I never needed to put this determination into effect. The last time I saw Persis was once when she came to greet

me at the door, and lifting her I noticed how light she was ; and again I saw her coming downstairs on some business of her own, with an air at once furtive and arrogant, quaint in so small a creature.

Then Persis vanished.

She had been absent before for days at a time ; had once disappeared for three weeks and returned thin and exhausted. So at first we did not trouble ; then we called her in the garden, in the fields and the coverts, wrote to find out if she had returned to some old home, and offered a reward for her finding; but all was fruitless. I do not know now whether she had gone away, as some creatures do, to die alone, for the signs of age were on her ; or if she had met a speedy death at the hands of a gamekeeper while she was following up some wild romance of the woods.

So vanished secretly from life that strange, troubled little soul of a cat—a troubled soul, for it was not the animal loves and hates which were too much for her—these she had ample spirit and courage to endure, but she knew a jealous love for beings beyond her dim power of comprehension, a passionate desire for praise and admiration from creatures whom she did not understand, and these waked a strange conflict and turmoil in the vivid and limited nature, troubiing her relations with her kind, filling her now with black despairs, painful passions, and now with serene, half-understood content.

Who shall say whether a creature like this can ever utterly perish ? How shall we who know so little of their nature profess to know so much of their future ?

THE LAKE OF THE GIANT PIKE

BY EDWARD F. SPENCE

A PHRASE, uttered by a witness that I was cross-examining, set me upon the track.

'The house,' he said, 'is situated about two kilomètres north of the lake of the great Pike.' In a moment I was all agog.

'Where,' I asked eagerly, 'is the lake?'

'It is about three kilomètres south of the "Inn of the Flaming Petticoat"—at least that is how I translate "La Jupe Flamboyante."'

'Are there big pike there now?' I inquired.

'Oh yes,' replied the witness, a grim-looking Breton peasant, with longish black hair and a hard face, 'there are plenty.'

'And to whom,' I asked quite forgetful that I was merely cross-examining a witness on a commission to take evidence abroad, 'does the fishing belong?'

'I think,' interrupted my opponent, a courteous dry old stick, 'that the questions are rather pertinent to my learned friend's passion as a fisherman than to the actual point at issue in these proceedings.'

At this the court laughed, but the interpreter had translated my questions and the witness answered.

'To the landlord of "The Flaming Petticoat," which is near the station of Ploudalmézeau.'

For the next two days we were prevented from proceeding with the commission because one of the witnesses was unable to get leave at the time arranged. So I took the doddering, loitering, lazy train to Ploudalmézeau and then walked to the 'Inn of the Flaming Petticoat,' a little wayside house in a savage, sad Brittany landscape. It was winter, but though cold, not freezing, and no one was sitting out of doors. I entered the house and came upon a young woman with a charming cap, fantastic in form, and a somewhat pretty face severe in line. I asked if the patron were at home, but her French was a little weaker than mine, since Breton was her native and habitual tongue. So we played at cross questions and crooked answers. Suddenly a man entered the room, a short, stout fellow with a ruddy face, absurdly big moustache and merry eyes, who gave one the idea of a creature once vigorous and energetic, but at the age of fifty suffering from laziness and over-feeding.

'You are,' I said with a wave of my glengarry, 'the famous angler and the host of "The Flaming Petticoat," and I do myself the honour of presenting you an English brother angler. Will you permit me to offer you and myself a bottle of your best wine?'

His eyes twinkled; probably he smiled, but his moustache hid all the transactions of his lips. He bowed, accepted with rapture and gave orders in Breton to the maid.

The sum and substance of our chat over a passable bottle of Burgundy was that I wanted to go fishing on the lake and to know whether there was a punt and what bait could be obtained, whilst he looked upon fishing in December as mere winter madness, as a thing which did not do itself. Whilst we were talking, Madame came in and my glengarry once more was waved. She was, sex changed, the counterpart of her husband, moustache not altogether excepted. After a thousand airs and graces she sat down with us at the rough wooden table, helped to bury the Burgundy, to say nothing of a second bottle, and began to bully her husband. For a long time he did not budge, but when the third bottle was half empty he agreed that on the morrow he would drive me to the lake of the great pike and give me leave to fish, drive me back again, and serve me a dinner such as I could not get in Paris, all for the love of sport —and reasonable fee and reward.

Next day I reached the inn at nine o'clock in the morning of a cold, dull, sombre day with a sky full of snow. I found my man almost unrecognisable; he had as many layers of

clothing as a Dutchman has waistcoats or a wealthy Breton maiden, petticoats. Indeed, I doubt whether a Mauser bullet would have got through his costume. He had made up his mind, under the pressure of Madame, to act as my gillie for the day, though I admit that the word gillie was a guess rather than a translation. In a few minutes a peasant, as fierce looking as his terrible ancestors immortalised by Balzac in 'Les Chouans,' brought up a scraggy quadruped, neither horse nor pony, harnessed to a springless wooden cart, and after drinking a good many 'deaths to the fish,' we took on board a huge panier of wine, cold meats and cheese, together with the dreary stale biscuits, commonly called 'dessert' in the provinces, and rattled and banged and jumped and bumped over the heath till at last we came in sight of the water.

The landlord had described the lake as immense and colossal, and no doubt it was at least twenty acres. Not a tree was near, and in the distance since the wind was blowing up from the west, one could hear the solemn roar of the sea, invisible since the day was dull. The water did not look very 'pikey'; indeed, save round an island almost in the middle, there were no reeds nor other signs of shelter. When we reached the bank, Monsieur Anastase—my host and gillie—hobbled the pony and, telling me to wait, walked a little distance in search of the boat. I put my tackle together. The wise angler always has some provision for his sport, and I had brought over from England an eleven-foot split-cane spinning rod, a four-inch Nottingham reel, a hundred yards of air-pump dressed silk line and hemp backing. My chat in the car with the voluble landlord had given me some idea of depth, so I put on a trace of good round salmon gut, with a heavy low-hung lead and a double-swivel well oiled in the centre.

Live bait was out of the question for there was none, and the landlord had no idea of spinning except with a spoon; indeed, one of his own table spoons served him for the purpose; but I had some pickled gudgeon with me and dace, as well as elaborate 'artificials.'

The worthy fellow came round in what he had called a superb, delightful and very ravishing boat, which, in fact, was a clumsy wooden structure, compared with which even a Norfolk rowing punt would look elegant. It had not even a pretence at a seat, and was worked by a long unshod punt pole. He stepped ashore glanced at my tackle and then threw up his hands in horror. It was ridiculous, mad, absurd to fish with

such tackle. He used cord hardly thinner than his wife's little finger, a short rod as thick as a rake handle, and a length of stout copper wire from the piano maker's at Brest, with hooks five times bigger than mine, and even then did not land the big ones. The reel he considered ridiculous: when he was fishing with a spoon, he simply had ten mètres of his cord fastened to the end of his rod, and towed it after his boat. I found great difficulty in persuading him to let me use my tackle, for he wanted to unhobble the pony and go back for some of his own; however, after huge discussions we made a start, and he began punting not unskilfully. His surprise at my cast from the reel was unbounded, since he had never seen anything like it: fortunately I made a very good cast, and, when the bait was half way home, a fish took it, fought sulkily for a few minutes, and then was rather neatly gaffed by Monsieur Anastase Belleville with a meat hook, attached to a stout stick—I kept my telescopic gaff in reserve. I could see that he was amazed that my gut held the fish, for gut such as mine, he declared, was what he used in the river for the trout, and he was a famous fisherman, indeed, the pride of the department. We poled about the ugly lake, for it had absolutely no element of beauty, during several hours, and took a number of jack, a dozen or so, running from three to five pounds; despite my protests he insisted upon killing all of them, and the worthy man admitted, reluctantly, that he had never taken so many fish on one day in the lake.

At about one o'clock, which was very late for him to lunch, we left off fishing and ate all the food and drank the wine and a fair quantity of liqueur into the bargain. I had noticed, as we moved about, that he kept at a distance from the island in the middle of the lake, and imagined that the water there was too shallow to be fished. However, I asked him why he avoided it: a look of awe came over his ruddy face.

'Monsieur,' he said, 'it is deep, awfully deep, and there the great fish lie, but it is no use since I have fished for them often; on most occasions not a fish has touched my bait; several times a big fish has taken it, my rod has been torn from my hands, or my hooks have been smashed, or my copper trace has been snapped; and once, when everything held good, and after hours and hours, when my arm was almost broken, the fish came to the top. Oh, just heavens! it was bigger than the boat, and it's mouth gaped like my oven with the door open, and I said to myself if I drag him in, or a part of him, he will drag me out, and all of me, and eat me, so I tossed in my rod which

hit him on the nose, and I and he went away in opposite directions.'

Of course even after a discount of seventy-five per cent. there was enough left of this story to fill me with excitement, so I told him to punt towards the reeds, and he obeyed reluctantly. I put on a heavy lead and the biggest bait I could find, fastening it on a wobbling tackle, threaded through its vent. After a dozen casts, just when the bait was close to the boat, there was a great swirl in the water, a huge brown thing rushed out apparently from beneath us, and in a second the reel was whizzing round. The struggle was short and sharp; the fish kept low and for two or three minutes was exceedingly active, then, suddenly, it became motionless. I put on a heavy strain with no result until after two or three minutes the rod unbent, the line flew back, Monsieur Belleville uttered a sigh and I something else; the fish was gone, and when I examined the tackle I found that the gimp had been bitten through clean and neatly.

Just at this moment the snow-laden clouds began to discharge their ware upon us.

'We had better return,' said my friend, 'we have had a splendid day's sport and you will never catch one of those big ones.'

'I'll have one or two more casts,' I replied. There seemed little chance that the big fish would take another natural bait, and, indeed, the flavour of formaline in the pickled dace seemed likely to have put him off the feed, so I determined to give him something of a different character, and took out of my creel a huge mother-of-pearl spoon that I once bought at a sale: two heavy triangles, mahseer triangles, were fastened to it by thick steel rings, well oiled and unrusted. I tested them severely, then for fear of being bitten through again, I took some heavy Hercules gimp, doubled it, and put six inches of the stuff between trace and spoon. Cast after cast was fruitless and the snow came down steadily. Three times running I explained to my reluctant attendant that I would only make one more cast; then I went further, and made a promise. In honour of the last chance I throw out the bait with extra force and without a hitch, let it sink to what I deemed the bottom, then holding my rod point low, reeled in rather quickly. At about fifteen yards from the boat I felt a check, thought it was a weed but nevertheless struck hard, very hard, and was answered by a pull so violent that the rod was dragged out of my chilled hands, and

if it had not fallen lengthwise in the boat I should never have seen it again. I grabbed it, threw up the point, with the reel free, found that half my line had been run out, and at fifty yards distance saw something like the propeller of a transatlantic steamer appear for a moment in the air and then disappear with a great splash.

'Just heaven!' exclaimed Monsieur Belleville, 'it is Jonah's whale. We are as likely to land him as to become President of the Republic. Cut the line, Monsieur, why waste time, there are six centimètres of snow in the boat already.'

To cut the line when one is just into the biggest fish of a lifetime seemed a quaint idea, so telling Monsieur Belleville that I would rather throw him overboard than free the fish I bade him punt hard after the pike. Ere he began the pike had run out nearly all my line in a terrific rush. Luckily before it quite reached the end, my quaint gillie gave a stroke with the pole so that although for some minutes the whole length of my line, a good hundred yards, was in the water the strain upon it was not excessive.

Soon I began to gain a little ground, or rather line, but it was only foot by foot, and not by the fish approaching us but by our working towards it, and all the time the pike shook the rod as a terrier shakes a rat, and I felt perfectly certain we should never land the creature. The snow came down pitilessly, the wind blew fiercely, and my fingers seemed to belong to somebody else who was in great pain. We got within twenty yards or so of the fish, which then began to run in circles constantly shaking the rod as violently as before, and all the time Monsieur Belleville was imploring me to cut the line.

'It's a devil,' he exclaimed, 'not merely a pig of a fish, the lake is accursed, there were great witches near here, so the peasants say.'

'But,' I remarked, 'a Parisian like you does not believe that nonsense.'

'I should not believe it if I were comfortably at home,' he replied, 'but out here in the cold and damp, with my feet dead in the snow and my fingers buzzing, and with a mad Englishman in my boat, how do I know what I don't believe?'

At this moment the pike came half out of the water with a leap like that of a sea trout. It looked as big as a gun-boat and we both saw that the great shaking which it gave was due to the fact that I had hooked in the dorsal fin, which, in the jack, is very close to the tail.

'It can't bite through,' I said, 'we ought to catch it.'

'If we get it into the boat, which isn't as big as the fish, I don't know what will happen,' he answered.

I also wondered, for I noticed that the other fish which we had caught were more formidably provided with teeth than any I had ever seen, and the boat was small, whilst the fish looked almost a forty-pounder. For half an hour nothing happened to speak of save that the snow came down fast and steadily, the fish rushed about as though bitten by a tarantula, Monsieur Belleville groaned and cursed alternately, and I grew so tired of holding up the rod with frozen fingers, as to wish that some accident would save the fish and deliver us. I began to feel quite alarmed about my companion who was certainly suffering very severely from the bitter wind and snow, which nearly amounted to a blizzard, so I bade him take a pull at my flask, a big flask full of brandy and curacoa, and this put some courage into him. Then I noticed that the weight of the snow in the boat was bringing it so low in the water that with our double weight and all the things and fish in it, we could hardly land the prize, therefore I told him to scoop out the snow, and he put down his pole, took up the loose board which formed the top of the provision basket and baled. At this moment the fish for the first time began to work for the reeds, so all my attention was directed to trying to keep it away. Butting the fish was of little use, for although the rod was almost, perhaps quite, unbreakable, I durst not trust the tackle and its hold on the fish without some limit. However, the pike worried by my tactics suddenly swam away for the open, and after a minute there came a great cry from Monsieur Belleville:

'We are lost, we are ruined, we are dead, we are drowned,' he exclaimed, 'the pole has floated overboard, we shall never see the shore again. Oh, my dear little inn; oh, the cursed pike; oh, my dear little wife; oh, the cursed mad Englishman, what shall I do! Sir, you are the devil and I——' and he raised the board in a threatening way, whereat I laughed.

'Be a brave Frenchman,' I said, 'and take a little more drink, but give me some first, the fish is nearly done.'

With trembling fingers he held the flask to my mouth, and bobbled the spirit down my neck, but I managed to grasp the flask with my teeth, and took a long pull at the nectar. I was right; that rush was the last effort of the fish which had made the pace too hot to last. When he had taken out about forty yards, the rush ended and we floated steadily towards the tired

monster which lay on the surface, for the wind was behind us driving us towards it. I told Monsieur Anastase to keep silent and look for his meat hook and my gaff. He obeyed. The fish lay quite still on the surface of the water. Just as we were upon it I reached forward and drew the gaff in firmly; the fish jumped and Anastase made a kind of plunging blow at it, struck it hard upon the head, but had the good sense to drag back his instrument immediately and so got a good hold. I put down the rod and with much difficulty we hoisted in the pike; the moment it was on board the monster clutched at my companion and grasped his heavy leather boot. I picked up the iron weight that he used for killing the other fish and struck the creature with all my might just behind the head; there was one tremendous spasm which sent my gaff flying overboard, and the thing lay still. Acting on my orders, Monsieur Anastase, whose boot was firmly held, twisted himself round and sat upon the head of our victim, whilst I stood up and opened my coat to act as sail to the wind, which had shifted northward, and drove us towards our landing place.

The snow fell inexorably, we handed the flask loyally from one to another and but for it—with all respect to the teetotalers—I fancy we should have become insensible with the cold and never got out alive. The moans of poor Anastase, who became a kind of ridiculous snowball, were pitiful. At last we grounded, I gave him a hearty kick, for I think he was all but unconscious, he uttered a yell, stumbled out of the boat, plumped himself down on his knees in the snow and mumbled rapid prayers, I presume of thanksgiving, probably the first prayers he had uttered for forty years. I hauled the boat up the beach, took the filthy, slimy fish in my arms, and carried it to the cart.

An hour later Monsieur Anastase Belleville and I were sitting with our feet in buckets of boiling water, and our bodies clothed with garments chiefly from Madame's wardrobe, since nearly all the clothes of Monsieur Belleville had been carried by him to the lake. We soaked as we drank an amazing mixture of brandy, spices, sugar and hot water, we chatted and chatted and gazed enthusiastically at the horrible creature that lay on two big dishes before us. It had been weighed on the scales used by Monsieur to prevent fraud on the part of the butcher, and the figure was fifteen kilogrammes and a half: now a kilogramme is about two English pounds and a fifth. Its

colour was deplorable; instead of the dark-green back with lizard markings that distinguishes the pike of my favourite rivers, and instead of the flecks of white on greenish bronze that decorate their sides, was an almost uniform dull mud colour. The head of the fish, a male, was abnormally large, and the teeth so complete, so big, so sharp that no one would have guessed that the monster merely used them for seizing and holding its prey.

Next morning when I called for the bill, Monsieur and Madame with a little hesitation proposed a sort of commercial transaction; that is to say they begged me to present them with the fish against which they offered to set off the bill. I was vexed since I really wished to keep the fish, but Madame was so eloquent about the benefit which the exhibition of it would do to the establishment that in the end I had to give way and present them with the gorgeous corpse in exchange, not indeed for the bill, but for a wonderful bottle of old Burgundy that Monsieur Belleville brought up reverently from the cellar.

Two days later, when passing through Paris, I was at my favourite seat in the Café de la Régence, looking lazily at the *Petit Journal*, I noticed as a headline 'Lutte Acharnée avec un brochet monstre,' and there to my amusement and perhaps to my chagrin, I read an account, an amazing, incredible, madly picturesque, wholly untruthful account of the capture of my pike which included a life and death struggle in the water between the fish and the angler and ended in the triumph of the man by use of his jack knife, when his arm was nearly bitten off. Although the story told all this and many other astounding things, it made no reference to me. Perhaps, however, a statement that the pike weighed thirty-one kilogrammes was some atonement? The article wound up by saying that this superb proof of the skill and courage of French anglers was being stuffed and would soon be exhibited by its captor, Monsieur Anastase—I think Monsieur Ananias would be more correct—Belleville, at 'The Inn of the Flaming Petticoat' which is three kilometres north of the 'lac des brochets géants,' and near the station of Ploudalmézeau.

Photo

CLARENCE HAILEY, Newmarket.

NONE THE WISER, WITH FOAL BY HAMPTON.

UNIV. OF WICH.

A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph sent in representing any sporting subject. Ten other prizes will also be given away each month, each of them consisting of an original drawing by one or other of the artists who illustrate the Magazine. Good clear pictures are of course necessary, and when possible the negative should be sent as well as the print. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each negative. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects, and these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, athletics are practised. Racing and steeplechasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. All matters of Public School interest will be welcome.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright on all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

THE APRIL COMPETITION

The First Prize in the April competition has been divided among the following competitors: Mr. Graystone Bird, Bath; Mrs. Delves Broughton, Bedford; Miss Alice Batt, Rathmullan, co. Donegal; Mrs. J. S. Gibbons, Boddington, Cheltenham; Mr. H. L. Weinberg, Hampstead; Mr. A. Evans Brown, Leeds; Miss A. Juniper, Freemantle, Southampton; Lt.-Col. C. Napier Simpson, R.F.A., Tunbridge Wells; Mr. T. T. Nichol, Bedford; and Mr J. M. E. Machado, Shanghai. Original drawings have been sent to a number of other competitors.

THE WATER JUMP. BEAUFORT HUNT STEEPLECHASES, APRIL 1901

Photograph taken by Mr. Gravstone Bird, Bath

'Tis not that rural sports alone invite;
But all the grateful country breathes delight.'

Photograph taken by Mrs. Delves Broughton, Bedford

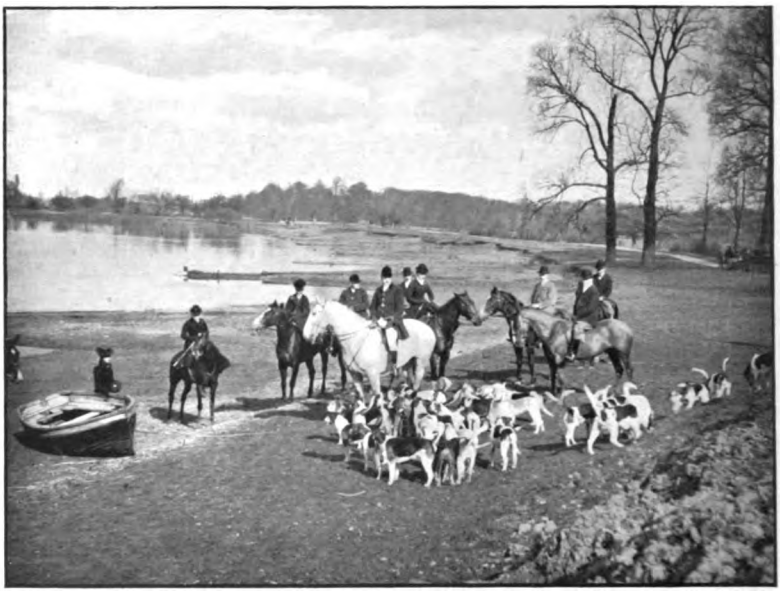
A SALMON POOL IN CO. DONEGAL

Photograph taken by Miss Alice Batt, Rathmullan, co. Donegal

A THREE DAYS' BAG

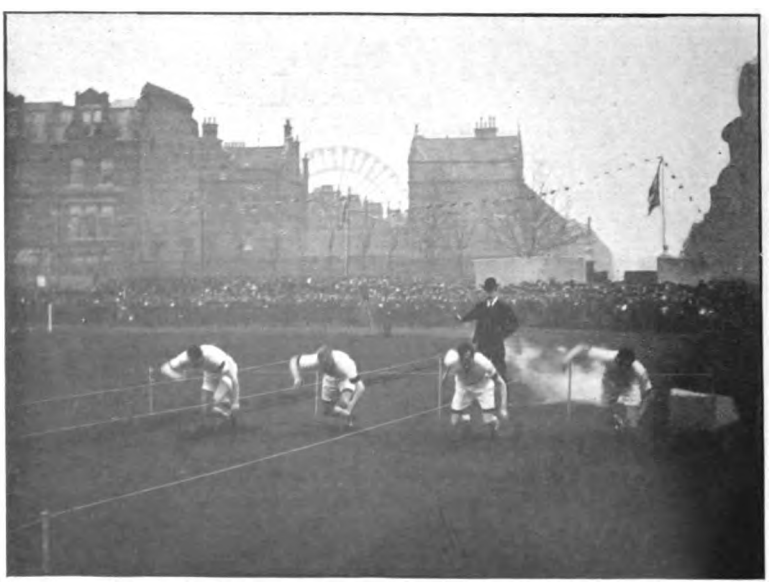
Photograph taken on the Grand Canal, halfway between Soochow and Chinkiang, by Mr. J. M. E. Machado, Shanghai

UNIV OF MICH



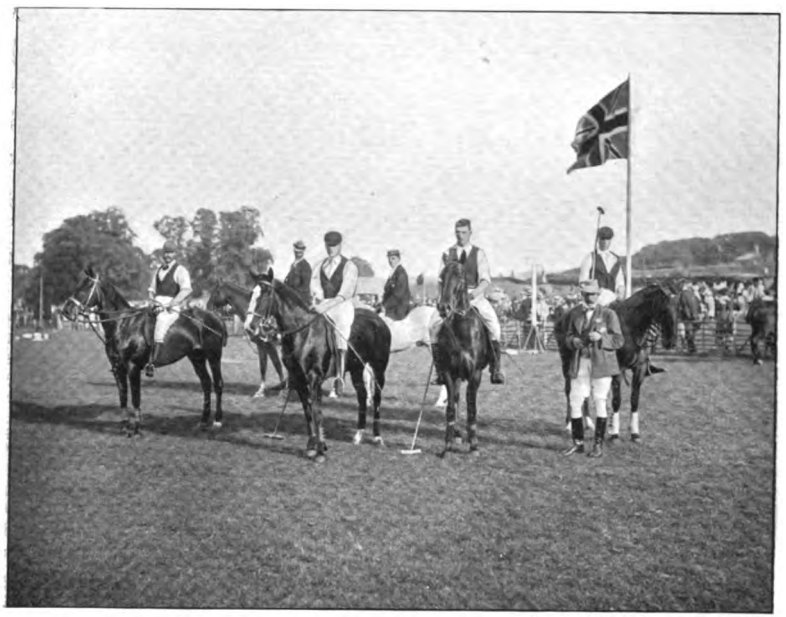
A MEET OF THE BODDINGTON HARRIERS ON THE BANKS OF THE SEVERN
MASTER—MR. J. S. GIBBONS

Photograph taken by Mrs. J. S. Gibbons, Boddington, Cheltenham



THE START FOR THE 100 YARDS RACE. OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE SPORTS, 1901

Photograph taken by Mr. A. J. Fletcher, Highgate



NORTH WILTS POLO TEAM, 1898

Photograph taken by Mr. Graystone Bird, Bath

SAPLINGS BRED BY MR. J. WEINBERG IN SUSSEX

Photograph taken by Mr. H. L. Weinberg, Hampstead

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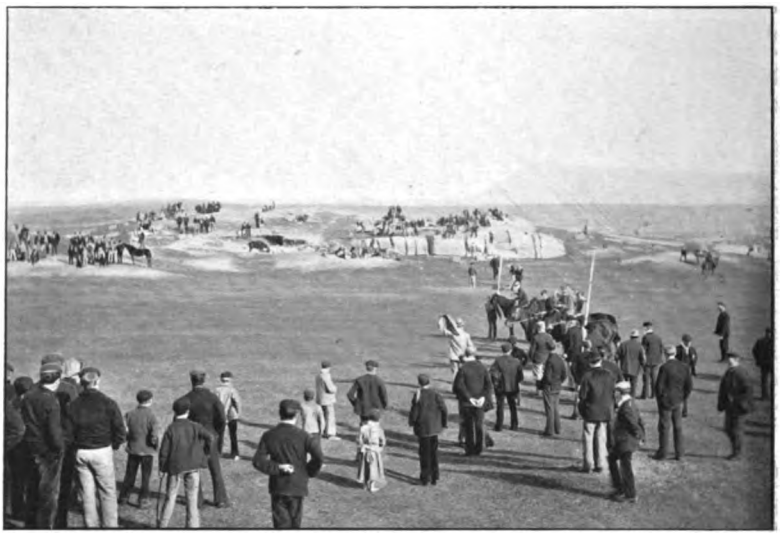

A LOCAL RACE MEETING IN CO. DONEGAL

Photograph taken by Mr. A. Evans Brown, Leeds

TONBRIDGE SCHOOL *v.* CAIUS COLLEGE. CAIUS THROWING OUT OF TOUCH

Photograph taken by Mr. C. A. Courtenay, Tunbridge Wells

'DARLING,' 'DUCHESS,' AND 'DOUBTFUL.' PUPPIES BRED IN INDIA AND BELONGING TO MR. MURRAY-AYNSLEY'S PACK, PERIPATAN, S. INDIA

Photograph taken by Miss M. Brooke-Leggatt, Bangalore, India

YACHTING. ONE-DESIGN CLASS RACING IN THE SOLENT

Photograph taken by Miss A. Juniper, Freemantle, Southampton

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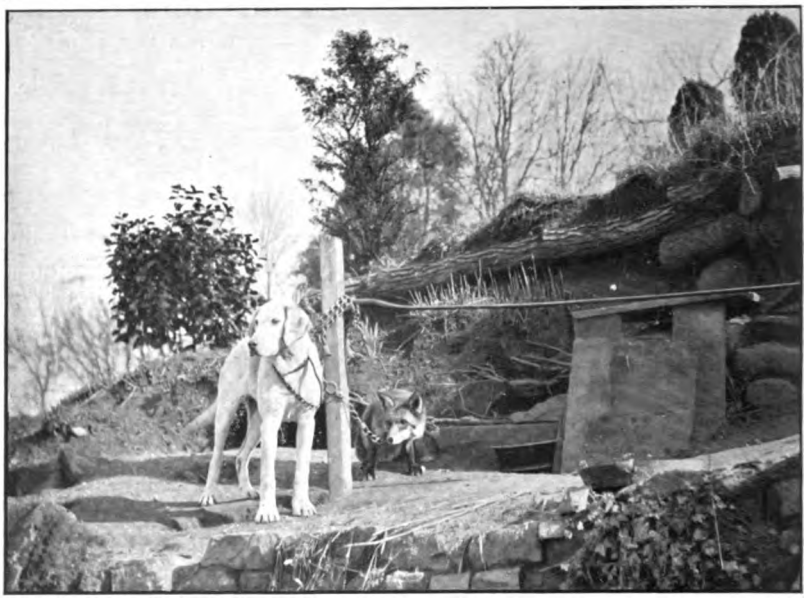
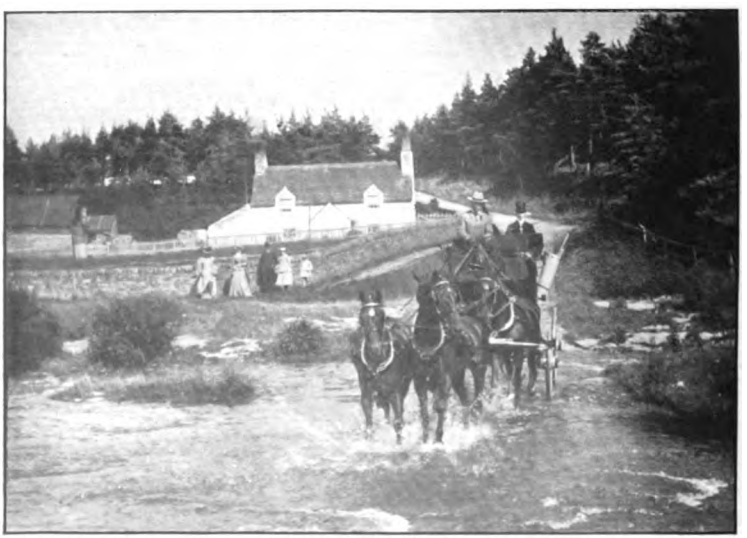


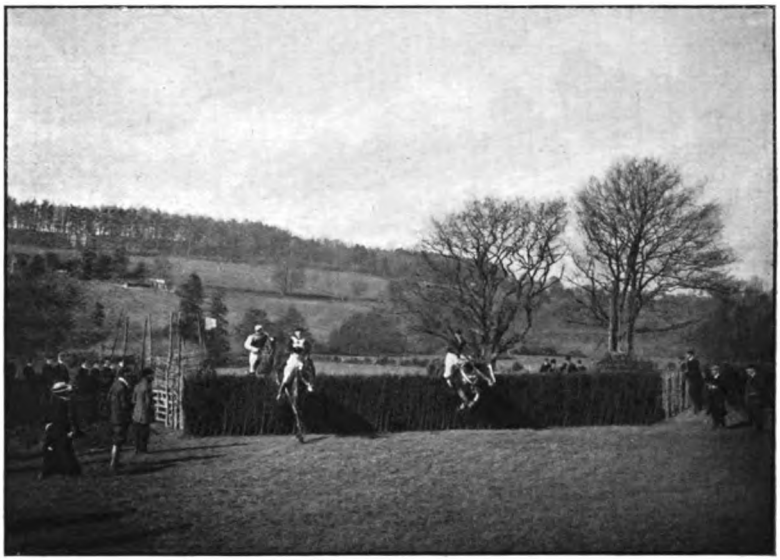
A FOXHOUND PUPPY AND FOX BROUGHT UP TOGETHER

Photograph taken by Miss Julia Dunne, Wetheral, Carlisle



MR. JOHN O SCOTT, OF RIDING MILL-ON-TYNE, DRIVING HIS COACH THROUGH THE DEVIL'S WATER AT DUKESFIELD MILL, NEAR HEXHAM

Photograph taken by Miss Evie Scott, Benwell, Newcastle-upon-Tyne



THE RACE FOR THE ERIDGE HUNT PLATE, ERIDGE HUNT STEEPLECHASES
APRIL 8, 1901

Lord Henry Neville's 'Traverser,' ridden by Mr. C. P. Nickalls, leading

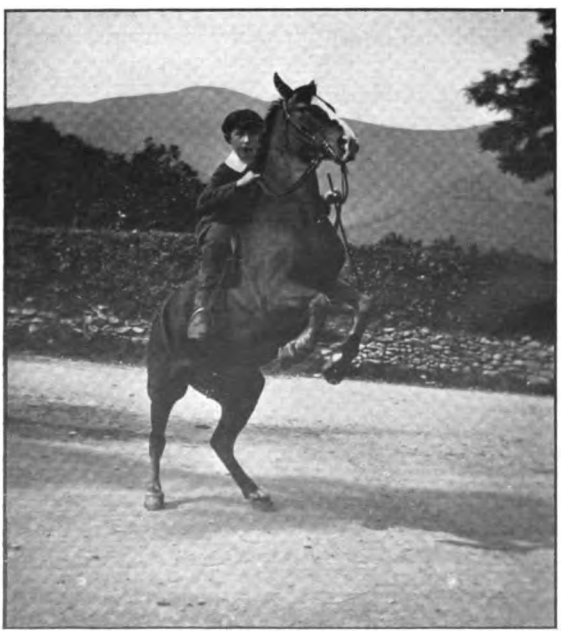
Photograph taken by Lieut.-Col. C. Napier Simpson, R.F.A., Tunbridge Wells

JAMES KINNELL HOLING OUT A LONG PUTT ON THE THIRD GREEN OF THE MOTHERWELL GOLF COURSE

Photograph taken by Mr. C. R. Tevendale, Motherwell, N.B.

UNIV. OF MICH.

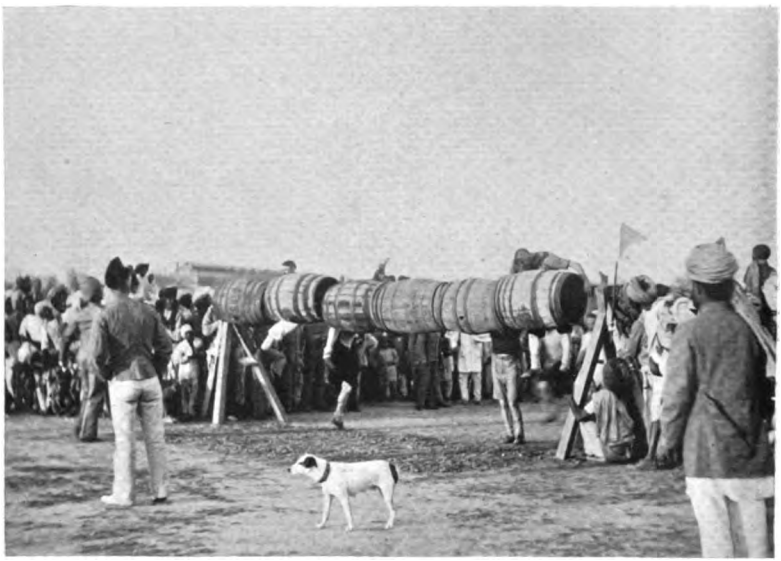
A MEET OF THE LUDLOW HOUNDS. SIR WILLIAM CURTIS, MASTER
Photograph taken by Mr. Whitwell Thash, Bewdley, Worcestershire



REARING
Photograph taken by Mr. T. T. Nichol, Bedford

MEET OF THE ETON COLLEGE BEAGLES NEAR BURNHAM BEECHES STATION, G.W.R.
Photograph taken by Captain W. Savile, St. James' Place

COLONEL LONGLEY'S PURE BRED IRISH SETTER 'DANDY'
Photograph taken by Mr. Gilbert, Devizes

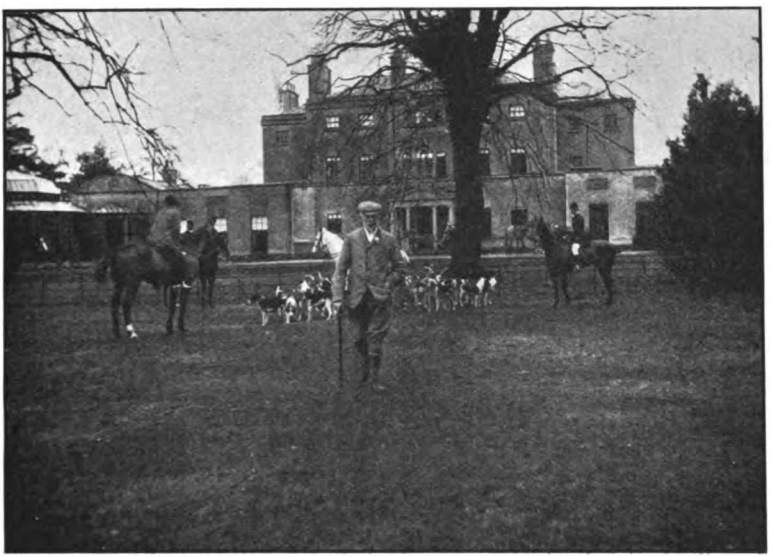


THE LAST BARRIER IN THE OBSTACLE RACE AT THE REGIMENTAL SPORTS OF THE 2ND EAST LANCASHIRE REGIMENT, AT JULLUNAUR

Photograph taken by Lt.-Col. E. A. Mapleton, R.A.M.C., Jullunaur, Punjab

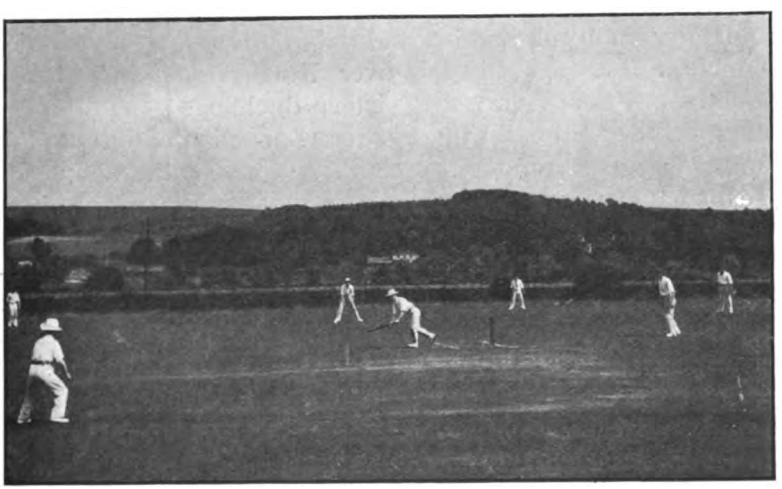
A WELSH FISHERMAN JUST OFF TO FISH FOR SALMON ON THE DEE

Photograph taken by Miss M. Tottenham, Cockington, Torquay



A MEET OF THE QUORN HOUNDS AT WANLIP HALL, LEICESTERSHIRE, THE SEAT OF SIR ARCHDALE PALMER, BART. SIR ARCHDALE PALMER IN THE FOREGROUND

Photograph taken by Mr. John Day, Leicester



CRICKET MATCH AT SALISBURY SCHOOL. PAST *v.* PRESENT BOYS

Photograph taken by Mrs. Harcourt Coates, Salisbury

THE COLOURED PICTURES

IN the February number we gave a picture of the American Wood Duck, by general agreement the handsomest bird of its species in the United States, and now we follow it with the Green-Winged Teal (*Anas Carolinensis*), a little kinsman of the preceding and next to it rated as the most beautiful of ducks. The colouring need not be described, as it is so accurately reproduced in the illustration, but it may be noted that after the merganser it is the fleetest winged and footed of its tribe, though, according to authority, 'epicures declare its delicious flesh is the one characteristic worth expending superlatives upon. When the teal has fed on wild oats in the West or on soaked rice in the fields of Georgia and Carolina, Audubon reckoned it much superior to the glorified canvasback.' It is hinted at the same time that the Green-winged Teal is occasionally less fortunate or dainty in its diet, and only deserves these eulogies when clean fed. Its range is over North America at large. A brood consists of from six to sixteen ducklings; the father is careless of his family, but the mother 'self-reliant, dutiful to her young, courageous, and resourceful.' 'The Gentle Art' needs no explanation; the agreeable conditions under which it is being here exercised speak for themselves. The scene in the paddock represents None the Wiser and her foal. As a three-year-old, the daughter of Wisdom and Corrie Roy won six races in eight attempts, but she did not sustain her successes next season, and was sold to Lord Ellesmere for the large sum of 7200 guineas. Her daughter, Inquisitive, has been a great disappointment, but so handsome and beautifully bred a mare must justify her reputation. The 'Tottenham Hotspurs' have been so much discussed in the world of Football that we have thought their portraits would be acceptable to their admirers, and these must be very numerous, seeing that the Final Tie at the Crystal Palace attracted over 111,000 spectators.

BADMINTON 'NOTÂ BENE'

A 'SAFETY STIRRUP' that really justifies its name is beyond all doubt a boon to horsemen. From some cause or another—the unexpected so frequently happens—the best of riders is always apt to have a fall, a chief danger of which, it need scarcely be said, is the risk of being dragged or kicked if one gets 'hung up.' All sorts of so-called 'Safety Stirrups' have been invented at different times, but so far as we are aware without exception they have depended on joints, which cannot be depended upon to 'give' at the critical moment, or on springs which are liable to get out of order and so not to act. Messrs. Maxwell, of 161, Piccadilly, have, however, devised in the 'Sportsman's Safety Stirrup,' an iron which actually does in fact ensure safety. A revolving 'thimble' is fixed to the bar on each side of the support, so that in the event of a fall the foot cannot be fastened : it is bound to roll out of the stirrup, and dragging or hanging up is impossible. The invention is not in the least unsightly and cannot indeed without close inspection be distinguished from an ordinary stirrup. If any one thinks the so-called 'safety bar' desirable, that also can be fixed. Another valuable invention, still less known than it should be, widely as it has of late come into use, is the Pneumatic Horse Shoe Pad—Sheather's Patent (7 Garrick Street, W.C.). At the present time, when more and more roads are being paved with wood and asphalte, the prevention of slipping is an increasingly important consideration, and this is ensured by the ridges and grooves in this pad which afford so firm a grip upon the ground. This, however, is only one of many benefits derivable from the use of the pad. Jar on the ground is naturally relieved and concussion prevented ; besides which the balling of snow—or of peat litter bedding—is impossible ; the feet are kept cool by the air which finds its way between foot and pad, and for various obvious reasons the tendency is to preserve soundness. The fact that these pads are used for the horses of the Dorking 'Perseverance,' and Guildford 'New Times' coaches is practical testimony in their favour. A line may be added to note the issue, by Messrs. Blackwood, of 'The Jubilee Book of Cricket,' by K. S. Ranjitsinhji, for sixpence—a wonderful sixpennyworth.

NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

IN Mr. Dale's excellent Life of the Eighth Duke of Beaufort (Constable & Co.) he gives just two pages to the Duke's connection with the Turf ; and those who know how greatly the owner of the light blue and white hoops was interested in the sport, how much time and attention he devoted to it, will agree with me that the subject is not adequately treated. It is true that the title of Mr. Dale's book is 'The Eighth Duke of Beaufort and the Badminton Hunt,' and he has executed a difficult task with so much taste, tact and judgment, that I am very far from finding fault with the volume. Mr. Dale, however, is not what is called 'a racing man.' The present Duke takes no interest in the Turf—dislikes it, indeed—and it is easy to understand that Mr. Dale would have had considerable difficulty in finding material to repair the omission on which I comment. But if the history of the Duke's racing career could be written, there are many readers who would find it interesting in the extreme. I often begged him to let me have a few articles on the subject for this magazine, and more than once he promised to see what he could do, but always made the excuse that he could not remember enough details to make an accurate story of the past, and had not the leisure, in view of the time he had to devote to his enormous correspondence. For the Duke was one of the most diligent of letter-writers, and must have added appreciably to the revenues of the Post Office. His writing was small and close, and at first a little difficult to

read by reason of his habit of running one word into another; but he frequently filled four pages with accounts of the sport he was having, almost always including some remarks about the weather—so important to a hunting man and to an owner of racehorses—and comments on things in general.

The days of Vauban, and the Duke's association with John Day of Danebury, were before my time, and the first horse I associate with the blue and white hoops is Petronel, who was a special favourite with his owner, as the colt's sire, Musket, had been. I remember his turning away after the Two Thousand of 1880, when he thought Muncaster had just beaten him, with the remark, 'A stride further, and I should have won!' and the satisfaction of seeing Petronel's number up was extreme. What a source of joy and sorrow that number-board is! How keenly one often waits to see which number is hoisted! It was the right one this time for the adherents of Badminton, as it was the wrong one six years afterwards, at the First October Meeting, when The Cob was caught by Stone Clink, the jockey supposing he had won, and dropping his hands a few strides from the post as he had been so earnestly instructed not to do. I shall never forget Lord Edward Somerset's fervent attempt, during the seconds that elapsed before the judge hoisted Stone Clink's number, to persuade himself that The Cob had just got home. That was a bitter disappointment, as was Carlton's failure in the Cambridgeshire of 1886; for both The Cob and Carlton had been looked on as the best of good things, and backed accordingly; and Archer's reiterated statement that St. Mirin would beat Carlton, in spite of the trial that had demonstrated the marked superiority of the latter, did not for a moment shake the Duke's confidence. Some of the most exciting of Turf stories have never been told, and that of Carlton would be one of them if it could be told; but there are pressing reasons for silence. Carlton came well to the rescue next year with the Manchester November Handicap, as he had done previously in the Chester Cup, the Manchester Summer Cup, and the Goodwood Stakes; and another of my recollections is the late George Reynolds' refusal to back the horse himself for the November Handicap when sent to do the stable commission. In order to win with 9 st. 12 lb. the horse would have to be a second Isonomy, Reynolds protested, and this estimate he declined to accept. Lord Edward Somerset, confident as he

was of beating the front rank—including Stourhead, the other Manton horse, who started favourite—constantly declared his belief that some 100 to 1 chance would be sure to come and do him at the finish; and when the race was being run, and Sorrento appeared on the scene—oddly enough he started at 100 to 1—Lord Edward bitterly exclaimed, 'I knew it would be so! There the outsider is!' The verdict was only a head, but it was a head the right way, Sorrento just failing.

Another thing I well recollect is the Duke's remark as we were on our way to Goodwood one morning, that he was very pleased with his daughter of Hampton and Queen of the Roses, and was going to call her Rêve d'Or. Not being an expert in horticulture I did not know, until it was explained to me, that Rêve d'Or was the name of a particularly beautiful rose. The Duke's desire that his friends should share his victories was unfailingly keen. He knew that I had been doing badly in 1891, and set himself hard to work to put things right for me at the Manchester November Meeting. Madame d'Albany was favourite for the Handicap, and started at something less than 3 to 1; but in spite of the hopes that were entertained of this representative of the Manton stable, the Duke had a great fear that Lily of Lumley might beat the favourite in receipt of 13 lb. On the Friday before the race he was kind enough to send me three or four telegrams from Manchester, detailing bits of information that had reached him about various horses, including Lily of Lumley, and next morning another telegram came, strongly advising me to support Mr. Vyner's mare, who won by a head from Catarina, Madame d'Albany a very bad third. I have told elsewhere the story of how the flyman who drove us from Drayton to Goodwood in 1886 had a great fancy for Winter Cherry but was advised by the Duke not to back her as she had no chance, the fact being that he was only starting her to make running for Sir Kenneth; but most unexpectedly she lasted home and won by a neck, not, of course, backed for a shilling, the Manton adherents being all on Lord Hartington's horse.

One of the most notable of Manton winners I missed, and that was Ragimunde. When we had talked over the race a long time before its occurrence, Ragimunde was not

thought to have much chance. I suppose I must have been in the country or abroad, for I did not know that the colt was fancied; and, indeed, the fancy could not have been very strong; so I missed a nice 25 to 1 winner, and it was to make up for this disappointment that, with characteristic kindness, the Duke tried to set me right six weeks later at Manchester. The previous year my phenomenally bad luck had also overtaken me. I was crossing the Birdcage to back Sheen, after a chat with his owner about the prospects of the race, all my hopes having been previously centred in Alicante, when I met the Duke, who asked me what price I had got about Parlington? I told him I had not backed it at all, and was just going to take the odds about Sheen, to which the Duke replied that Sheen would never give Parlington 30 lb., that his colt was particularly well, sure to stay, in all respects a much better animal than he was when he had won the Metropolitan—that had been his only outing during the year—and he thought that Parlington was certain to beat Prince Soltykoff's horse; so I backed Parlington instead of Sheen at 100 to 3. One's luck in racing is enormously influenced by the people one happens to meet at critical moments; here I met the owner of Parlington at the wrong time.

I have before expressed the conviction that not a few of the long-priced winners that came from Manton in the eighties, and were set down as ingeniously-devised coups, were, as a matter of fact, not expected to win at all. Winter Cherry as just described was a notable case in point. On the other hand, it is very certain that some horses which were supposed to be really good did not win. As it has so frequently happened to me, and as it happens to most people, I wanted something to get home on the last day of the Goodwood Meeting in 1885, and on the Thursday evening the Duke confided to me that there was a certainty the next day, a colt that had never run, and was sure to start at a good price, as no one knew anything about it and it was not mentioned in any of the papers. I eagerly pricked up my ears, and was informed that this was The Sun, a bay colt by Beauclerc—Stella, who had been extraordinarily well tried, and *could* not lose the Molecomb Stakes next day. This was just the right sort of thing to get home on; and though the Duke was fond of cautioning younger men about the evils of rash speculation, he really thought that the excellence of The Sun justified a dash. He asked me if I would like

to see the colt, which was at Waterbeach, the usual Goodwood quarters of the Manton horses, and thither we went to have a look at him. The Molecomb Stakes was third on the card next day, and there were five starters. Ste. Alvere was favourite at 6 to 5, and the secret of The Sun's capacity had evidently crept out, for he was well backed at 11 to 4. The outsider of the party was a son of Robert the Devil, called The Devil to Pay. He was on offer in this field of five at 20 to 1, and, ridden by Bruckshaw, he rather easily beat Archer on the favourite by a length; The Sun, who had never been in the hunt, a bad last! Very many times since I have been through the same experience, but have never forgotten this race. The Sun only appeared once afterwards that year, and ran third. The year following he ran nine times and was always beaten, but came out at Manchester a tenth time for a Maiden Plate on the last day but one of the flat-racing season, and got home by half a length from some indifferent two-year-old.

Mr. Dale remarks that the Duke was sometimes made the prey of unscrupulous persons, and this is true; for though he was exceedingly shrewd, his kindness of heart and generosity of disposition sometimes prevented him from exercising his shrewdness; he hated to suspect any one who might be worthy of belief. On one occasion he was ingeniously swindled by a man at whose identity I will not hint—a celebrity in his own way for several years. This man wrote to the Duke to borrow a sum of money—£1500, as far as I remember—and offered as security the title deeds of an estate in Westmoreland. The Duke replied that he would lend him what he wished, but had no wish to hold the security suggested; he was quite sure that the money would be repaid in due course and did not want the documents to be sent. The borrower, however, replied that he should be unhappy unless he felt that the Duke had this ample security for the loan; indeed, his feelings were so strong on the subject that he would really rather not accept the money unless he might deposit these deeds. Not long afterwards, the Duke having replied that he really did not want the papers, but if his friend insisted, and would be happier after depositing them, he might do so if he pleased, a request came for a further loan of a substantial sum, the borrower remarking that he should not have ventured to ask but that the security would cover the money several times over, and this further

sum would enable him to discharge the whole debt within a very short period. The Duke sent the cheque. A long time elapsed, and it was not repaid. Presently the borrower died. I do not think it was with any idea of obtaining repayment that the Duke produced the title deeds; his intention was to aid the widow and children. But when the papers were brought to light it was discovered that they bore reference to a place that had no existence! They were ingenious forgeries. No doubt the notion of depositing them was merely with an eye to obtaining the second loan. The rogue was a sufficiently good judge of character to feel sure that the Duke was not likely to investigate his 'security,' at which, as a matter of fact, he had never looked until the 'owner's' death. I could ramble on indefinitely, but I am afraid of wearying readers with these reminiscences of one of the kindest of men and best of friends that ever lived, and I should perhaps apologise for the unavoidably personal nature of the anecdotes I have related.

There has not been such a surprise as the victory of Sir E. Cassel's Handicapper in the history of the Two Thousand Guineas since in 1889 Enthusiast got home in front of Donovan, and previously to that one would have to go back a very long way to find a similar astonishing occurrence, Handicapper's performance a fortnight before the race for the Two Thousand having powerfully suggested the utter hopelessness of his chance. I cannot believe in Handicapper as a probable winner of the Derby, and as I see no good reason why any of those who finished behind him should beat him at Epsom, one is naturally driven to the conclusion that the Derby will be won by something that was not seen out at Newmarket; though I may observe that I am writing before the race for the Newmarket Stakes, which may possibly throw a new light on the subject. Unless Floriform was very backward indeed when he won the Middle Park Plate—and so far as I remember him after the race he seemed to have been doing a fair amount of work—one is inclined to fancy that the failure of Orchid and Lord Bobs in the Two Thousand reflects on the Danebury colt. In the Middle Park Plate Floriform showed himself 4 lb. or 5 lb. behind Orchid, as he won by a neck in receipt of 7 lb. Of course, Floriform may have come on in an exceptional way; but a good deal has to be taken on supposition. Revenue, again, was not, so far as I can

make out, supposed to be a really good animal last year, and his Derby prospects seem adversely affected by the fact that he was three parts of a length behind Lord Bobs in the Dewhurst Plate. I have a leaning towards Royal Rouge, to all intents and purposes a dark horse, as he did not start with the others on his one appearance last year; my liking for him being based on the way he has been doing his work and on the high opinion entertained of him by his stable. But I am inclined to think that danger will certainly come from Kingsclere. If William the Third was thoroughly wound up some weeks ago it will be hard to keep him at his best until the Derby, but one cannot forget the style in which he beat Tantalus by half a dozen lengths in the Wood Ditton Stakes, and the way in which Tantalus has won twice since. There may have been so much room for improvement in Pietermaritzburg that he will catch up his stable companion, William the Third, but I know that at the end of April the latter was esteemed considerably the better of the pair. Sir Edgar is also engaged. So far as can be seen at present, before the Newmarket Stakes, it seems highly probable that if the Derby goes to Newmarket it will be by the aid of Volodyovski, but that it is very likely to go to Kingsclere. There is probably some reason, which his trainer knows and the public do not know, for Volodyovski's failure at Newmarket. At the same time Royal Rouge may prove himself to be a good colt.

I think readers in general will support me in the assertion that no periodical is less malicious and more anxious not to hurt any one's feelings than the *Badminton Magazine;* but sometimes one falls into errors in the most innocent manner possible, and I appear to have done so. In the March number I published an article called 'A Bobbery Pack,' by Mr. H. R. Heatley. I have not the pleasure of knowing the author, whose article came to me with a recommendation from the Hon. and Rev. W. R. Verney, brother of Lord Willoughby de Broke, a most valued contributor. I accepted the paper because it seemed to be amusing; I had no sort of idea whether it was wholly imaginative or whether it sketched actual personages with more or less directness; and I did not concern myself much with the question, because it did not seem to me possible that there was anything in it to wound susceptibilities or inflict pain; moreover, I was

convinced that the Rev. Mr. Verney would not have sent it to me unless it had struck him as wholly free from offence. It now appears, however, that some persons in the West Country think that they have reason to complain of having been caricatured. I do not see that it is possible for me to do more than express much regret if any one's sensibilities have been ruffled, though I may add the sincerest assertion that in publishing the paper nothing was farther from my thoughts than the idea that there was a sentence in it at which any one could possibly feel aggrieved.

The following is the communication from Mr. A. C. M. Croome to which I referred last month. It is not necessary to comment on the value of his opinions on any subject connected with golf:

'The team-match at golf has certainly come to stay. If proof of this assertion were needed, it could be found in the fact that Mr. Everard, writing in the *Badminton* on "Golf in 1900," devoted a considerable amount of space to discussing the principal team matches of the year. Many people think that the time has come for an international match, and since the lamented death of Mr. F. G. Tait it has been suggested that his memory should be perpetuated by the inauguration of a match between teams representing Scotland and England for a "Tait Memorial Trophy." The establishment of such a match might have a great influence on the development of the game. The conditions under which it would be played would presumably be drawn up by some such body as the Rules of Golf Committee, and it is more than probable that most of the less important matches would be played under those conditions as far as possible. Supposing that they ordained that play in the International should be by foursomes, and that in consequence great encouragement were given to foursome-play all over the country; then, if it be true, as some say, that there has been a general deterioration of golfing manners, owing to the modern preference for singles over foursomes, it follows that one consequence of the decision of the Committee would be to increase the pleasure of all golfers. We might even see something like a return of the Golden Age, when the man considered himself a golfer, not when he had halved with bogey under handicap, but when he had been twice taken into a foursome by three of the better players in his club.

'Another reproach is brought against the modern golfer. It is said that he does not play to the match, but thinks too much of his score, like the bridge-player, who, with his score 24, declares no trumps when he has strong hearts and no guard in spades. If the Committee should settle that in the great contest the score should be reckoned by the individual matches won and lost, that decree, working through inter-club contests, might possibly so influence the attitude of players towards the game as to make men habitually say "I won by five and four" instead of "I had an 81 and knocked him badly." Personally I do not see much difference between the two formulæ from the moral point of view. Both are answers to the question "Who won your match?" and each adds to the necessary "I did" a detail only inserted to emphasise the excellence of the performance. "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." There is even something to be said for the modern formula: it shows that the man has gone out to play good golf for the whole two hours, more or less, during which the match lasted, and has succeeded; whereas the more ancient form implies that the winner played skittles after the match was over, or he would have added "And I had x byes out of him too." Believing then, as I do, that in any game a man ought to "go all the way," I hope that when the Rules Committee meets to draw up conditions for the International they will decide that the score shall be reckoned by holes. Only under this system does the determined player get the reward of his qualities.

'An ounce of fact is worth a pound of theory, and fortunately I remember a match which illustrates my point. When the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society played the Royal Liverpool G.C. at Hoylake in 1899, Mr. Low went out to tackle Mr. Hilton. The latter produced a game which probably no one could have beaten. After playing the first eight holes well, he, being two up, had the next eight in 30. He won his match by two and one, and the last was halved. A less determined player than Mr. Low might easily have been some ten down on that round, and yet if the score had been reckoned by matches it would not have mattered much who had been Mr. Hilton's opponent. In fact, a clever and somewhat unscrupulous captain of a team visiting Hoylake might, if only the matches won and lost are to count, put his worst players at the top of his list in order to free his cracks to win matches

lower down—if they can. There is a third system of scoring, of which I have no practical experience, but which must be considered carefully since it has Mr. Everard's approval—as a paper scheme at any rate. It is that the score of the match should be divided by two, and half a point added or subtracted for each bye won or lost, *e.g.*, the man who wins his match by five up and four to play scores $\frac{5+4}{2} = 4\frac{1}{2}$; if after that he loses one bye his score is thereby reduced to 4. It is a system which works very well for matches which are won by a big margin, as, however many byes the winner of the match may subsequently lose, he will bring in a substantial contribution to the total of his side. But what is to be done for the men who win on the last green? It seems hard that he who wins by one up and none to play should only score $\frac{1+0}{2} = \frac{1}{2}$, whereas another man, who, being dormy one, also wins the last hole, because his opponent, having a longish putt for the hole, rams at it and runs himself out of holing, will score $\frac{2+0}{2} = 1$. But, all said and done, it does not much matter which of the three systems of scoring is adopted, because golf is not a game intended to be played by teams, and therefore it passes the wit of man to devise a perfect method of scoring. Besides, so charming is the hospitality of all clubs to visiting teams that one is sure of a good day when one goes out to play a club match, and also there is no doubt that a man can put many strokes on to his game by the experience gained in team matches.'

Perhaps the best suggestion upon the much discussed 'l b w' question appeared in the *Outlook*, for May 11. If, as the writer holds, the M.C.C. is by tradition and expediency the head and centre of cricket, it should accept the full responsibility and recognise that in view of the strongly expressed and conflicting opinions of cricketers, a definite ruling must be given. The suggestion is that a special committee of twenty cricketers be appointed upon the plan of a Parliamentary Commission, with full powers to call expert evidence; that a report, or in case of a division of opinion, two reports, be issued, giving the reasoned premisses and conclusions arrived at. With two cricketers, to mention no others, who are such

distinguished barristers, as Mr. Alfred Lyttelton and Mr. A. G. Steel, there should be no difficulty in the preparation of a clearly expressed and valuable report or summing up of the deliberations of the Special Committee. It is obvious that the ordinary members of the M.C.C. would be then far better equipped to vote, and voting papers should be sent by post to all members, for many cannot attend meetings at Lord's. The Executive of the M.C.C. with a really representative ballot to back them would find their position in any new legislation greatly strengthened.

I have just time to slip in a few lines after the decision of the Newmarket Stakes. It was an extraordinarily exciting race, and not till the number of William the Third was in the frame could any one say what had won; for he was a short head in front of Doricles, with Aïda a head behind, and Ian only beaten another head for fourth place. 'Not by any means one of my old-fashioned Derby horses, but perhaps just good enough for the lot he has to meet to-day,' was his trainer's summing-up of the situation to me on the Limekilns on the morning of the event. It was of course the nearest of near things, however; sheer gameness on the part of the horse, strength and determination on the part of the jockey, Mornington Cannon, got the colt home, and I do not see how he is to be improved by the Derby Day. He may win, and will assuredly want a lot of beating; but with the others so near him he has a very tough job. Newmarket leans strongly to Volodyovski. At the time of writing Royal Rouge, however, has not been tried.